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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 3^D

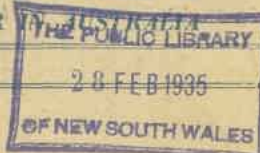
52 PAGES

FREE NOVEL

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1935.



SYDNEY



DRAWING BY PUTROV.

VERSE BY F. DUNCAN-BROWN.

AUTUMN TINTS

Milady knows the value
Of the latest modish hints,
For there's science in her make-up
When she's using
Autumn tints.

A dab of golden powder,
Her cosmetics toning well,
For Milady knows the secrets
That the Autumn
Has to tell.

SENSATIONAL Changes in Paris FASHIONS

Wide, Circular Hemlines and Quaint Hooded Capes

(From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative Abroad
—By Air Mail)

At last Dame Fashion has given something to gossip about. She has thrown her cap over the windmill and caused a sensation. Women are going to look different, and that means they'll BE different.

They're going to develop hips and busts, wear hoods for going to parties, have frocks and accessories made of glass and wood fabrics and, well, girls, gather round and listen to all the other entirely new features I have just seen in the Paris collections.

DURING seven or eight years of attending the Paris openings, I have never seen more enthusiasm shown or a larger number of style experts and buyers crowding the salons. This is in spite of the high rate of exchange and the unsettled conditions in Paris. So it looks as though the talk about Paris losing its place as fashion centre is just talk.

The first thing to note is the defining of the waistline, caused, not by tightening of belts, but by a blousing effect above the waist and looser around the hips, so that, by contrast, the waists appear small.

The blousing effect of the bodies is caused by either capes or the fullness which is put into elbow-length sleeves. Sleeves, these days, reach to just below the elbow joint, and are gathered from much fullness that gives the whole upper portion a bloused effect.

Most of the houses, including Molyneux, Lelong, Heim, etc., show day dresses with lower waists and shorter skirts.

Other leading houses have not lowered the waistline, and there are a few who have even slightly lengthened day-skirts, so the point is disputed, but I think the shorter skirt is likely to win out.

Another modification since my last cable is the predominance of the off-the-face hats. Breton-sailors turning back from the face, and bonnets are certainly firm favorites, but I find now that the new elongated towards-the-front shape is to be a very strong factor in coming millinery styles.

In this type of hat, the brim is pulled far forward in front, but note that the hat, although pulled forward, is not fastened down over the eye. The halo is dying a natural death, and the bonnet seems to have left us entirely for the time being.

The little bonnets are very quaint and sweet, and the flat-brimmed-low-crowned

breton-sailors very charming. Homburgs are also very chic in Paris, with brim longer in front than back.

Plaids are Popular

ANOTHER point which all the designers seem to agree on is the popularity of plaid. In fact, I feel it if I see another plaid taffeta evening frock, low-cut and practically backless, with a slight bustle effect at back and yards and yards of material in the skirts, well, I'll just know it without looking.

Plaids appear also in countless little odd jackets, which is a very good idea to be worn over various frocks for between seasons. These jackets are usually red so that they hang loosely around the hips, giving that bigger-hipped silhouette again.

Also, there is no question but that blacks must be in evidence again for parties.

Lucien Lelong concentrates on the Victorian neckline, where the bodice fits tightly round under the arms and is without shoulder straps at all. Note that the bodice comes under the arms leaving the arms entirely bare, not as in the picture-frock which has a full round the upper arms.

In other Paris creations the back is cut very low and square. Patou brings the shoulder line down very widely so that there is a very broad expanse of back shown. Molyneux also cuts his evening gowns low and square, but covers this décolletage with intriguing frilled caplets of pastel colored tulle.

Mainbocher goes one better by adding little hoods to these tulle caplets, and the buyers are snapping them up like wildfire and remarking what a good "number" it was as in these days of intricate coiffures girls do like to keep their hair tidy going to a party. The little hoods come just over the back of the head or may hang back cowl-fashion when not in use.

Newsprint Hats

SCHLAPARELLI'S new beach hat is a cocked hat made out of newspaper. It is really made of glazed chintz printed over with newsprint.

Even a blouse to a sun suit is made of this newspaper idea. All over it you can read Press notices of various Schluparelli collections, and here and there her picture as it so often appears in the papers. Great fun all this, and brought a laugh.



TENNIS KIT consisting of a short double-breasted jacket which tucks into tennis shorts very skilfully cut to look like a short skirt. The material is a new unbreakable Dorville linen made from flax grown on the Sandringham estate of His Majesty the King.

THE SMART OUTFIT for race and polo meetings consists of finger-tip-length cape of country tweed worn over a sporting suit of the same material. Note the hand-stitching on the leather buttons and belt. The blouse and scarf are in the new "yellow" red.

Worth makes a special feature of the coat-frock which he has turned into the most useful of all garments by adding a fur collar which may be worn for street wear and transforms the neat little frock into a warm and elegant outdoor garment.

Worth also gives us something new in rolled leather tubing worn round the head to keep the hair tidy for sports. It looks at first as though it were a narrow belt. Trimmings on the frock are often matching leather.

There is obviously a strong liking for greys, and browns seem more



AIR MAIL PICTURES

ALL three pictures on this page are advance photographs of Dorville models designed for the British Industries Fair. This is a one-piece trouser-dress for golf. The material used is the new unbreakable Dorville linen which has been so much in the news, and is made from flax grown on the estate of His Majesty the King at Sandringham.



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Silken-textured and semi-transparent, reveals your natural complexion with a soft appealing bloom



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At all chemists
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★ 1/6 BOX
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PERFUMES, so that
your fragrance may
be an unbroken
harmony.

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WHAT READERS Thought of "EVENSONG"

Free Novel of Beverley Nichols' Story Aroused Intense Interest

Many readers have written expressing their appreciation of The Australian Women's Weekly's enterprise in publishing Beverley Nichols' story, "Evensong," as a free novel last week.

They all welcomed the opportunity of reading this most discussed book and forming their own judgment as to whether it was meant as a characterisation of Melba.

THE novel was particularly interesting in view of the release this week of the Gaumont-British film, "Evensong," which varies somewhat from Beverley Nichols' story.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS certainly made a success of "Evensong" and the wit and pathos which he brings into his novel is delightful, writes Miss N. Lyons, of 15 Glover St. Willoughby.

"As one-time private secretary to Dame Nellie Melba, he may have had some recollections of that great singer's character in mind when he created Irela. But Irela inspired me, and although she was unreasonable and selfish at times, she made up for it in her eager, childish ways.

"As a matter of fact, I was in sympathy with her right through the novel."

"IRELA need not be Melba," writes Miss Muriel Denham, 2 Hedger Av. Ashfield. "Of course, Beverley Nichols used the position of prima donna's secretary to gain atmosphere about prima donnas. Otherwise, how could a truthful picture be drawn?"

"In the same capacity he must have come into contact with other notable singers and noted their mannerisms. All these impressions are merged to form the many-sided character of Irela. The tinge of underlying bitterness at the shame of great singing is found in the story of anybody behind the scenes of public dramas. Many memoirs of living persons are more rancorous against the living.

"Should Irela be Melba, no affront is offered to Australiana. Irela has deep virtues; her worst faults are mere mannerisms. Our nearest and dearest are a similar mixture. Yet we love them no less for knowing them better."

Self-Reflecting

"I CANNOT say that I admire Beverley Nichols for "Evensong," says Miss Mollie Murray, of 39 Norval Street, Auburn. "I appreciate the opportunity given to us by Women's Weekly to read and judge for ourselves. Whether Irela personifies Melba or not, it must have been clear to Nichols that having held the position of private secretary to Dame Nellie Melba, people would naturally conclude that a story by him on the life of a great singer would include something of his employer."

"However, the principle of anyone who drags down the name of someone whom he was not alone honored to intimately know and even paid to assist in self-reflecting, so my mind at least."

"In "Evensong" the author has portrayed human nature at its weakest and strongest," writes Mrs. H. E. Duff, 40 Bonaire St. Waverley.

"The love of Pauline, almost sacrificed by her inherent loyalty to one of her own kind, is most touching. "The jealousy, inconsistency, and insolence of the ageing, temperamental prima donna, with the farward complex, makes one pity her from the bottom of one's heart. Selfish as she is, yet under the spell of her Christian voice one cannot all her pretensions. A queen on her death throne. "A fine story, and, if Mr. Nichols had Melba in mind, surely even her shade would understand, and in a lighter mood forgive him."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Duraghy Wedding.

ANZAC FESTIVAL CHAIRMAN
DR. MARY BOOTH, O.B.E., B.A., M.B., Ch.M., represented the Commonwealth Government at the English Speaking Conference on Infant Mortality in London in 1933. She was a founder of the Women's Club, Sydney, conducted the Soldiers' Club in Sydney during the war, and founded welfare centres (with a head office and twenty-four branches) for soldiers' wives and mothers.

Her main interests to-day are with the Anzac Fellowship of Women, which she founded, and in trying to solve the problem of slums.

She attended a conference on housing and Town Planning at Rome in 1929 which was visited by 1500 delegates from all over the world.

At present Dr. Booth is very busy with plans for commemorating the twentieth anniversary of Anzac this April.



DISTINGUISHED INDIAN

MRS. GEORGE ARUNDALE, the little Indian wife of the world president of the Theosophical Society, recently delighted Congress visitors from all over the world at Adyar, near Madras, with a classical Greek dance, called the Light of Ages, which she danced for them. Mrs. Arundale had her young nephew as dancing partner.

Although she has been married for several years, Mrs. Arundale is only about 25 years of age now. She is known to the world of Theosophists as Sukmini Arundale, and her interest in the young people of the society is profound. She devotes the greater part of her time to them.

She recently visited Australia with her husband, Dr. Arundale, an Englishman who was educated at Cambridge. Their home is at present in India, where her husband is headmaster of a school.



MILLIONAIRE POETESS

EDITH KINGDON GOULD might be expected to be a very sophisticated young woman, although she is only fourteen. She is not only a millionaire, but is already winning laurels as a poet, having just published a book of poems.

She is the great-granddaughter of Jay Gould, and is reputed to be as unsophisticated as she is talented. She lives in a wonderful home, where this photograph was taken.

Mrs. Gould is a prodigious reader, being particularly enthusiastic over biographies. Much of her spare time is spent in writing.

ANY MARRIAGE Can Be Made Successful!

Or... How to be Happy Though Married

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

If a real woman goes into marriage she wants that marriage to be a success, she wants all the glory and beauty and happiness that lie behind the greatest words in the world; mother, wife, home, children.

I believe that any marriage could be a success and any marriage could be a failure, and that it entirely depends upon the minds and souls of the two persons involved which it shall be—and mostly on the woman.

ONLY character, courage and wisdom can carry you through the difficulties of marriage, but then only courage, character and wisdom carry any one of us through anything, and if you have made a father and, maybe, brothers happy through all these years you know something about men and have had a pretty good training.

But your work is cut out for you, not only for this year but for a dozen years. It is the normal job for a woman. It will be richly repaid in happiness and love and usefulness all along the way, but unless you buckle down to it with more than human greatness of spirit there is sure wreckage ahead.

Laughter is medicine for family troubles. Cultivate it. When he asks you if you would mind his mother's coming up for the little dinner party you have worked three days to arrange for your own particular friends, laugh as you say, "Not a bit!"

When she delicately hints that you give him too much meat and never remember that David likes the upper sheet long, laugh cheerfully. "Oh, I always forget!"

Managing Mother

JUST to coldly, darkly agree is almost as bad as to be silent or to "answer back." You will need iron self-control for she has had David all through his little boyhood and naturally he believes her faultless.

She's told him since before you were born that she only wants everyone to love her, and that she will sacrifice herself for those she loves.

He believes it. Never criticise her; just wait. Wait through the years when they both hurt you, discourage you, are unfair to you; wait until your turn comes, when you are the mother of his children, and when his own mother's unreasonableness and pettiness begins to penetrate even his loyal blindness.

By waiting, by bearing, by being silent you cannot lose. And the same rules hold good in your relationship with the new sister-in-law, over at your old home. You say that she "is a darling, and you have been friends all your lives," but remember that your father is to her just "Charley's father," an exacting old man who makes work for everyone. Be patient with her, praise everything you can, and leave everything else to time. Time cures, changes, justifies, explains.

GIVE yourself to these Herculean labors for a few years and you will not only begin to reap the fruit, but you will get real joy out of life. You will be the real head of both families; Constance.

who laughs at everything, and never has a quarrel with anyone. They'll all turn to you then, and in the end your mother-in-law will turn to you, and you will have the exquisite satisfaction of having created happiness where misery might have been.

Not far from us lives a woman of perhaps 35, who had as hard a problem to solve and who has solved it magnificently. Her husband's people were cruelly inhospitable to her when she was married fifteen years ago; her mother-in-law spread all sorts of ugly stories about her. Two sisters and the mother adored this only son, and they did not hesitate to express themselves on the subject of Mary.

Mary bided her time. She had not been married three months before she got Kent into the habit of going home alone to have Sunday supper with his people while she went to the much humbler home of her own parents. She never discussed his family with Kent, but slowly and patiently she undid the mischief of the spilling they had given him all through his childhood.

When her babies came they altered the Sunday supper to Sunday breakfast, and Kent took his little boys home once a week. All this time he was making more and more money in the law, and about five years ago the older couple's fortune was lost. They had to turn to Kent then, and for the first time they asked Mary to their home.

The Case of Mary

MARY quietly and simply went to a Sunday breakfast with her husband's people. The other three women were embarrassed, because they had betrayed their own commonness and smallness during the long years; Mary had nothing to regret, she could afford to be serene. And to-day she has won for herself a place in the activities of the town and among the other young mothers that is enviable. Kent's sisters, one divorced and one unmarried, are openly envious of Mary and her boys and girl and husband, and only lately Kent's eyes have been opened, too. "What did you think when I'd go off home and leave you when we were first



A RECONCILIATION? One of the joys of marriage is "making it up" after quarrels they say.

married, and took my mother on that Los Angeles trip?" he demanded of her not long ago.

"Oh, I knew it takes a long time to change people's habits," Mary said. "I knew I had to show you that I had something pretty good before I could seem to you as important as your mother. It seemed to me that either we were going to work it out and find each other or else we weren't, and either way a business trip wouldn't count."

Any woman can win along those lines. And to the Constances and the Marys it must be a real satisfaction to realise that if the problems don't come early they always come late, and sooner or later we all have to dig down into our

own souls for courage and vision with which to solve them.

EVEN jumping the traces and rushing to Reno doesn't settle anything. If a real woman goes into marriage she wants that marriage to be a success, she wants all the glory and beauty and happiness that lie behind the greatest words in the world; mother, wife, home, garden, love, services, children, birthdays, Christmas tree.

Divorce not only wrecks her first prospects of all these things, but it is very hard to go on into a second marriage blandly demanding them of life when she has failed in a first experiment.

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Reduce your HIPS!

3 inches in 10 Days or—
it costs you NOTHING!

NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing.

TRY IT NOW!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce those hips and that waist—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! I want you to try it—I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce the waist and hips this way is marvellous.

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below now, I will send you SOMETHING that will amaze you, at no cost or obligation to yourself—but hurry!



Genuine PROOF

"I have reduced 3 1/2 inches, since I started, and I am just delighted with it!"
Mrs. Bedford, W. N.S.W.
"I have reduced 4 1/2 in 2 weeks."
Mrs. Mathews, B. N.S.W.
"I have never felt better in my life. I have written to one of my friends about your wonderful treatment."
Mrs. Barker, A. Vic.

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107 PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "SOMETHING." I enclose a 20 stamp for postage.
NAME
ADDRESS 2/2/35.

The Royal Jubilee Film

(By Air Mail)

When distinguished statesmen turn from governing a nation to producing a film, there's bound to be some fun!

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. Winston Churchill are rivals in making the much-discussed Royal Jubilee Film! Sir Austen is Britain's "senior" Cabinet Minister and has been a member of the Government in three successive reigns. Mr. Churchill is very well known as one of the elder statesmen.

The Royal film is to be an impression of the reign of George V, and its showing must coincide with May Jubilee celebrations. A film so important nationally, as this, surely requires the censorious hand of a statesman!

And so London Films started out on their £100,000 Jubilee epic. Mr. Winston Churchill, who is, of course, as well known as an author as he is a statesman, wrote the scenario. Anthony Asquith, son of one of England's great Prime Ministers, was engaged to direct it. Charles Laughton and Leslie Howard were signed to appear in it.

With such an important assemblage to encourage it, the film should have made good headway. But the company suddenly realised they could not finish their picture in time for the May celebrations and dropped all preparations.

Within an hour Pathe Pictures had stepped into the lists with an undertaking to make a film. "Twenty-five Years a King," and with Sir Austen Chamberlain collaborating with Mr. John Drinkwater to compile the film.

Do YOU Approve of THIS NEW Portrayal of CHRIST?

Young, Strong and Muscular in Australian Church Window

For two thousand years we have visualised Christ as a meek and gentle aesthete, with a beard and flowing robes.

Now the designer of a stained glass window for an Australian church has had the courage to present Him as a young man—strong, handsome, virile, athletic—and clean-shaven!

The window, known as the Good Shepherd window, has created a sensation in Victoria, where it was recently unveiled at St. John's Church, Sorrento. It is of particular interest to women because it is a memorial to a very fine pioneer, Mrs. Alice Hindson.

IN the Good Shepherd window he is an athletic, muscular, clean-shaven, young man. The traditional meekness shown in the old

lamb nestles close to him for protection. In his right hand he holds the shepherd's crook.

The window has captured the imagination of women. Mrs. Head, wife of the Anglican Archbishop, expressed sympathy with any artistic work that tends to stamp out the old idea of Christ as weak and effeminate.

Describing the window as very beautiful, Mrs. Sherwood, wife of the President of St. Paul's Cathedral, said, "this interpretation of Christ gives food for new thought."

"The face is very beautiful, and is stamped with determination, courage and strong character. The window must make a strong appeal to modern women."

Artist's Opinion

"INSPIRATION for the spirit of resignation, sacrifice and gentleness—the ideals of women of an earlier age—may be gained from the old portrayals of Christ, but in this presentation of him we find all the qualities of leadership, initiative, the humility of understanding—rather than of self-abnegation—the intelligent championing of the weak, that characterise women's ideals in the wider field of service that has been opened for her with her emancipation."

"The wolves, symbols of sin and danger, are particularly applicable to an age when, more than ever before, woman must guard her children and



HERE IS A PHOTO of the window showing the "new" Christ on the left, and, on the right, St. John. The window has caused a sensation.

As a doctor I should not recommend any brand but personally I smoke CRAVEN "A"

★ These are the reasons why the medical profession prefer CRAVEN "A" . . .

because they do not affect the throat.

because they possess that extra touch of quality.

because they are made with pure unadulterated Virginia Tobacco, Pure Paper, and natural Cork Tips.

because they are mild and they never vary.

because Craven "A" holds the award of the Institute of Hygiene and the only Certificate of the British Analytical Control awarded to a popular priced cigarette.



WILL NOT AFFECT THE THROAT

10 for 9d. 20 for 1/6. Flat tins of Fifty 3/9

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herself against the increased temptations and perils of modern living."

A woman artist expressed the view that the Good Shepherd's face was the face of any healthy, virile young man of the present day, and lacked the spirituality of Christ.

The Rev. George Green, who designed the window, points out that the window is not meant to be a portrayal of Christ, but a symbolic picture of his humanity and strength of character as the "Good Shepherd who knows his flock."

He explained that his idea of the Good Shepherd as a virile and athletic young man was inspired by a window designed by the famous artist G. P. K. Watts for a church in Gloucestershire.

He found that this interpretation of Christ appealed to the soldier-mind during the war, when he was a padre in Gallipoli and France. He chose this interpretation as being particularly suited to a memorial to a woman pioneer of great strength of character, generosity, and high purpose.

"Christ was not a bearded, elderly man as many windows suggest. He was only 33 when he was crucified. Nor was he a weak character. This window is based on the Oriental idea of the shepherd as

the leader and defender who is prepared to suffer for his flock."

"Modern usage has changed the meaning of the word 'comforter.' To-day it means a gentle person who gives sympathy and understanding. Originally the word held a deeper meaning. It meant one who strengthens—from 'fortis,' meaning strength."

"For centuries Christ has been depicted as the Divine child or the meek and sorrowing martyr, but His strength of character and His qualities of leadership have been sadly lacking from Church art."

Mrs. Hindson, widow of John Hindson, was the daughter of Frederick Henty, one of Victoria's pioneer families. She died in 1932 at the age of 80. She was a generous supporter of missions, and of the little St. John's Church near her Sorrento home. She gave her home at Canterbury to the Anglican church as a memorial to her husband, the home being called St. John's Home for Boys.

JOAN HARTIGAN off to WIMBLEDON!

Miss Joan Hartigan, Australia's foremost woman tennis player, leaves this week for abroad, where she will participate in the famous tennis tournaments of Europe and America.

While she is abroad she will write special articles exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

JOAN HARTIGAN is graded as Australia's No. 1 player in the women's grading list. M. Gillon, the president of the French Lawn Tennis Association, has graded her in fifth place among the leading women of the world. Mr. Wallis Myers, the well-known English authority on tennis, who has just recently left Australia, placed her eighth in his world's ranking list.

The phenomenal rise of Miss Hartigan on her first visit abroad last year gives promise of a further improvement this year.

Last year Joan Hartigan went abroad as an Australian representative, and, in spite of having to accustom herself to new courts and conditions, she was successful in most of her matches at Wimbledon, and by defeating Peggy Scriven, the French champion, entered into the semi-finals, where she was in

turn, defeated by America's leading player, Helen Jacobs.

Miss Hartigan played against the English women's team during their visit to Australia, and met Miss Dorothy Round in the final of the Victorian Championships.

Owing to illness Joan Hartigan had to forgo playing in the Australian Championships, and was unable to defend her title as Australian champion. Since then she has played very little tennis. The rest will no doubt be a big factor in her success abroad. Whereas the Davis Cup players have continuously played in tournaments since their return to Australia, Joan has refrained from playing too much tennis and becoming stale or tennis weary. The results at Wimbledon will prove if her common-sense methods have been worth while or not.

As Joan Hartigan will be returning through America, she will play in some of the tournaments there, but, at the present time, the dates of these tournaments are unknown.

Victorian Family

New readers can start this enthralling serial NOW.

ROBINSON



The heart of Rev. James Robinson unregenerately swelled with pride when he looked at this child of his, although his head condemned her.



THE Reverend James Robinson, an English vicar in a rural district in the mid-Victorian era, loses his wife and helpmate, and is left with the care of his family, Eleanor

(17), Adeline (15), and twins—a boy and girl of six months.

The family life is disturbed some three years after the mother's death by a scandal attaching to an intrigue between Adeline and an army officer, Captain Charles Chaine. A letter written in affectionate terms by Chaine to Adeline, asking her to elope with him to Australia, is found by a servant and handed to Mr. Robinson. After a sharp interview between Mr. Robinson and Chaine the girl is forgiven.

The vicar sees a solution of the difficult problem with which he is faced when he is offered a Bishopric in Australia, and he decides to accept it.

Mr. Robinson sets sail for Australia in the *Philippi* with his family. After rounding Cape Horn the ship is wrecked during a heavy fog, and in the confusion of launching the lifeboats, Chaine, who had been disguised as a steerage passenger, appears on the scene and

My Favorite Poem

Plant the seeds of kindness where you pass along,
Keep the note of courage always in your song;
Though the fates may drive you onward day by day,
Spread a cheerful spirit as you go your way.
Plant the seeds of friendship everywhere you go,
In the days that follow they will grow and grow;
Preach the creed of good-will all along the way,
You may be returning from defeat some day.
—S. E. KISER.

Sent in by Mrs. G. Caxoidy, Melton Rd., Toombul, Brisbane.

assists in keeping the frightened passengers in order.

The vessel founders before all the boats can be launched, and the only survivors are the rector and his two daughters, Lady Gilliland, wife of the Governor of one of the States, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Chaine, and the mate, Buzzsaw.

They reach a coral island and manage to secure an ample supply of clothes and provisions from the wreck.

Fate has thus thrown Addie and Chaine together under extraordinary circumstances on a lonely Pacific island, and the vicar anticipates a handful of trouble with the young lovers.

ADDIE heaved a great sigh, and said, almost piously: "It seems somehow to have been meant—if you understand." By which she intended to convey that the violent death of several score people, the loss of the ship, and their own marooning on a desert isle, were all part of the plan, made by some beneficent Providence, to bring Charles and herself together. "Look here," she said, "Charles passed over the remark about things being meant, but he was quite sure about what he meant himself. 'Look here, Addie. It'll turn out all right, I swear it will. There'll be a ship in no time to

Illustrated by WEP

take us all off, and we'll all go to Australia together, and—hm—hm"—this was a bit difficult—"Charles will think—damn her, of course she'll think—and she'll divorce me—has to be cruelly as well, of course, but one can fake that—and I'll give her half my money and the house and estate, and we'll all be as happy as sandboys."

"Yes," Addie stood poised as if for flight, in her alien frock with one sandaled foot showing, finger on lip, she was like a nymph of the woods; so Charles thought, who remembered his classics vaguely, and did not consider that chemise net worn over golden locks and a very conspicuous "bustle" behind, detracted at all from the pure classicism of the effect.

"Yes—but Charles—would anyone

vain?" Charles thought, inconsequently, of the ship's library, now being devoured by fishes, and of a novel, new from home, that had been very popular among the women passengers—"Ought We to Visit Her?" by Amelia Edwards. There was a bad woman in it—at least,

Charles's answer was to the point. "Well, they've got Bishop!"

Addie was satisfied. Where there were Bishops, there would be society, as one might say, where there were carouses, there would be eagles gathered together. And Charles thought—it seemed—that the society of the down-under world would not be too exacting; and, anyhow, that what it didn't know would do it no harm.

But in the meanwhile there was this terrible love for Charles, this longing to be with him for ever and ever, to be down and die at his feet; and all one had was these few stolen moments. She was miserable, and he was, too; she could see the tears in his great, fiery-brown eyes, eyes so unlike those of any woman in the world, and by that difference, so delightful. She could go on being miserable, and not mind it much; but she could not bear to think that he was wretched, too.

"If we could get Papa to marry us

—," she breathed.

"Angel," was Charles's inconsequent reply.

"Wouldn't that maybe put it right? Perhaps we could get him to."

"My darling, it would be bigamy."

a melancholy waste of "behaviour," with a faint dawn of hope rising somewhere at the end of the desert.

At any rate, thought Charles, I'll have her in the end.

At any rate, thought Addie, I'll see him every day. Papa can't send him off the island!

She felt that there was much to be said for being wrecked. And she remembered that in the book which was supposed to relate the earlier adventures of her own family, wives had been provided for the sons in the most reckless way, by eagles bearing messages, and by superfluous wrecks engineered purely for the benefit of the Robinsons. It seemed to her, in her own naive phrasing, that all this must surely "mean something." Perhaps that desert island, on the whole, were kind to love.

The sun had never looked down upon a simpler, kinder pair than these star-

would continue happily to enjoy the society of Bishops.

Charles himself had what was considered "low" tastes. He went to prize-fights, he betted, shouting, at the rails of racecourses. Sometimes, after the matter-of-fact way of his time, he got "disguised in drink." He had seen fighting, been through the Crimean war, and even now, nearly made civil-lust, he had all the manner of the sword—drinking, spur, wearing dragon. But he had faith, solid and unshakable, in the goodness and purity of women—his women, of course. Others didn't count, and he would have done anything to make sure that Adeline should not be deprived of her proper place in society. A passion of protectiveness came over him as he saw her tripping ahead there, so fragile, so cherishable, barely brushing the grass with the toe-first, light step that was taught to girls of her day.

Eagerly he repeated to himself: "I ought to be shot." But what he really meant, at the bottom of his soul, was that any man—save himself—who looked at Adeline, certainly ought to be shot.

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

she was not so very bad; she was respectably married, and only flirted a little, but she had been on the stage, and she and her friends drank champagne in the morning in tumblers. As far as he remembered, the verdict was that "We Ought Not."

All the more— But Charles, like other slow creatures, could be whipped into activity by sudden need. "Nobody'll know," was his verdict. "It's such a doozed long way off from anywhere. And everything's different. It's the other side of the world. Even the birds and flowers and things aren't the same; birds don't sing, and flowers don't smell, and the animals go about with pockets in their coats, and—and all sorts of games," he concluded feebly, his store of information giving out.

"Aren't there," said Adeline, "any ladies and gentlemen?"

"Is that very bad?" "They put you in gaol for it." Adeline saw herself and Charles dressed in convict grey, and heavily chained, breaking stones somewhere on an endless Colonial highway. Probably not in the same rainy, either.

She had fancied that at this far end of the world laws and customs might be different. Groping in twilight, she was nearer truth than she thought. A later generation was to recognise, and discuss with endless zest, the exact nature of the moral or immoral, outlook, supposed to be created by the mere atmosphere of the South Sea Islands. It was to be said and shouted, from the house-tops and the O.P. side, that no one, subjected to the malign influences of the Pacific Ocean, could possibly be expected to "behave."

Not knowing this, Charles and Adeline saw nothing in front of them, but

crossed lovers, as they took their way out of the banana grove. Charles, as sick with love as ever, was the writer of the "Song of Songs"; Adeline, softly melancholy, both unaware that they had lost a priceless opportunity, both convinced that they were doing the only possible thing. Charles, by now, repented having asked Adeline to elope with him. It was hardly cricket, he thought—and the proof of it was that he was going to be rewarded, by and by, for having given up the idea. He quite believed that he had given it up, and that this subsequent following of Adeline was a kind of accident. Addie and he would settle in Australia, and as soon as ever Charles did the right thing, they would be married—and, in Australia, where things were different, even to the birds, and the fur coats of the creatures—Adeline

ADLINE, expecting to be caught by Papa, discovered with joy that he was not at the rendezvous. They had time to sort themselves out, to take their stand by the partners assigned before the Rev. James Robinson and Lady Gilliland appeared, somewhat breathing and hurried. Adeline stared at them, her pretty lips falling apart. Was it possible? No, Heaven forgive her for such an unfaithful thought.

Eleanor, who had spent her morning agreeably enough with that almost professional squint of James, the mate, looked bright and pleased. She had also a long string of notes in her pocket-book. The only notes, and as it turned out, almost the only information gathered that day.

Please turn to Page 46

Too SLOW on the DRAW



THE towering peaks surrounding the site of the Tor Mountain Mine hurried back thunder. One echoed as two men, standing in a small clearing, fired heavy-calibre revolvers as fast as they could pull trigger. As they emptied the weapons and the reverberations died away the older man gave a harsh chuckle and turned towards his young companion.

"Fast work and straight shooting, boy." He indicated the bullet-torn pieces of cardboard set up as targets some twenty-five paces away. "But you're still a mite slow on the draw. You fumble."

The younger man nodded agreement, and, "Still, Ransom, I'm improving, eh?"

"Yeh." It was Ransom's turn to nod. "But, look!" He slid his own weapon into the Mexican-style holster hanging against his right thigh. "Make the draw in one motion. No stopping to fumble. Hand goes down and comes up filled—and gun working." He illustrated the action with his now empty gun, his right hand moving almost in a blur of speed. His pupils' eyes and lips were grim as he watched.

"An' now," Ransom went on, "we've time to reload, an' empty again afore the light gets too bad."

In silence the two men reloaded their weapons and slid them into holsters.

"Draw!" It came from Ransom. Followed the sound of hands slapping leather, the whish of guns being ripped from holsters, and again the staccato detonations as both men fired.

"Good work!" Ransom grinned as he said it. "You was only one shot behind me. Now I guess we'll go back to camp."

From her position higher up the mountain-side, Molly Graham, daughter of the general manager of the camp, saw every action of the two men and heard every word as she had done each evening since they had formed the habit of revolver practice after the day's work was done. And for the hundredth time the girl asked herself why these two men, such opposites in every way, should be so friendly and loquacious in such practice. A town raised her brow as she turned to make her way back to the camp.

As she walked along she tried afresh to puzzle it out. Both Ransom and Weston, his young companion, were, as far as she knew, just ordinary teamsters, yet there was something about both men that made them stand out from the others. Ransom seemed clean, straightforward, manly. Ransom was coarse, furtive, and in some way seemed to exude evil. Therefore, why were they so much together? Was it the attraction of opposites?

AGAIN, the girl knew that life in that remote part of the Rockies was somewhat dull for the workers, therefore most of the men sought diversion of various kinds in their leisure hours. Some played games. Others went hunting small and large game. Some read and studied. A few owned saddle-ponies—as she did herself—and rode the mountain trails. But Ransom and Weston were the only two who indulged in revolver practice. Why?

She shook her head even as she reached the camp, just as Ransom and Weston strode forward from the opposite side. Both men raised their hats and smiled a greeting. Without stopping, as she passed them, Molly whispered to Weston, "Music to-night?"

He nodded eagerly and strode on towards the bunkhouse.

It was some two hours later, in her father's house set somewhat apart from the other buildings, at the conclusion of a number, that the girl laid down her violin and Terence Weston swung round on the piano-stool and smiled up at her. For a moment the girl stared down at him, and then her curiosity refused to be denied.

"Mr. Weston." Her eyes were level. "I know that you and Mr. Ransom spend much of your spare time practicing revolver shooting. I have watched you often, and to-night I also heard Mr. Ransom say to you, 'But you're



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

But he had forgotten the girl. With frantic speed she stooped, grasped a large stone, and... crashed it down upon Ransom's head.

Short Story

By --

C. V. TENCH

still a mite slow on the draw.' What did he mean?

Weston dropped his eyes, wriggled uncomfortably.

"Well—er—Miss Graham, Ransom is from the south-west, where they seem to rate men according to their skill with revolvers. He ran across me one evening as I was practicing revolver shooting. He took pity on me and has been coaching me at odd times since."

"Oh!" Molly's blue eyes still regarded him searchingly, as she asked further:

"But, Mr. Weston, why should you wish to learn to draw a revolver at lightning speed and shoot straight? Men no longer use revolvers to settle differences. At least, not in Western Canada."

At that he lifted his eyes and regarded her quietly, then:

"Perhaps not personal differences, Miss Graham, but life in the wilder parts of the West is still pretty raw, you know, and it is handy to be able to use a revolver."

The girl, biting her lip at the astute way he evaded a direct answer, persisted. "But there's something else, Mr. Weston. There is something about Mr. Ransom that repels me. I cannot explain what it is, and I am surprised at your being so friendly with him. Is it only because he is teaching you shooting?"

"Not altogether." Again he twisted on the stool. "And we all do surprising things at times. Look at your father, able to hold down the manager's job, yet he permits his daughter to live in a tough mining camp."

"That is not so surprising." Her eyes glowed with resentment at the way he was evading direct answers. "I'm all dad's got; it is only natural I should want to keep home for him. And what about yourself? Well-educated, yet working as a common teamster." The words were out with a rush, and Molly bit her lip in mortification at letting him gauge her interest in him. And again he gave an evasive answer.

"Yes, Miss Graham, I did have the benefit of a good education, but I was not trained for any particular profession, so I earn a living the best way I can." He paused for a moment, his eyes serious, then went on:

"You have been very decent to me, inviting me to your home and all that, and—"

"Merely because, Mr. Weston," she interrupted, her tone now icy, "you are such an accomplished pianist."

"—and I wish I could tell you more," he added as if she had not spoken. "But just now, Miss Graham, I must be quiet."

Followed a silence that was both chilly and oppressive. Molly gazing from a window, he staring miserably at her averted face, then slowly he got to his feet.

"I—I think I'll be going, Miss Graham."

"Good-night!" She choked it out without turning her head, not wishing him to see the tears of mortification that filled her eyes. From the window she watched him walk towards the bunkhouse, admired afresh his slim, muscular physique and easy bearing, then with something like a sob turned back into the room.

For long hours that night Molly lay in her bed, tossing from side to side. It angered her to know that Terence Weston was the reason for her worried sleeplessness. Why should an ordinary teamster occupy her thoughts to the exclusion of all else? Her heart supplied the answer, supported by recalling the expression she had glimpsed in his eyes on many occasions.

But why had he evaded her questions? What had he meant by saying he must keep quiet? And why the revolver practice?

Instinctively she felt that there was some danger, something sinister hovering about both Weston and Ransom. But what? As she lay staring up at the shadowy ceiling she resolved to find out.

She knew the small barn in which the two men stabled their teams. It was the same building in which she kept her own saddle pony and Weston and Ransom kept their saddle mounts. Perhaps she thrilled at the idea—if she rose early and concealed herself in the hayloft before Weston and Ransom arrived to do early morning chores, she might—

But that would be spying of the most despicable sort. And yet— For a long time she argued with herself, then, her mind made up, composed herself for sleep.

DAWN was just beginning to tinge the eastern sky when Molly, well wrapped against the chilly air, hurried from the house towards the barn. Lights were burning brightly in the cookhouse, but the rest of the buildings were still in darkness.

Sliding the barn door back a trifle, the girl slipped inside. It was pitch-dark inside, but she knew where the ladder was. Her heart thudding nervously, she clambered up to the loft. An interminable wait, and then she heard the door rolled back along its tracks and she glimpsed the flicker of a lantern. Peering through a crack

she recognised Weston. A moment later another lantern appeared as Ransom entered.

"Lo, boy!" he grinned. "Sleep good?"

"Yes." Weston's reply was curt.

"That's fine." Hanging his lantern upon a nail, Ransom gave his attention to his team. Even as Weston was doing. For a time there was silence save for the scrunching of the horses as they munched their feed, then, from Ransom as he stepped out of the stall, "Not figurin' on changin' your mind, are you?"

"Why should I?" Weston was slapping the harness on his team.

"Well"—Ransom also commenced to harness—"you was up to the boss' house again last night, an' sometimes, when a feller gets too friendly with a girl, he loses his nerve."

Molly saw Weston stiffen at that, then stride to Ransom's stall.

"Ransom!" His tone was hard. "If you want me to go in on this you'll leave Miss Graham out of it and not even mention her name."

"Is—that—so?" The listening girl shuddered at the chill menace in Ransom's tone, then, suddenly, he laughed harshly. "All right, boy, just my little joke. Anyway, there's plenty of good-looking señoritas down in Mex. an' we should soon be there, eh?" He chuckled coarsely.

Weston's reply was to return to his team, and again there was silence, broken this time by Ransom as, the

By a Girl of 17

The Things That Count

He looks so tall, and clean, and young.

So pleasing to the eye, Fine pencilled shirt all shiny neat.

Dark suit and silken tie, His pipe, the angle of his hat,

The sleekness of his hair— It seems so strange that things

like this Can make a woman care!

—Yvonne Webb.

horses attended to, the men sealed themselves on boxes to await the clamorous call to breakfast.

Each word Ransom spoke came clearly to the listening girl, and she shuddered as she strained her ears. In Weston, Ransom had an eager listener, a young man who hung on every word, and Ransom's boasts revealed all to the horrified girl.

Gunman and murderer, he had fled the States. A Mountie had tried to apprehend him in Canada—and Ransom had killed him without compunction.

"Uniforms!" Ransom scoffed, "why, boy, they might as well bring a brass

band with 'em. They can only hang me once if they catch me, so might as well be hung for killing a dozen red coats, eh? Nope, I don't see how the Mounties'll ever get me. I could draw half a dozen afore they could draw their guns. Like you, boy, they're too slow on the draw to get me."

It was now lighter in the barn, and peering through a crack Molly saw Weston and his head in agreement, then: "Now, Ransom, we'd better con over our plans again," he suggested. "Have you learned anything more?"

"Yeh." Ransom leaned forward. "Everything is going to be okay. Listen."

ORE teams headed out yesterday. That means the trails are now clear, so the pay team'll be settin' out from Quernel. Several months' money for the crew here means a stable roll. We'll leave in the mornin' an' wait for the pay team at Sunset Canyon. If there's a Mountie along as guard then he won't live long."

"And then what?" Weston's tone shocked the hidden girl. It was so eager.

"Then, head for Mex." Ransom chuckled harshly. "Mex. an' a real bust-up. Now, let's eat," as the clamor of the cook's triangle jangled in the air.

Waiting a few minutes, shaking from head to foot, Molly descended the ladder and stumbingly, her eyes blinded with tears, reached her own room. Throwing herself on the bed she burst into a paroxysm of weeping. Her worst fears were realised. Weston was in league with Ransom; had egged the man on to boast of his former crimes. And now he was joining him in a proposed hold-up.

Desperately she tried to control her feelings. She should despise Weston for his deception. She should hate him. Yet even in her bitter disillusionment she could not. She wanted to help him—prevent his doing this mad thing that might end in a lengthy jail sentence or worse—the gallows.

If there were only some way in which she could prevent the robbery, have Ransom arrested and let Weston escape. But in order to catch Ransom, Weston, too, would have to be caught. And she could not even go to her father for help, as in accordance with regulations he had gone with the team conveying the ingots of gold to the assay office at Quernel. He would not return for several days.

All that long, restless, unhappy day she wrestled with the problem, and when she dropped off into a troubled sleep that night she had formed no plan other than that of following the two men when they left camp the next morning.

Please turn to Page 34

MYSTERY MAN

LISTEN to this, Jean: "Had another proposal to-day. I wish men wouldn't fall in love so easily. But easy in love, easy out. I fancy that Billy will soon feel cured."

A giggle, and the voice continued: "I wonder who she was. She'd never need to advertise in the matrimonial columns."

David McGee raised his head from his arm and glanced lazily ahead. Before him a girl in green and yellow bathers lay propped on an elbow, back towards him. Groups of beach-devotees and bright surf boards standing in the sand crowded his view.

The voice came again to him, low but distinct above the general chatter. He glimpsed the movement of a brown hand above the glowing, curving wall of the girl's form, and a scrap of paper waved momentarily over her hollowed waist. "She enjoyed a good time in life. Listen: 'Went to His Majesty's last night. Show too lovely to write about. Supper with Tom and Harry, and Lil—a run to the beach, and bed at 1 a.m. Yesterday was the 12th. Odd that it should be the anniversary of a visit to the same theatre, the same supper-room and the same beach. Poor Harvey. He seemed stricken that night; but he's happily married now. I like Harvey, for he very nearly measured up to the standards of my mystery man—but not quite—none of them do.' It ends there, Jean."

McGee saw the slip of paper tossed away. The wind dropped it into the colorful crowd.

"She must have thought a lot of her 'mystery-man,'" said another voice. "Hope she wasn't disappointed when she found him." The voices dropped into murmuring laughter.

McGee surmised that the girl who read had chanced among the wind's playthings upon a scrap of a diary, or confession-book, or perhaps a page of a letter—though it read too intimately to be in taste with the requirements of even a friendly letter, he thought. Then he thought no more of it—for five minutes, and then, head down on his arms, body and limbs relaxed to enjoy the luxury of sun and wind full upon him, he found himself turning over in his



After a time he looked up, wondering and hopeful. And was lifted as though on wings when he saw that she was smiling down at him through a mist of tears.

Illustrated by Boothroyd

By JAMES POLLARD

us be last," he whispered, "and come away now with me. I want to talk to you. There is something—"

Gently she released his hand. "No," she returned as softly. "They would follow us in a pack. We will swim out—and away."

He lay back and breathed deeply. She had divined his mood. He could wait content. He would see that they were the last to go. It would not matter if they never returned. Along the beach beyond the lights and beyond the many groups of beach fans were shadow and quiet and seclusion. He lay and dreamed.

Until, above the general conversation, Mary's voice broke in upon his dreams, and he listened.

"Well, what do you know! The wind has brought me a page of an old confession-book of mine. I remember having had that book with me last month, but I never missed the page. Shows how unimportant confession-books are, when we never bother to read what we confess in them."

"Do read it to us, Mary," another girl appealed. "I'm thrilled to bits at the thought of hearing any of your confessions, and, anyway, that page must have been read by any amount of folks by this time."

"Yes"—with a rueful laugh. "Not for a mint of money would I read it to you, but I suppose every sheik and sheila of the beach has gazed over this childish talk about my mystery man and—"

McGee heard no more.

Only Mrs. Marone observed the man rise slightly and gaze across at the girl who had won his love, and marked how his face was strained. But everyone realised presently that he had gone away.

"Will you swim, Mary?" Mrs. Marone asked, breaking a sudden silence.

"No, Molly. Mr. McGee must have lost heart all at once." Several there detected a hard note in the voice that tried to speak jestingly, but they forbore to comment. And a sense of fellowship urgently needed rallied them all to help the girl to hide her pain—and the play went on.

WELL, had McGee divined that the girl who wrote of a Mystery Man was staunch. The morning was still young when a message delivered to him in the smokeroom of his club drew him outside reluctantly, stonily, yet inevitably, because he was a gentleman.

He found her in the garden, tall, still, pale and exuding him so steadily that intuitively he knew that he had wronged her. Feeling a queer sense of weakness, he dropped to a garden seat at her side.

"Why did you do it, David?" she asked him quietly, gravely. "Do you not love me?"

Surge of emotion prevented him answering immediately. The girl waited.

"It was your talk of the Mystery Man," he told her gently, and explained how he had overheard the reading of that scrap of paper which the winds had blown about the beach. "There is something wrong," he proceeded, "something that I do not understand, or you would not be here. I realise that. But it seemed to me last night that I had fallen in love with one who had already a lover, one whom she loved sincerely—and I—I am not the kind of man to break in upon any love affair. I owed it to your Mystery Man to go out of your life. I—I am sorry that I did it so harshly."

After a time he looked up, wondering and hopeful. And was lifted as though on wings when he saw that she was smiling down at him through a mist of tears. And a great content was his as he waited further explanation.

It was long coming. But presently he was aware that she had moved close to him. Her frock brushed against his face—and with that he lost control of his feelings and smothered himself in the folds of her frock, possessed with a fire of longing and belonging.

These were golden moments. And all his world, past, present and future, was lit radiantly in the moment that she roughed his hair and murmured: "He was a true mystery—an ideal. And now I have found him... my Mystery Man... you great big stupid!"

(Copyright)

A Prayer

GOD give me grace that I may see
Beauty in every bush and tree,
In every little woodland flower,
The proof of Thy almighty power.

Give me a heart that understands,
That I may stretch out willing hands
To aid the needy, and abate
The cares of those less fortunate.

God give me courage, that I may
Be strengthened in an evil day,
A courage and a wisdom clear
To greet the unknown without fear.

Give me a faith, undimmed and sure,
That shall through all my life endure,
That I may truly serve and praise
The Giver of all good, always.

—JEAN M. ROBINSON.

mind the words he had chanced to hear. He wondered why, and presently shrugged as though annoyed, got up, went down to the sea, and drowned himself in a comb.

Not for long, though; and as he swayed with the sway of green water beyond the crowd of surfers, in a loneliness of sea and sky and wind, he was thinking again of what he had heard. Did men love so easily? His memories of the few girls who had come into his life were hazy, though he could recall that most of them were good, sane, desirable. What did he know of love, he asked himself.

The girl who had written must have been more than ordinarily attractive, he thought. And more than ordinarily desirable, too, since she remained faithful to the one she loved, her Mystery Man—a fine, manly fellow, Dave felt sure. He would like to meet a girl like

that, one who would be staunch and true in her devotion.

He rode out of the sea on a foaming roller that laid him on the sands and streamed away from him; and after a few moments during which the invigorating wind chilled his body he rose thinking of material things—shower, rub down, clothes and dinner.

At eight-thirty he was lazing in Molly Marone's drawing-room, with a left-alone feeling to content him because he was fond of his own company and unused to the chatter and the vivaciousness that made gay the groups of guests about the room. Tables were ready for bridge. Three guests whose names had been drawn with McGee's for one of the tables had not yet appeared.

"King McGee," Mrs. Marone had introduced him. "Owns a station in the Never-Never—runs sheep and things—and likes quiet and space. The more he left to himself, the happier he is." Whereat McGee had grinned, bowed, made some good-humored jest at his own expense and repaired to the armchair and rather effaced himself. Or, perhaps, it is fairer to say that the company took Mrs. Marone at her word and allowed McGee as much quiet and space as was possible.

PRESENTLY he heard sounds of lightly hurrying feet in the hallway, and observed that Molly had heard, too, and was moving towards the door. And the door opened and presented within its frame a vision of loveliness such as McGee had never thought to see. At least, the vision appealed to him in that light, though the girl standing there, slim and straight, yet with the grace that is nature's gift, was attired for the occasion only in accordance with such laws as in the feminine world dictate the finer subtleties of taste. Perhaps the appeal to McGee sprang from a source beyond the outer vision, deeper than the soft blue and grey-brown of the girl's frock; for certainly the radiation of charm and health emanated not solely from the material adornment of the personality poised within the doorway.

The girl laughed softly, and McGee felt an inward tug, and fleetingly he remembered a day when, dreaming in an idle hour by a bushland stream, he had fancied that he heard in the wind the lilt of Pan's pipes, and that he glimpsed among the grey and brown and green shadows of the forest fairy shapes that stirred in him a desire to follow.

He took a grip of himself and sat still, curiously conscious of an effort required to keep him so. He observed that half a dozen men converged upon the girl—and when their backs were off the vision from his sight he felt himself relax.

When she broke through the cordon of eager men and joined Mrs. Marone, McGee was far back in his chair in an indolent attitude. Lately he watched the people resolve themselves into fours around the tables, and it seemed perfectly natural to him that this general movement should coincide with the arrival of the vision. For he surely everyone had been waiting.

He heard the girl speaking. He listened to her voice, but what she said he did not consciously hear until he was repeating her words to himself for the third time.

"Sorry I'm late, folks; but Pa kept me looking for a collar stud, and then I had to dress him."

He became aware that she was sitting near him, and that Molly had mentioned his name and was speaking. "Miss Iredale, Dave, and Pa and Ma. Mary, 'King' is a woollyback butter or something from the North-West—but he can play bridge—and then she was fading away."

He was standing, bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Iredale, and to the girl.

She returned his brief narrow-eyed glance with a casual nod, and continued talking to the company. "Have you all heard about Tommy Fitzgerald? He broke another dancing record last night—asked his partner to marry him."

McGee did not listen. Back in his chair, he was still looking deep and far into a pair of fine brown eyes that had the clarity of crystal, the purity of a flower, the radiance of

running away, but Miss Iredale has asked me to escort her home."

Mrs. Marone arched her brows. "What, after you promised to stay a while and talk to me? But, of course, I would not think of disappointing you—and Mary." Her eyes laughed into his ere she turned away.

Within a week Mrs. Marone confided to her husband that David McGee was "properly hooked," and that Mary Iredale had simply "fallen for" the big quiet Nor-Western.

At parties the man and the girl were seldom separated. They were seen to walk down to the beach together more than once, and to stay in company out beyond where the surf appeared. Men who tried to come between the pair were afterwards found to be dispirited and inclined to talk of things entirely masculine in interest.

A fortnight after he had met Mary Iredale, McGee admitted to himself that he was in love with her. The realization came when, one of an evening beach party arranged by Mrs. Marone, he lay watching the lithe sway of the girl as she sat a little way from him. Her simple bathing costume in no way lessened her charm, and as he admired the lift of her head and shoulders against the stars over the horizon he told himself that in goodness, in purity, in all those qualities that a decent man admires in a woman, she was in harmony with the everlasting faithfulness of the stars and the winds and all that serenity that is between earth and sky. For a few moments he was content with

How a Girl Found Her Ideal

summer, and—oh well, they were beautiful eyes!

He studied her covertly as he made casual talk with her parents. Other men hovered in the background; other women were remote. One small pointed foot swayed slowly towards him and away, and he was lost to all his gaze from the silken curving limb to which that small beckoning foot led his glance. But irresistibly his gaze was drawn upward, from the long sweep of softly glowing hose to line and fold of gown that seemed caressing with its own consciousness of a woman-shape perfectly graced; from the restful slenderness of her body to the elbow pointed on the chair-arm; and from the slim white fingers toying with a crystal necklace to her eyes again—to find them full upon his and in them lurking amused interest.

A bell tinkled. The play was on. McGee shuffled cards and determined to make the most of the game.

After supper he said to Mrs. Marone: "I've enjoyed myself. Excuse me

his knowledge. Then desire robbed him of his content. And he sounded a pit of despair when he realised that to-morrow he must leave her, for he was booked to sail in the evening for his home in the North-West.

He struggled out of his pit and made a resolve. To-night he would ask her—

"Our next item is a bridal race to the buoy out there which the life-savers left for us." Mrs. Marone's voice broke in upon his thoughts, and he forced himself to listen. "Pair yourselves. The winners receive free tickets in my motor car raffle for the Children's Hospital."

McGee looked at Mary, and met her glance. Other men, too, looked her way and met not her glance. McGee smiled happily.

In the stir and excitement as the first pair rushed away to sea, he leaped far forward and grasped the girl's arm. He did not know that his grip was so forceful that it sent a thrill through the girl, and if he had known he could not have been happier. "Let

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

BLOUSES are MODISH

*For Morning,
Noon, Night!*

TAILORED suits and other three-piece ensembles, so fashionable for the autumn and winter season, have brought blouses into the spotlight once again.

Blouses this year are definitely something to think about, for you will be wearing all kinds for all hours of the day and night.

THE old plain shirt waist of grandmother's day has been glorified by Napoleonic, Persian, Directoire or any other influence. It goes through hundreds of changes from a man-like monogrammed shirt to a glittering sequin evening tunic.

For the morning, with coats and skirts or under tweeds, velveteen blouses are perfect. They are brown, navy-blue, fawn or colored. They have long sleeves with cuffs, collars like a man's soft shirt, or flat square necks, pockets, belts. Some are double-breasted like waistcoats. A yellow, brown and white flecked tweed suit has a brown velveteen shirt blouse, buttoning up the front with brown glass buttons.

A navy-blue wool suit has a red velveteen blouse, coming over the skirt in a little basque and a scarf-like neckline.

Crepes Are Ideal

CREPE-DE-CHINE, dull crepe and dotted crepe, make ideal blouses for those practical suits. They are tailored like men's and often have a box pleat at either side of the centre front, or small groups of narrow knife pleats. When there are no pleats there are pockets—either one or two.

A monogram is appliqued or embroidered on to the left-hand pocket, sometimes the pocket is made with a flap which buttons with wooden or leather buttons.

These latter come in all kinds of new shapes, little leather cones, rings, squares, round knobs, triangles. Colors—dark blouses are still worn with light suits, bright ones with dark suits, and pastels with everything.

With a grey flannel coat and skirt wear navy and white spotted foulard, or brown and white spot, yellow crepe, brown, navy-blue, cornflower blue, emerald green, dark grey, wine color, pale blue, or white or black.

BLOUSES are even worn for evening, and they are of great importance for dinner frocks. Brocade and lame blouses top dark velveteen, satin, and crepe skirts. They are long-sleeved and low-necked, and tie in ruffles around the waist. They come over the skirt like a short tunic, and have no sleeves, low backs, and high fronts, or vice-versa. Satin blouses are shaped the same, and are pale or bright, with dark skirts.

For full evening dress there are blouses of sequins. They are sleeveless with low décolleté, and finish about seven inches below the waist—just like a jumper made of sequins. One lovely model was composed of a black velvet skirt, and a black sequin tunic finishing just above the hips and split at either side.



• ABOVE: An evening blouse of sequins.

• LEFT: A shirt-blouse for sports wear.

• A RUSSIAN dinner blouse of gold lame.

• A SPORTS blouse of navy-blue jersey cloth.

• AFTERNOON blouse of sheer white chiffon.

• RIGHT: Tailored blouse of heavy pink satin.

• A BROWN velveteen blouse with crepe yoke.

• RED velveteen jacket with navy stripes.

• TOBACCO-BROWN crepe tailored blouse.



... and VERSATILE!

*Respect Their
Many Moods!*

BELIEVE me, blouses are definitely temperamental. Force them to accompany hostile suiting shades and they feel and look miserable! Half the art of making a blouse happy lies in studying its pet color affinities.

WITH a brown and white tweed suit wear dark brown, yellow, orange or fawn. With a suit made of one of the new forest green woollens wear tan, dark brown, dark green, dull orange, tawny yellow. With navy or any deep blue see for your blouse—red, pale blue, white, bright green, yellow, pale pink.

For your in-between-seasons suit of pastel sheer wool, whether it be yellow, turquoise, dusty blue or pink, grey or green wear black, brown, or navy blue blouses and accessories. A novel fastening for a sports blouse in either crepe or velveteen is a front facing which ends in a tie with leather-fringed tassels at the high collar.

AGAIN, there are tailored suits that have blouses and the very popular ensemble that consists of a skirt, three-quarter coat, and blouse. This latter ensemble you will wear to all important daytime occasions—lunch, afternoons, cocktails, evening cinema. The coat is usually loose and the skirts are a little longer than last year—they are made of the same fabric.

WITH this costume the blouse is most varied. It may tuck inside the skirt, be straight or very much bloused above, come over the skirt straight, or in a shaped basque or peplum, reach to the hips, come to finger-tip length, forming a flared or straight tunic.

Sleeves are long or three-quarter, generally tight-fitting with very wide or normal armholes. The kimono raglan sleeve is much seen. This is cut on the cross, wide at the shoulder, and tight-fitting at the wrist. The Russian shirt blouse is smart. This has a shirt collar, a bloused bodice, and very full sleeves shirred into a low shoulder and gathered into a cuff.

It is made of gold or silver lame when worn with black for cocktail or cinema wear, or heavy satin or metal run crepe for afternoon wear.

Neckline Notions

NECKLINES are either high or low; bodices are softly draped, and often cut on the bias. Most necks have draped pieces of the material let in, and lying in intricate manner. There are cuff collars, severe necks with nothing at all to break the line; double-breasted effects, cross-over bodices ending in long sashes which tie around the waist.

Materials used include heavy satins, crepes, all the metal-thread materials, velvet, velveteen, chiffon, taffeta, and lames and brocades for very formal wear.

Velveteen and velvet make the smartest winter blouses for afternoon suits, and the three-quarter coat and skirt ensemble. They can contrast or match. A Chanel suit of emerald-green nubby woolen has an emerald velveteen blouse buttoning up the front with green crystal buttons, and coming over the skirt in two points like a waistcoat.

SCHIAPARELLI shows us, with a red woollen skirt and three-quarter coat, a black velvet blouse. Another of her models consists of a tobacco-brown Angora skirt, a powder blue Angora coat, and a finely-striped blouse in brown and fawn crepe. Black skirts and long coats have tucked-in or tunic blouses of bright coral, orange, emerald green, or yellow crepe. These are often quilted all over, or made of the new shirred-looking crepes. Brown ensembles or suits have blouses of satin, crepe, velvet, or velveteen in orange, yellow, coral, leaf-green, or beige. Navy blue skirts are topped by blouses of white or dusty pink satin or crepe, often patterned with metal spots, stripes, and small embroidered flowers. Checked, taffetas, pale blue, yellow, white, and red velvet or velveteen.

CHAPEAU CHIC ... from PARIS!



- PARIS IS MUCH intrigued with the idea of matching hat and scarf for sportive wear. Chanel made a hit with this sparkling model (top left), carried out in a vivacious yellow and black check and worn with a leaf-brown tailleur.
- THE CHIC little toque (centre above) is a Jean Patou inspiration, and is of black velvet adorned with osprey feathers. The unusual frock is also a Patou model.
- ANOTHER PATOU toque, which is a very snappy affair for formal occasions, is shown above. Made of black bugle beads, it has a striking black feather mount.

MISS MURIEL SEGAL, our special representative in Europe, selected in Paris the photographs reproduced here and sent them by air mail. They are, therefore, authentic guides to the latest trends in hat fashions abroad.

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Save time and money... and avoid all risk of injury... by waving your hair at home! With Hinde's Wavers you can give it the real professional finish. Dainty curls, soft attractive waves... all are easily produced with Hinde's Wavers and Curlers.



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HINDE'S WEVERS

From all drapers, hairdressers and stores. If unobtainable locally, write to Hinde (Australia) Ltd., Woolloolunna.

● THIS TOQUE, of the "topper" genre, is one of the cleverest in the latest Chanel collection. The essence of a toque's chic lies in the manner in which it is worn. It must be balanced demurely and definitely, yet be drawn very modernly forward. There is a veritable riot of toques and toques in the new season's collections.

● A MARKED vogue for stitching is one of the interesting millinery motifs of the moment and, provided the stitching is expertly done, it gives a note of simple elegance hard to surpass in hats of the tailored type. Very charming is the stitched Chanel model shown here. The flat bow is of waxed satin. This year, beims outdo crowns in their versatility.

An Editorial

MARCH 2, 1935.

THE JOB AND THE WOMAN



WHEN Amelia Earhart made her first solo flight across the Atlantic about three years ago "all the world wondered." In the interval since then she has been decorated for her exploits by the Governments of France, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Sweden, and by eminent scientific organisations all over the world.

When last week she flew across from Honolulu to California her success earned only a couple of paragraphs in the news.

It is ceasing to be a nine days' wonder when a woman successfully accomplishes some unusual task. For this we have to thank the Earharts, the Johnsons, the Curies, and all the other women who have done spectacular jobs superlatively well. But let us not forget the pioneers. Amelia Earhart has constantly acknowledged her debt to those who have gone before her and pointed out that even the humblest helper has often played an important part in the world's greatest achievements.

In her own specialised field of aviation, there was Katherine Wright. It is thirty years since her brothers flew their funny little outfit at about 800 feet a minute, but Katherine made their flight possible. A believer in her brothers' dreams, she set to work to master Latin and Greek and earn money by teaching them so as to pay for her brothers' wings.

To-day every woman who is making a good job of her work, however inconspicuous it may be, is helping to open up new avenues of usefulness for others. And it is only when woman has developed her capabilities to the full that the world will be able to judge of the value of her specialised contribution to progress.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Chains

Do you remember how on one far day
With breathless lips we climbed the
tree-scented hill,
Hand in dear hand, another Jack and
Jill,
Laughing along the sunlight of our
way?
Our joyous youth was glad and
strangely proud
Above the stirring and unquiet grass,
And here we heard an elfin footstep
pass,
And there we saw the shadow of a
cloud.
But as the dusk drew on your ardor
drained,
"I must go back," you said, "I shall
be late."
Downwards you climbed alone in
sullen haste
Towards the little world that held you
chained;
To wifely arms with dragging feet
and slow
My dear, our day was ended long ago.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Something to Think Of

HERE is an interesting difference in points of view. The Anglican Bishop, Dr. Burmann, remarked in a sermon last week that the average Australian doesn't think enough. "He should stop and think," says the distinguished cleric, "but he prefers to swear rather than to think." Quite unlike that still more noted authority, Julius Caesar, whose objection to the "lean and hungry" Cassius was summed up in a sentence:

"He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

If you are an autocrat of the Caesar or Hitler type, you don't want anyone to think too much. And if you are a dreamy beauty-lover like Keats, you want like him, to escape from life.

"Where but to think is to be full of sorrow." Still if Australia is to get on to a better basis economically, and improve its brand of politician, it will have to think—and think hard.

Quacks Dangerous

THERE is no doubt about the man who will tickle the problem of the unqualified medical practitioner is the man Australia wants to-day. This is leaving out the question of "duds" in the ranks of certified and de-certified men—though the sensitiveness of the profession to the bare suggestion that such persons exist is a trifle uncalled for.

Even bishops don't all measure up to the highest standard, and any barrister would tell you that scores of his colleagues are "duds"—adjectival ones at that.

What Australia wants is a stricter law against the quacks and charlatans who infect every large or small, and profess, without any qualification except colossal assurance, to cure any kind of complaint by means of "therapeutics," electricity massage, laying-on of hands, star-gazing, etc. etc. The so-called herbalists are among the worst of these people.

Mr. Weaver, whose disposal as Minister for Health in New South Wales has interested Australia, did courageous work for the sick poor; the pity was he didn't last long enough to deal with the out-and-out quacks.

Not a Highbrow

AN unusual kind of Professor arrived in Melbourne last week. He is Mr. R. E. Priestley, just out from Cambridge to take up the post of Vice-Chancellor of the Melbourne University. Born in England 49 years ago, he is a specialist in geology, and a modest one at that. "A low-brow intellectually, and lack of all trades and master of none," was his description of himself at a civic reception in Melbourne Town Hall.

It is only men who have done big things who can afford to talk of themselves in that way. He was in the Antarctic with Scott's party in 1911-12, was a prisoner of the snows through a lonely winter, and by headquarters was given up for dead. He served with a Signals Company in the Great War, in which he gained the Military Cross. He told the welcoming audience in Melbourne that he left his professional job at Cambridge partly because his wife thought the change would be a good one.

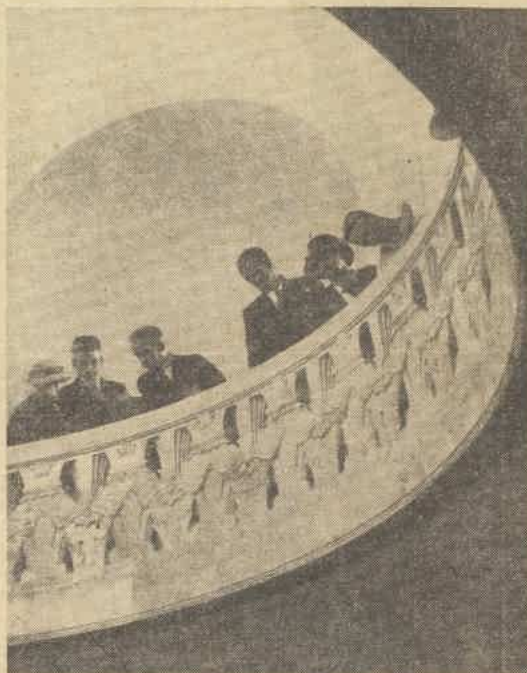
There are 4000 students at Melbourne "Uni" and the new Vice-Chancellor, as the enemy of high-browism, should be popular.

FROM SUE TO LOU

History That Is Not

THE censors of Australian films, in their anxious desire to safeguard our morals, don't seem to mind how we suffer in other ways. They allow our sense of historical verisimilitude to be battered out of shape. Not a word of protest against the picture-making vandals who give you a Mark Antony who might have been a Chicago baseball fan, a Louis XV with the look and manner of a Wall Street stockbroker, a Catherine of Russia like a Boston school miss, and a Henry VIII looking like a cross between a Chinese mandarin and a fat circus clown.

A pity, too. There is nothing to compare for attractiveness with an historical film that can make the past, with its more vivid and picturesque life than ours, live again. But it should be something like the past we have read about and have in our mind's eye. And the characters who give charm and dignity to history should not be travesties of once living people.



THE FIRST PHOTO taken of people inside the dome of the new Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park, Sydney.

Billiards for Women

CRICKET and tennis may be all very well for women, though they don't lend themselves to decorative effects. Much as we admired the prowess of Miss Archdale's English cricket girls, we couldn't see anything to go into raptures over in the huge batting pads and wicket-keeping guards that made the girls, with their wide-brimmed hats, look like mushrooms over a white fence.

But billiards—ah, that is another story. Graceful, swinging skirts, something neat round the waist, and a supple form bent over the cue, are just "the thing" for billiards. In England the game is rapidly gaining ground as a pastime for women; in fact, it is being said there that billiards isn't really a man's game. As an alternative to bridge, we could do with more women's billiards in Australia.

Concerning Clothes

"WHEN I was a boy we took our clothes seriously," says Sir Walter Gilbey, England's seventy-five-year-old "fashion Baronet." He adds, regretfully, that it is only women who now treat the clothes problem as it deserves.

Sir Walter has never been in Australia. In February, if he had been he would know that the masculine clothes problem has a seriousness all its own.

A Bright Girl's Letters



Dear Lou—
Nowadays
it is easier for
a girl to have
her heart

set on an evening
dress than to find one
she can get
her heart into.
Yours,
Sue.

Basic English As The New World Language

By ALTHEA WALLACE

During the last century many language specialists have concentrated upon inventing "universal" languages for the sake of bringing about a universal brotherhood of man in commerce, science, and general understanding.

SOME years ago Henry Ford said "Make everybody speak English," as a four-word peace slogan; and to-day Senator Macartney Abbott, addressing the London Peace Society, insists once more that "if only the people of every nation could understand one another better, peace would be assured."

It may be a rather sweeping statement that a universal language would abolish war, for one does not notice that all people who speak English live in unity, or that a French son-in-law loves his dear wife's mother just because he understands what she is saying.

But certainly the fact of talking the same language is a help. For a common language implies, however slightly one may be aware of it, a common background of thought and understanding.

Australian youths, whose daily life contains references to "tanked," "whoopie," "okay," and "nerfs" have a community of thought from which the botanist, with his Latin words, or the philosopher, with his strange sayings, are excluded.

They, in turn, recognise affinity with others who make noises like themselves. And the Frenchman will please his mother-in-law by calling her a little cabbage, where he would meet raised eyebrows were he to say "old fruit."

Why It's Called "Basic"

THE problem of evolving a language for the whole world bristles with difficulties, but it is interesting to notice that already an extremely efficient invention is in existence.

English, French, and German have long been the ruling languages of the world for purposes of mutual understanding between peoples. German has, however, never been an international as French or English. And while French for centuries was the language of European diplomacy, English has, since the Treaty of Versailles, shared this privilege.

England, moreover, has many radio stations in all sorts of foreign countries, only two amateur transmitters out of 110 recently examined being non-English, and in the talkie and telephone world it is the same—French, which relies so largely upon gesture, is falling behind English, which can be fully understood from total inflection alone.

Realising, therefore, that English has this ready-made advantage, a new international language called "Basic" (British, American, Scientific, International, Commercial), English has been evolved.

The utilities of this international code are explained by Mr. C. K. Ogden, in several publications, which are themselves written in basic English.

While it is debatable exactly how many words an adequate vocabulary should contain, as a rule a foreigner must learn at least 18,000 words to really know any particular language. This probably takes him four to five years.

Only 850 Words

BASIC English, with a scientifically chosen vocabulary, consists of 850 words, which can be learnt in a couple of weeks—two months at the outside.

Knowledge of these 850 words and their uses enables anybody to speak in simple idiomatic language upon all everyday subjects. By learning an extra 100 words the student of basic English is given a vocabulary of general scientific utility, and by learning an extra 150 words over and above the original 850 he can understand arguments in any particular science.

As well as being so very much easier to learn than any "natural" language, the 850 words of basic English equal 56,000 words in any other "natural" language.

As it is so easy to learn, there is no reason why basic English should not be taught all over the world as part of everybody's regular education. The words can be printed on one side of a single sheet of paper, and the rules of grammar on the other.

Such a language would not, of course, stand still any more than Latin did in Julius Caesar's day. But now that we have radios, telephones, and talkies, a universal language of this kind would not suffer the same fate as Latin, which gradually turned into French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese until it became a "dead" language in its original form.

When new pronunciations or phrases were invented they would, like "Yeah," "Whoopie," and "You're Telling Me," have more chance of spreading all over the world, and would not cause basic English to grow into a dozen different languages in place of the original one.

LOWER'S High Jinks in THE NORTH

L. W. Lower has been out of town for a week.

When last heard of in the office he had announced his intention of slipping quietly away to Queensland to try out his new and improved methods of rabbiting. An enemy awakened Mrs. Lower at the last moment, and the little woman decided that her place was at her husband's side.

It was just like Lower to go to Queensland looking for rabbits, as the Government has spent thousands of pounds on a rabbit-proof fence along the border to keep bunny out, and with considerable success. But in Queensland he has been located, and apparently Mrs. Lower is still with him. The following telegraphic and written communications tell the whole story.



Mr. Lower, having spent his holiday cash, is bringing the family back home per shark.

FIRST news of the missing humorist came with the receipt of the following telegram sent COLLECT at urgent rates:

"Wire tenner urgent, obviate me sleeping on Coolangatta Beach with Queensland Heathens. Stop. Don't let your pal down, burst all your blood vessels first.

"Lennie."

All hands threw in and we managed to raise £7/4/- in the office. There was a sum of £2/16/- due to Lennie from a bookmaker which made up the £10, which was despatched with the following wire:

"Lennie Lower,
Coolangatta Beach,

"Delighted at small bite, expected at least twenty. Wiring you ten pounds. Don't you think you had better come home?"

"Women's Weekly."

THE Post Office found Mr. Lower on Saturday. His

written acknowledgement (interalia) read:—

"Dear Cell Mate,

"Many thanks for the tenner. Although it did not arrive before they closed on Saturday I had every confidence in your fallibility (he meant gullibility) in time of stress. The Lower family, you will be astonished to hear, still has 3/8 left between them. I just took it out of her bag.

"She has gone off for a motor drive with a chap she vamped on the beach. The roads are bad in Queensland and there are some dangerous drives around Burleigh Heads. Be sure and keep that copy of her will safely till you hear from me.

"The sharks are very bad up here, and we are going surfing to-morrow. If she gets back safely from the drive.

"I have signed eight autograph books for kids since I came here. They call me 'Mr. Lower' in Queensland.

"It's a wonderful country I came up here for a rest, but she's had me climbing muddy mountains from daylight to dark. I will be glad when I get back to automatic lifts again. The tariff here is £4/4/- a week each, but the mosquitoes are free.

"Don't forget to collect that money from the bookmaker, and wire me at once how you think the office would take another bite for a tenner about Friday.

"Lennie Lower."

Next week he will tell you about his Queensland adventures personally.

THE ART of ABERRATING in Contract Bridge Unorthodox Leads and Plays

By ELY CULBERTSON

World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

Unorthodox leads and plays have developed from the status of very rare aberrations to that of a highly complicated science. The expertness of the expert is in large measure a matter of knowing when to aberrate.

IF a defending player knows that declarer's line of play will succeed if he is allowed to follow it through, even the craziest and most dangerous type of false-card should be resorted to—there is nothing to lose, since the defence cause would surely be lost even if the false-card were not used.

The position of the spades in the following deal offers South two possible lines of play. It becomes obvious to East on the first lead of spades that South has guessed correctly and will be able to avoid the loss of a trump-trick unless something is done about it. In this position East can afford to use extreme measures to prevent the success of South's plan.

South, dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

S: Q 9 2
H: A 10 9 4
D: Q 8 4 2
C: 7 5

S: 7 6 4
H: K J 7
D: 9 5 3
C: K 10 9 2

N
W
E
S

S: A J 8 5 3
H: Q 8 2
D: A K 7
C: Q 6

S: K 10
H: 6 5 3
D: J 10 8
C: A J 8 4 3

The bidding:
South West North East
1 S Pass 2 C Pass
3 S Pass 4 S Pass
Pass Pass

Against the four-spade contract West opens the club deuce, and the ace and king of clubs are taken. West now leads the diamond nine and it is won by Dummy's queen. At this point the deuce of spades is led. East can assume that South has ace-jack in spades, and if East plays the ten, South will finesse the jack and then drop the king on his ace. Since South needs to lose only one heart-trick he will make his contract unless East can win a trick in spades.

On the deuce of spades East therefore plays the king. This is almost certain to lead South astray. He will feel that West holds the guarded spade ten, and that only by a finesse can the loss of a spade-trick be avoided. South, therefore, will almost assuredly lead a spade towards Dummy's queen-nine and finesse the nine, whereupon East can take it in his ten and subsequently West's heart-trick will defeat the contract.

A STANDARD play of the same type has often been used with great success. In cases such as the following the play has an excellent chance to succeed.

South, dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

S: K 10 2
H: 4 3
D: 9 8
C: A J 9 8 5 2

S: A Q 8 6
H: J 7 6 5 4
D: J 7 6 5 4
C: 8 4 3

N
W
E
S

S: 9 8 5 4
H: J 9 7 5
D: K Q 10
C: Q 10

S: A Q J 7 6
H: K 10 2
D: A 3 2
C: K 7

The bidding:
South West North East
1 S Pass 2 C Pass
2 NT Pass 3 S Pass
4 S Pass Pass Pass

After South gets the contract for four spades, West opens the diamond five and East plays the queen.

South now considers the relatively safe method of playing to concede one diamond and two heart tricks and ruff one diamond and one heart in Dummy. The trouble with this play is that the lead must be relinquished three times, which will give East and West an opportunity to lead trumps.

The diamond lower can surely be ruffed, but on this line of play a third heart-trick must be lost unless East holds the ace. South therefore decides to abandon his plan of ruffing and play for the establishment of the club suit. With this in mind he takes the ace of diamonds and leads the spade jack, playing low from Dummy. This assures him that neither adversary has more than four trumps, whereupon he lays down the club king.

On this trick West plays the three, North the deuce, and East the queen.

Daring Play

THIS daring play on East's part would make it appear to South that West originally held S: 10 8 4 3. In this case, a finesse of Dummy's nine on the next round will establish the entire club suit. South therefore leads a spade to Dummy's king and, not to be daunted when West shows out, continues with two more rounds of spades. Then he leads the club seven and plays the nine from Dummy. The result from this point is obvious. East wins with the club ten, and East and West subsequently take two diamond and three heart tricks, setting the contract three tricks.

Had East not false-carded, South would have needed only to play the club ace, and continue to lead clubs until East ruffed. At this point South could over-ruff and draw East's two remaining trumps with Dummy's king-ten, afterwards using the balance of the club suit for discards.

(Copyright)



The Burke and Wills Expedition

In the seventy-five years that have passed since the ill-fated Burke and Wills Expedition left Melbourne for the Gulf of Carpentaria, the vast areas covered by these explorers have been opened up for settlement. In what was then unknown and virgin bush country, there are now extensive grazing properties and numbers of villages and towns.

An essential factor in this development has been the banking facilities provided by the Bank of New South Wales, the oldest and largest Bank in Australasia.

This Bank had been established for 43 years, and its first Melbourne Office for 6 years, when Burke and Wills set out on their tragic venture.

To-day branch offices of the Bank are scattered throughout the country traversed by these explorers, and form part of the network of over 720 branches of the Bank in Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 7

1970.

"CONSTIPATED SINCE HE WAS BORN . . . BUT NOW Bowels work freely" —writes a Gippsland mother

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HAS BEEN CONSTIPATED EVER
SINCE HE WAS BORN

I TRIED LAXETTES, NOW HE
IS ALMOST RIGHT AND HIS
BOWELS WORK FREELY



I WOULD ADVISE EVERY
MOTHER TO USE
LAXETTES"

BUT THEY MUST BE GENUINE
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PURE
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VINEGAR

bought everywhere
by everybody

SIX PENN'ORTH of Romance



BUT Brenda, would it be all right? "I mean, isn't it rather a queer thing to do, for girls like us?"

"Would it be lady-like you mean?" Brenda Garvie uncurled her long legs and stretched them out to the fire.

"I haven't the faintest idea! I do things because I like doing them and they're fun. As for its being queer—I know hundreds of girls just as respectable as we are, who do it regularly, and haven't come to any awful harm yet!"

"I daresay!" Linda said doubtfully. "But I can't help feeling that—that a hired dancing partner might be—er—rather queer."

"That's because you're an unsophisticated country mouse, Linda darling, who thinks all men who dance are wicked and highly suspicious! I assure you, the professional partners at these places are extremely respectable, and if you were to meet them in the ordinary, conventional way, you'd think them charming. Why, Kitty told me that she had one one night who was a Cambridge undergraduate, making extra money that way in the vacation to help pay his fees! What could be more praiseworthy than that! It's your duty as a clergyman's daughter to encourage that and patronise them! And I tell you frankly, my child, that I want to go out and enjoy myself to-night. Just because that fat chump of a brother of mine chooses to go off to a silly old school dinner and leave us both in the lurch, I see no reason for us both to sit at home and mope. You're staying with me to have some fun, and you're going to have it, so that's final!"

And Brenda departed, whistling lustily, to cook tiny sausages and scrambled eggs for supper, leaving Linda, with a rather worried face, to make coffee and toast. Brenda was a dear and a frightfully cheery person—but didn't her desire for fun carry her a little too far? Linda, reared in a remote country rectory, was slightly scared by Brenda's breezy, city, broad, unconventional. Not that she didn't love these occasional long-aved-up-for visits to her.

London, to Linda, was a sort of dream city, shining on the far horizon, with domes of azure and pillars of gold. Anything might happen in London, from the instant one alighted on the dirty, smoky Victoria platform, anything exciting and incredible and lovely. For underneath her smooth, honey-yellow hair, that curled softly over her ears, Linda hungered for adventure and romance, longed to live wildly and breathlessly.

One would never think it, looking at her. She had the shyest grey-blue eyes veiled by long, golden lashes, and her mouth was fresh and young as a child's. She brought to London with her the unspoiled, dewy freshness of Sussex, and the clear pink in her cheeks and lips owed nothing to expensive little pots, that supplied Brenda's glowing complexion.

And yet, thrilling as she was for reckless adventure, all her upbringing and training pulled the other way, towards caution and soberness. Her father and mother trusted her in London for three whole days in Brenda's care. What would they say if they ever found out that she had gone off to a public dance hall and hired a partner at sixpence a time? On the other hand, Brenda was firmly determined about it, and it wasn't very polite to argue with one's hostess and object to her plans.

An hour later Linda went to put on her hat and coat.

"And some powder on your nose, darling," Brenda shouted to her, through the open door. "It won't show, but it will make all the difference!"

So timidly Linda dabbed a grain or two of powder over her blooming skin, pulled on the neat little grey velvet hat, and with a thumping heart and trembling knees, said she was ready. Brenda didn't seem to notice her nervousness as she strode along the street, her big copper earrings swinging, her rich auburn hair flying out from under the tiny close-fitting gold thread cap that she jauntily wore perched on it.

Linda eyed her wistfully sideways, with a lump of envy in her heart. If only she could be like Brenda, assured and gallant and gay, inviting adventure to meet her half-way! How could she—such a moony, dowdy little thing—expect life to be anything but dull and dingy? There wasn't a single person in London who would so much as notice her existence. But Brenda made friends quickly and attracted everyone's attention by her force of personality.

"Here we are!" Brenda said, and led the way in at the entrance to a huge, glittering building that was half super-cinema, half restaurant, and dance hall. "Evening, Joey!" the attendant saluted her with a welcoming

Complete Story by
**MARGARET
FERGUSON**

smile. "We'll take our hats off and go and bag a table. The dancing hasn't begun yet."

In the cloakroom Linda took off her hat and smoothed down her neat, shining hair, while Brenda fluffed hers up into a curly mass.

"There we are! This way!" The supper-tables were arranged round the edge of the long gleaming dance floor with a band dais at the far end. Brenda led the way firmly to a table on the edge of the floor, beckoned a waiter and ordered coffee and sandwiches, and surveyed the room with an eagle eye. The band was tuning up and the tables filling up rapidly now.

"I'm going to scout round and see if I can spot 'Jimmy,'" Brenda said. "I know him unprofessionally and he's a topping dancer. You sit down. And don't look as though you were going into the lion's den! Nobody's going to eat you!"

With a laugh and a comforting pat on the arm she pushed Linda down into a seat and sailed off through the maze of tables towards the exit. Linda sat keeping her eyes fixed on the tablecloth, her face pink and confused, her hands trembling. To be left all alone in a place like this, with everyone staring at her! Really, Brenda was a bit of a beast.

The band crashed into the first bars of a dance tune, making her leap in her seat, and in a second the floor was swarming with people.

Linda did venture to raise her eyes and look about her a little now, and one small grey-shed foot began tapping to the rhythm of the tune. This was something like a dance band! She was used to the wheezy strains of an ancient gramophone, or the anguished wails of the village orchestra that couldn't play anything more modern than Sir Roger de Coverley. She didn't know much about fox-trots and "blues" and things, but her blood always sang and her feet tapped to any dance rhythm.

She began to wish that Brenda would come back, bringing with her "Jimmy," who was such a good dancer. At least he must be respectable if Brenda knew him outside his work. She began to search the crowded room with her eyes for some glimpse of Brenda returning. She wondered, too, which of these men dancing were the professional partners, the "six penn'orths of romance" as

Brenda called them. It certainly wasn't easy to pick them out: there was nobody who looked really like a "gigolo"—dark and sinister and foreign.

They all looked quite ordinary young men one might meet, normally at a private party. Perhaps Brenda was right and there was nothing risky about this venture.

SUDDENLY she found herself looking at a face that made her feel cold and shivery, a face at a table only two yards away from hers, the face of a man who was staring at her fixedly.

He was sitting alone at his table, leaning back in his chair with his hands in his pockets. He had a flat, white face, rather full lips, a flattened-looking nose, small, beady black eyes and very smooth, oily black hair plastered down on each side of a centre parting. From one corner of his mouth there stuck out an enormously long amber cigarette holder and there was a bottle of champagne on the table. His little pig eyes were fixed unwinkingly on Linda and his mouth was curved into a smug smile.

Linda felt her hands turn clammy with fright. Adventure! . . . yes, but not the kind she wanted. How could Brenda leave her alone so long in this awful place? What could she do if that man came over and tried to speak to her? After all, she was sitting alone, and she had been watching the dancing with an interested, eager look—and girls who came here alone expected to dance with someone. Was he one of the professional partners? She could refuse, she supposed, to dance with him if he came and asked her. But everyone would see her and hear and stare at her and smile.

She could feel her face turning slowly whiter and whiter and her legs shaking under the table. The man made an abrupt movement to take out his cigarette case and Linda came within an inch of ducking under the table, thinking that he was getting up to come over. She couldn't stand this any more. She had better get up and go out and find her way home. But he would guess that she was alone, and he might follow her, all alone those dark streets. If only Brenda would come or someone that she could use as a shield.

Suddenly she made up her terrified mind. She would get hold of a partner and keep him with her all the time! She didn't care who he was, he couldn't be as bad as that fat, greasy man who was still staring. Her eyes hunted wildly round the room for one. There was one, surely, sitting by himself at a small table quite close to the band, watching the dancing.

Please turn to Page 38



'Simply
delightful'

KRAFT CHEESE

MADE FROM FINEST AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR

"OH, Divine YOUTH!"



Leonora had, metaphorically speaking, golden feet, quite literally a golden head, and, as far as human discernment may be relied upon, a heart of steel.

Leonora supported a rake of a father in a neat villa in the suburbs, and her father rejoiced in the baptismal names of Wilmington Glenside Ducane; and that his associates should call him, as they did, "Pokey" Ducane, a roundabout, undistinguished allusion to Mr. Ducane's skill at cards, was a source of grief to Leonora. Leonora had begun in pantomime at a very tender age, for Ducane had been inspired with the belief, right from Leonora's birth, that children may, if suitably handled, be considered an asset to a man's career.

Ducane's career was doing badly, so anyone who could do something which earned money might reasonably be thought to meet this requirement.

Leonora was unexpectedly profitable, especially after her mother's death, for her mother, poor gentle little soul, had fought very vigorously against her husband's money-making project, and had worked very hard herself at any task which had come her way in order to ensure Leonora an untroubled babyhood.

It was about the only untroubled time Leonora was to enjoy for many years, and later her father looked back with approval on this period of inaction, because he realised it had given Leonora the stamina necessary for a working life.

Leonora was a fairy first, in tissue skirts, and absurd white tights and her own golden hair; then, when she reached the mature age of ten, she became juvenile lead in the Northern Counties; at twelve Leonora began to carve out the path she meant to tread.

Short Story

-- By --

OLIVE WADSLEY

She was then still small, and almost incredibly slender, and extraordinarily sweet to look upon, in a white and golden way, rather too white really, but quite genuinely golden, even her black lashes (which surrounded eyes a little like a retriever's sometimes, so amber and supplicating were they if Leonora wanted anything).

Even her lashes then looked as if gold dust had been brushed across the tips.

"Oh, I'll get there," Leonora assured herself, her small, red mouth rather grim, "I'll get there, with me looks and grit."

So when Paravel, the big agent in Manchester, said:

"Look at here, dearie, I've got you fixed a treat, ten a week, and two years' contract," Leonora replied with spirit if not with eloquence: "Smarty,

aren't you, Pa? But it don't go with this kid! Twenty, and a year's contract, and that's flat, an' me last word."

Paravel laughed till he shook, and then Leonora began to laugh, too.

She laughed loudest and longest, and left Paravel reverting the order of procedure instituted by that gentleman on an ass who had meant to curse and stayed to bless.

So Leonora danced from Manchester to London town, and at fifteen bought the little house, and informed Pokey Ducane if he didn't "cut out" certain of his less pleasing habits, his presence there would be dispensed with summarily.

"I'm going to make a career," Leonora told him coldly, "for myself. I got a plan in my head, see? And if you get buttin' in on it, you will clear out of this little place."

Pokey Ducane, who had given Leonora her amber retriever eyes, and straight, short, little nose, and air of breeding, hit, being a cad, where his blow would hurt most.

"I have a plan, would sound more strictly grammatical, perhaps," he smiled, "and the omission of your request that I should use my power of vision, my dear, would not lessen the



A PEEP at a Doll Factory. The dolls go into a beauty parlor even before their heads are attached to their bodies. Artists who are most skilled in their work look over the moulded heads in their effort to make the details more attractive than they are. They get that "schoolgirl complexion" before they get their bodies on their heads.

force of your remark, and would add to his courtesy! Further, Leonora, my child, if you have a desire to succeed in life, why not try to speak decently? It is a minor matter, but, curiously enough, it can influence progress."

He nodded to Leonora as he strolled gracefully from the room in a suit bought by Leonora, and proceeded with money earned by Leonora to buy himself a drink.

Leonora stood quite still in the sitting-room she had furnished in close imitation of the rooms she had seen

on the stage; there were gilt-legged chairs, and ferns in pots, and lithographs in wiggly white and gold frames, and a rich carpet further embellished by a white fur rug of great puffiness and size.

"Dammim!" said poor Leonora, all in one word, expressing thus concisely her opinion of her father, and her own sense of bewildered disappointment in herself, her choice of furniture, her hopes of her plan.

Please turn to Page 28

"Now, which foot goes first..."

● "Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that?... Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"

● "Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder!... Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"



● "Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming..."

● "...Oh well—what's one bump more or less! Everything's O.K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder... Just test that powder between your thumb and finger and find out how smooth it is. Not a bit gritty, like some powders—that's because Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest quality talc only. And that is why Johnson's is the best talc babies can have."

Why Suffer with Backache?



"For many years I suffered with my kidneys, and could not get relief until I commenced taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills, which cured me of backache."

MRS. F. HADLEY,
10 Brighton Street,
Richmond.



"I suffered with pains in my back for some considerable time, but since taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills I have derived the greatest benefit. I would not be without them."

MISS VIOLET COHEN,
14 Hawley Street,
Camperdown.

This remedy will bring you relief overnight.

Those "down-dragging" pains which you call Backache, are caused by your Kidneys, and positive relief can be had by taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills.

Take 2 of these thoroughly reliable Kidney Pills before retiring, and while you are asleep they will gently and surely help your Kidneys become strong again and assist them in filtering impurities from the blood streams.

Continue this treatment and pains in the Back will quickly cease, also you will be guarding against that dreaded Kidney Disease which often comes when "tail-tale" Backache is neglected. Made with exacting care with pure and safe ingredients, Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills can be taken by anyone for their composition is such, that they cannot help but do you good.

Never neglect Backache, protect your Kidneys by taking

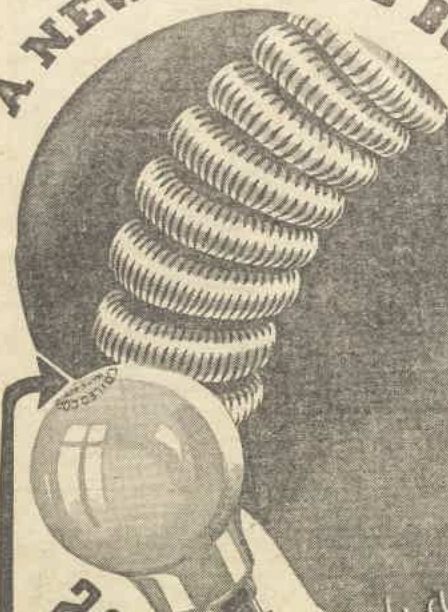
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GIN PILLS

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BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Teal the Modern Toothbrush, Moxie, etc.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Brilliant Satire, That Has Its Gleam of Pathos

One of the most successful of the English autumn publications is "Jasmine Farm," by the popular author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

The book has had an excellent sale in England, and since it arrived in Australia has been in great demand.

THE story ranges from grave to gay, but humor predominates. "Elizabeth" is able to write with a particularly delightful touch of things that the conventionally minded consider vulgar, as evidenced in her description of a surfeit of gooseberries in the diet the Marchioness of Midhurst provides for the guests at her week-end house party.

Gooseberries had been on the menu daily, and the guests were feeling more than an actual distaste for them. The recital of their various physical reactions to the menu is most amusing, so also is the mental reaction of more than one person.

"What can Daisy be thinking of," each thinks to himself, but the reader knows before the story is finished of at least one of the things that was troubling Lady Midhurst at this particular time.

The Marchioness of Midhurst was considered by London society to be beyond reproach, and association with her "set" the hallmark of respectability. She had behaved in a most exemplary way during the lifetime of her rakish husband,

and in her widowhood her standard of morals, both for herself and for her associates, was most rigid. Her young daughter, Lady Terence, seemed the perfect product of such a mother's training.

AT the house party, Lady Terence, by an indirect remark, revealed to two of the guests that she had been on more than friendly terms with Andrew Leigh, her mother's old friend and trusted secretary.

One of the people to whom she revealed this astonishing state of affairs was an incurable gossip, the other was Andrew's wife.

Mrs. Andrew Leigh, an impossible woman, confided her news to her mother, Mrs. De Lacy, an equally impossible person, who sees in her son-in-law's moral lapse something that can be capitalised. She plans an ambitious programme in which she proposes to ally herself with Lady Midhurst to give the lie to scandal, and in turn receive some of the social recognition, and, incidentally, creature comforts, which she has always longed for.

But Lady Midhurst's reception of the news was quite different from what she expected. She crumbled under the weight of the confirmation of her own suspicions, which had been lulled to rest, and was doubly shocked at her daughter's attitude towards the whole affair. She fled to her Jasmine Farm in the south of France, a place where she had spent her honeymoon and perhaps the only happy days of her married life.

Mrs. De Lacy was not to be balked so easily. She thought a stay in the south of France with an English marchioness would be even more exciting than being on friendly terms with her in London, and Lady Midhurst had only been at the farm a day or two when the buxom ex-variety artist arrived.

Mrs. De Lacy was a strange mixture. Her kindness equalled her vulgarity, and she was strangely moved by the sight of the stricken woman, whom grief

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"THE DARK ISLAND." V. Sackville-West. Well written, but a tragic and depressing story. The major character, Shirin le Breton, is intended surely for something very unusual in type, but she grows rather boring, and one often expects her to be just plain fool. The novel differs in form from most character studies inasmuch as the spotlight is focused on the heroine at four different periods of her life, beginning at 16 and thereafter at intervals of 10 years. Instead of the usual year by year account of events under review. Subsidiary characters are interesting, particularly those of Shirin's husband, Vonn le Breton, her aged mother-in-law, and Cristina Rich, her friend and secretary. (Hogarth Press. Our copy, The Roycroft.)

"THE DEMON IN THE HOUSE." Angela Thirkell. The reading public owes a great debt to Angela Thirkell for her creation of Tony Morland, the boy who stands for every boy. He was introduced to us in "High Rising," and we meet him again in "The Demon in the House," a story that is just as delightful, just as intriguing. Tony, the schoolboy, has all the boastfulness in the world, all the mischief that the devil himself could wish for, yet he remains the lovable mixture of angel and demon. Mrs. Thirkell has created a most convincing character, and one that is now famous in fiction. (Hamish Hamilton. Our copy, The Roycroft.)

"A SCHOOL History of the United Kingdom." R. B. Clayton. Though designed to cover the three years of the secondary course in our Public Schools, this comprehensive and interesting volume should be acceptable to all who want a resume of English history for reference or to "brush up" half forgotten truths. The lucid style of writing is similar to that found in the author's earlier work, "A History of Britain and her Empire." Mr. Clayton is senior history master, Scotch College, Melbourne. (Robertson and Mullens. 5/6.)

HOBBS HOLBROOK says: I brew a special vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar. 2/6.



MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV's new novel, "Virgin Soil Upturned," which Futnam hope to publish on April 5, the anniversary of the English edition of "And Quiet Flows the Don," is not strictly a sequel to that book, but follows naturally on it, describing the life in a Cossack village during the collectivisation of the farms after the fighting was over.

had robbed of youthfulness and beauty. The situation at Jasmine Farm became a strange mixture of humor and pathos, in approved satirical vein. Other people rushed to the farm, and before the story ends we find the affairs of most of those concerned arranged quite happily. (Heinemann. Our copy The Roycroft.)

FOOD KILLS MOST OF US

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

1. Three-fourths of the people of Australia die of Cancer, Blood Pressure, Gastric Ulcers, and other "Diseases of Civilization."
2. These diseases, which cause three-quarters of the deaths here, are unknown except among people who eat white man's meals. Native races are immune until they adopt white man's food.
3. That the Pinknet Society, by right attention to food, has been able to reduce deaths among children to one-fifth of their previous number.
4. On a large scale experiment the Government of Denmark has been able to show that properly balanced meals will reduce the death-rate among adults by 34 per cent. (equivalent to 20 more years of life for everyone), and that when such meals are taken the incidence of Cancer just falls away.
5. That healthy animals fed on the same meals as the average Australian family eat will develop white man's diseases from which animals are ordinarily immune.
6. That in the great hospitals of the old world the use of medicine is rapidly yielding to the use of proper food, which is achieving more brilliant results than medicine ever did.
7. That to achieve these brilliant results no unusual or exotic foods are used. It is just a matter of using ordinary foods in proper combinations.

THESE ARE THE WEAPONS WITH WHICH FOOD KILLS

- B ASTHMA
- B BLOOD PRESSURE
- B CANCER
- A CONSTIPATION
- A CATARRH
- A DENTAL DECAY
- A FLATULENCE
- B GASTRIC ULCERS
- A INDIGESTION
- A INFLUENZA
- B KIDNEY TROUBLE
- B LIVER TROUBLE
- A "NERVES"
- A OBESITY
- A "RUN DOWN"
- A RHEUMATISM
- B RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS
- B PILES

In the light of the new knowledge concerning food, the complaints marked "A" (no matter how chronic they may be) can usually be cured in a very short space of time. The troubles marked "B" can without exception be considerably relieved, and can usually be cured completely after a period.

CALL OR WRITE—

We publish a booklet, "Healing with Food," which gives details concerning the Club, and explains how disease may be cured by proper food. This will be given you if you call or write if you fill in the coupon below. There is no charge for the book, but if you call to make a contribution of assistance to cover the cost of printing and posting it will be welcome.

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A.W.W.

Camera Shots... from Near and Far



IN EDINBURGH this valuable collection of pictures by the famous artist, Turner, is shown for one month only every year, and then during the darkest month of the year. It is hoped in this way to safeguard the delicate tints of Turner's watercolors from fading.



MISS L. A. MCGREGOR, of Canberra, sends this interesting snap of a finger-post, which tells its own story. It is ten miles from the banks of the Darling.



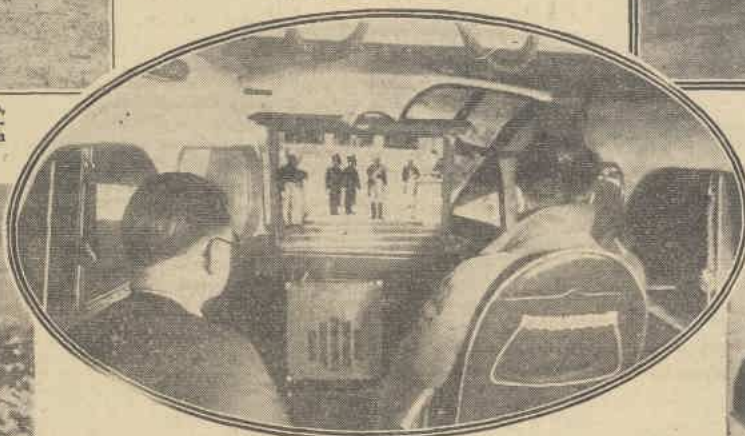
LES HAYNES, of Ororoo, South Australia, sends us this remarkable photo, showing 61 lbs. of stones found inside a heifer. It is little wonder that the animal died at the age of 1 year 10 months.



NANCY JOHNSTON, of Miami, Florida, is considered to be the first girl of her age to catch a big sailfish like this. It measures 5ft. 8ins.—just a foot taller than Nancy. Most girls with her looks would concentrate their efforts on another kind of fish.



AN AUSTRALIAN CAT named "John Lynch," which sports a wrist-watch and a Grammar School straw hat. The snap came from N. McCabe, of Vauluse.



TALKIES have now taken to the air. The photo shows a film being exhibited in a passenger plane, flying over London. The small audience is watching George Arliss in "The Iron Duke."



SHE CANNOT stop yawning. An American woman has been smitten by a strange illness. It has puzzled every doctor who has seen her. She has been yawning a dozen times a minute, continuously, for many days.



HERE IS an American cat that wears a hat. It was an entrant in the Atlantic Cat Club Show held recently in New York.



GIRAFFE-NECKED women who are appearing at the Olympia Circus in London. They come from Padaung, in the East, where brass rings are placed round their necks when they are children, causing the necks to stretch.



THESE GERMAN PEASANTS are the proud parents of four sets of twins. Hitler acted as godfather to the last set, and sent a gift of money.

REMOVE HAIR1/- Without Razor, Liquid 1/-
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Latest scientific discovery to meet like a plaster put, yet is as effective as a razor. Silkymit Hair Remover quickly and safely removes hair from arms, legs, and face. Painless, odorless, harmless. Does not encourage regrowth. Gives skin beautiful soft texture and beautiful, healthy glow. Insist on the original and genuine Silkymit.

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NEW ZEALAND GIRL Wins First Melba SCHOLARSHIP

Hinemoa Rosieur's Remarkable Voice

Music of the Week by GEORGE MATTHEWS

Have we found a new Melba? It is too soon to say whether Miss Hinemoa Rosieur, first winner of the Melba Bequest Scholarship, will sing her way to exalted heights, but there can be no doubt that her dramatic soprano voice is an exceptional one.

MR. FRITZ HART describes it as the best he has heard at Albert Street Conservatorium, East Melbourne, since Madame Florence Austral was there. Although naturally less mature, it sounds not unlike the voice of Florence Austral.

Miss Rosieur is 23, and hails from Auckland, New Zealand. Had she been

unsuccessful, she would have had to abandon her training for an operatic career—the dream of her life. Now she faces the future with optimism and determination.

THOSE who secured honorable mentions were Lulu Potter (Perth), Betty Sampson (Melbourne), and Lorna McKean (Sydney). Other finalists were Elva Blair, Vera Hickenbotham and Marjory Lyon (Melbourne), Margaret Hussey (South Australia), Dorothea Boddy (Stymour), Enid Crocker (Ballarat), and Alice Chapman and Doreen Hunt (New Zealand).

"I was thrilled when I heard that I had won," Miss Rosieur said. "It is more than a great help and encouragement. It means that I can go on. I did not sing as well in the final as at the preliminary examination, and I had heard that all the finalists were very good. That made the thrill of victory all the greater."

Wins Scholarship

THE story of Hinemoa Rosieur's success begins with a visit paid to New Zealand by Miss Mary Campbell, chief teacher of singing at Albert Street Conservatorium. Miss Campbell offered a special scholarship for New Zealand singers, entitling the winner to a year's course in Melbourne, and Miss Rosieur won.

At 19 she had begun to study singing under Signor Constantini, a former member of the Sistine Choir, but when he returned to Italy she was without a teacher for 13 months. Her father—a Frenchman, who went to New Zealand as a young man—intended to send her to the New South Wales Conservatorium, but he died in January last year, leaving insufficient money. Miss Rosieur had almost abandoned hope of further training when Miss Campbell arrived.

SIGNOR CONSTANTINI was the first authority to say that she had the makings of a very good voice—she was still in her teens then—but she regards Miss Campbell as her chief benefactor. "If I succeed in my career," she says, "I will look back with gratitude to Miss Campbell as the person who enabled me to make headway."

Of her protégée, Miss Campbell says: "Besides a voice of outstanding quality, she has a great musical insight, a fine presence and physique, and all the other qualities that go for success. Provided she has ordinary luck, she should have a brilliant career."

Both the scholarship winner's parents were born in France. Under the name of Marie Arnold, Miss Rosieur's mother, who is Anglo-French, has sung publicly in New Zealand. The family is a large one. Four other girls and two boys are musical, but they have had little training.

Although a popular one, the award has caused some minor criticism from people who regretted that Miss Mary Campbell was herself one of the adjudicators. It is pointed out that the three judges voted independently, and were unanimous in awarding the scholarship to Miss Rosieur.

This scholarship, valued at more than £300 annually, is derived from the late Dame Nellie Melba's gift of £6000 to Albert Street Conservatorium, and may be won by the same person three years in succession. The bequest was made "in the hope that another Melba will arise."



GARTH GAINSFORD, young Australian violinist, who is solo violinist for the B.B.C. and recently broadcast a recital to America.

Garth Gainsford in London

A SYDNEY violinist who has done remarkably well abroad is Mr. Garth Gainsford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Gainsford, of Lamrock Avenue, Bondi.

Mr. Gainsford was a pupil of Mr. Lionel Lawson at the Conservatorium, and has since studied in Germany with Wolfsthal, Sara Pennington in London, and with Sevcik, considered to be one of the best teachers in Europe, at Prague.

Mr. and Mrs. John Massfield (Daisy Kennedy) have proved staunch friends of the young violinist, and have assisted him in every way.

Mr. Gainsford has made many appearances with artists of world-wide repute, and has now been appointed solo violinist to the B.B.C. He broadcast an hour's recital to America last Sunday afternoon.

Southern Melodies

FOR many years it has been the fashion to decry such a "popular" composer as Stephen Foster, either because of the popularity of his music or because his negro music was not as authentic as the spirituals of the negro himself. But whether the latter objection be allowable or not, the former is unwarranted.

Stephen Foster, as Percy Grainger pointed out recently, has every right to be considered a great composer even though his music does not belong to the same school as that of Beethoven and the classicists. This talk about "schools" is often an unavailing piece of snobbery.

2GB will present the man and his music in the third of its new series of Sunday afternoon sessions, "Face to Face with the Great Musicians," between 2.15 and 2.45 o'clock.

Eileen Boyd Appreciated

WITH the exception of Eadie Ackland, no Sydney contralto has achieved greater success of recent years than Eileen Boyd.

Both voices have this in common that they lack the harsher tones that so often mar this type of voice. But whereas Eadie Ackland has achieved most of her success abroad, Eileen Boyd, after her initial triumphs, returned to Australia and has taken an active part in Australian musical life ever since.

In appreciation of her voice and her work, a committee of friends and citizens has arranged a testimonial concert for Tuesday, March 5, at which Miss Boyd will sing, and two nights later listeners to 2GB will have a further opportunity of hearing her in a programme presentation, "In My Rose Bower," at 8.40 p.m. (Thursday, March 6).



He needs
a Blood
Purifier
regularly
every week.

Give him
BARKO
CONDITION
POWDERS

WHENEVER your dog's coat becomes dull, loose, or ragged—whenever his nose is warm and he is moody, miserable, listless, loses his appetite, and is constantly scratching himself—you should lose no time in starting him on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. This is the one sure way of keeping him healthy and fit. BARKO Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system.

**Losing Condition**

You can easily tell when your dog is beginning to lose condition. His coat shows it first of all. It becomes dull and loses its "bloom." This is because the "bloom" of a dog's coat is directly affected by the condition of his blood.

Don't neglect the warning signal so clearly given by a dull or ragged coat. You should act at once if you want to avoid dangerous blood disorders and many ailments arising from them.

If your dog is listless and out of condition, you should act promptly, otherwise his lowered vitality makes it only too easy for him to catch diseases from any dog he happens to meet.

You can help him to regain his condition quickly by purifying his blood with a course of BARKO Condition Powders.

His appetite and energy will show immediate improvement, and his coat will quickly regain that beautiful bloom which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

Won't Eat

It is not natural for a dog to refuse food. It is a sign that something is wrong. If your dog shows little interest in his food, you can be sure that poisons and impurities in his blood are the cause of the trouble. When a dog's blood becomes laden with impurities, his stomach and other organs are affected, and he has no inclination to eat.

You can quickly work a happy change in him by giving him a course of BARKO Condition Powders. They will tone up his system, and in a few days he will be eating again with his old healthy appetite. If you continue this treatment, you will quickly observe a wonderful improvement in his coat.

**Always Scratching**

When a dog's blood is out of order he suffers an intense irritation under his skin. He scratches himself in a frantic effort to get relief.

Scratching is not just a habit. It is a sign that your dog's blood is laden with poisons and needs purifying immediately.

A dog cannot purify his blood by perspiring, because there are no pores in his skin. The one sure way to get rid of impurities in his blood, and so relieve him from the itching sensation that is causing him to scratch himself continually, is to give him a course of BARKO Condition Powders. He will quickly stop scratching.

BARKO Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system. They are recommended for blood disorders, which cause constant scratching, loose coat, listlessness, loss of appetite, bad temper, eczema, and swellings between the toes.

BARKO

CONDITION POWDERS

Made in Australia for Australian Dogs

Price 1/6 per Box of 20 Powders, AT ALL CHEMISTS

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QUICKLY
Speedily
EVENLY

Stratnoid Knitting Pins
Gauges, 6 in 22, 8-inch, 10-14, 16-18, 19-20, 21-22, 23-24, 25-26, 27-28, 29-30, 31-32, 33-34, 35-36, 37-38, 39-40, 41-42, 43-44, 45-46, 47-48, 49-50, 51-52, 53-54, 55-56, 57-58, 59-60, 61-62, 63-64, 65-66, 67-68, 69-70, 71-72, 73-74, 75-76, 77-78, 79-80, 81-82, 83-84, 85-86, 87-88, 89-90, 91-92, 93-94, 95-96, 97-98, 99-100, 101-102, 103-104, 105-106, 107-108, 109-110, 111-112, 113-114, 115-116, 117-118, 119-120, 121-122, 123-124, 125-126, 127-128, 129-130, 131-132, 133-134, 135-136, 137-138, 139-140, 141-142, 143-144, 145-146, 147-148, 149-150, 151-152, 153-154, 155-156, 157-158, 159-160, 161-162, 163-164, 165-166, 167-168, 169-170, 171-172, 173-174, 175-176, 177-178, 179-180, 181-182, 183-184, 185-186, 187-188, 189-190, 191-192, 193-194, 195-196, 197-198, 199-200, 201-202, 203-204, 205-206, 207-208, 209-210, 211-212, 213-214, 215-216, 217-218, 219-220, 221-222, 223-224, 225-226, 227-228, 229-230, 231-232, 233-234, 235-236, 237-238, 239-240, 241-242, 243-244, 245-246, 247-248, 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915-916, 917-918, 919-920, 921-922, 923-924, 925-926, 927-928, 929-930, 931-932, 933-934, 935-936, 937-938, 939-940, 941-942, 943-944, 945-946, 947-948, 949-950, 951-952, 953-954, 955-956, 957-958, 959-960, 961-962, 963-964, 965-966, 967-968, 969-970, 971-972, 973-974, 975-976, 977-978, 979-980, 981-982, 983-984, 985-986, 987-988, 989-990, 991-992, 993-994, 995-996, 997-998, 999-1000, 1001-1002, 1003-1004, 1005-1006, 1007-1008, 1009-1010, 1011-1012, 1013-1014, 1015-1016, 1017-1018, 1019-1020, 1021-1022, 1023-1024, 1025-1026, 1027-1028, 1029-1030, 1031-1032, 1033-1034, 1035-1036, 1037-1038, 1039-1040, 1041-1042, 1043-1044, 1045-1046, 1047-1048, 1049-1050, 1051-1052, 1053-1054, 1055-1056, 1057-1058, 1059-1060, 1061-1062, 1063-1064, 1065-1066, 1067-1068, 1069-1070, 1071-1072, 1073-1074, 1075-1076, 1077-1078, 1079-1080, 1081-1082, 1083-1084, 1085-1086, 1087-1088, 1089-1090, 1091-1092, 1093-1094, 1095-1096, 1097-1098, 1099-1100, 1101-1102, 1103-1104, 1105-1106, 1107-1108, 1109-1110, 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1475-1476, 1477-1478, 1479-1480, 1481-1482, 1483-1484, 1485-1486, 1487-1488, 1489-1490, 1491-1492, 1493-1494, 1495-1496, 1497-1498, 1499-1500, 1501-1502, 1503-1504, 1505-1506, 1507-1508, 1509-1510, 1511-1512, 1513-1514, 1515-1516, 1517-1518, 1519-1520, 1521-1522, 1523-1524, 1525-1526, 1527-1528, 1529-1530, 1531-1532, 1533-1534, 1535-1536, 1537-1538, 1539-1540, 1541-1542, 1543-1544, 1545-1546, 1547-1548, 1549-1550, 1551-1552, 1553-1554, 1555-1556, 1557-1558, 1559-1560, 1561-1562, 1563-1564, 1565-1566, 1567-1568, 1569-15

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted
by

L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow
when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow,
they'll still be evergreen."



PATIENT: Doctor, my nerves are all out of order again.
DOCTOR: But I had cured you. What caused the relapse?
PATIENT: Your bill!



"Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about
a mile north of here."
"Good, which way is south?"



"Huh! You're going in with your hat on."



HE: If I had a million pounds, do you know where I'd be?
SHE: Yes, you'd be on our honeymoon!



"And how is your little boy getting on with his geometry?"
"Oh, fine! He's learning all about the eternal triangle."

Kidney-poisoned blood?

Your body is saturated with blood . . . blood which depends for its health-giving qualities largely on the efficient functioning of kidneys and liver. Disturbance in these important organs is reflected in symptoms which may lead to serious illness. Backache, sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism, sciatica are some of the most usual symptoms of liver and kidney disorder.

A remedy proven successful by three generations of grateful users is Warner's Safe Cure. Hundreds of letters on our files evidence the effectiveness of Warner's Safe Cure against all functional disorders of kidneys or liver.

Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and stockkeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid
for each joke used.

SHE: Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?
HE: Don't believe they ever did.
SHE: Well, where'd you get the idea?

A BASHFUL young curate found the ladies in his parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left. Not long afterwards he met the curate who took his place.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well, indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah," replied the first curate. "I only found it in Exodus."

AN American child was asked who was the first man.
"George Washington," he answered proudly.

"Indeed," said the teacher, "what about Adam?"

"Oh, well," answered the child contemptuously, "if you count foreigners."

"MY dear, I'm so thrilled," gushed Doris. "Both John and Charles proposed to me last night."

"And you refused them both," declared her friend.

"Yes, I did. But how did you know?"

"Oh, I caught sight of them shaking hands over something this morning."

"I HATE the thought that Jack is friendly with other girls."

"My dear, you should have known before that marriage is a lottery."

"I did, but I never expected anyone else to share my ticket."

A Fair Pupil with our Splendid Violin.
(Note the Chart.)

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for Six Months
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note marked on the special finger-board. Impossible to play out of tune. We send a Time-Beater, therefore impossible to play out of time. We will send you one of our complete Violin Outfits (valued £4/6/0) for Six Months Free. The Violin, with case and all accessories as per photo, above, is sent to you for half-a-year without any obligation or agreement. We trust you. We know at the end of a reasonable period you will be a player capable of performing for either pleasure or profit. Our method taught from ordinary music. Young or old learn with ease. Established 42 years in England. Thousands of pupils have passed successfully through our simple method. LEARN THE SWEETEST OF ALL INSTRUMENTS. WRITE TO-DAY for free particulars, while chance remains, and participate in the most wonderful offer ever presented in those desiring to learn music without heavy cost of purchasing an instrument. Teaching all Musical Instruments since 1860. With whom is associated a Staff of Eminent Teachers.

Send full name and address for particulars and enclose 3d. stamp for post stamp. Address: THE BRITISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Incl.), No. 6, 6th Floor, LONDON BANK CHAMBERS, MARTIN PLACE, LONDON.

What Women Are Doing

Honored Overseas

A QUEENSLANDER to receive distinction is Mrs. Emily Cungeau, who has just been elected a life-member of the Society of British Authors, Playwrights and Composers.

Mrs. Cungeau has published several volumes of lyric verse, and one of her longer compositions, "Princess Mona," was set to music by Alfred Hill, the New Zealand composer.

She is a foundation member of the Lyceum Club, Brisbane.

Her Play Was Among Those Selected by the A.B.C.

THE Australian Broadcasting Commission received approximately 400 entries in its recent competition for a play suitable for broadcasting and "Nemesis," written by Miss Aileen Nolan, of Maryborough, Queensland, was one of the twenty chosen.

Miss Nolan has had many short stories and much verse accepted by various Australian journals, and is a prominent member of the Maryborough Debating Society, with whom she presented three of her own plays, herself acting as producer.

This gifted person is also an accomplished musician, being an Associate and Licentiate of the Trinity College of Music, London, deputy-conductor of the Maryborough Philharmonic Society and accompanist to the choir.



Miss Aileen Nolan

Unusual Treasures in a Brisbane Home

MRS. T. FANNING was born and reared in Brisbane, and her early ambition was to have a huge gold-fish pond. Her hopes have been more than realised, for to-day she has 15 fishponds, and more than 1000 gold-fish!

Mrs. Fanning, who resides at Earls-court, Kangaroo Point, lives in a house of treasures. She owns a valuable collection of butterflies, including china, cases of beetles, shells, and birds' eggs.

In the garden, which covers nearly an acre of ground, there are rare orchids, caladiums, and beautiful ferns growing in a picturesque greenhouse, where many-hued fish and prize canaries also are to be seen.

Mrs. Fanning breeds, for show purposes, fox-terriers, of which she has over a score, and she also owns several cats, poultry, ducks, and tumbler pigeons. This menagerie, it might be called, is looked after entirely by Mrs. Fanning and her husband, and their pretty little bungalow contains several cups won by their pets at various shows.

As a new hobby, this energetic person is honorary secretary of the Brisbane Kennel Club, which entails organising shows, collecting trophies, and arranging meetings.

Her Pictured Fairy Tales Are Delight of Sick Children

Few women can give the delight to children that artist Jessie Traill has given to the sick children of Melbourne. First she decorated the children's ward at the Homoeopathic, then she was responsible for the delightful fairy tale rooms at the After Care Home, East Melbourne.

Now she has sketched the story of King'sley's "Water Babies" in pastel tones on the biscuit-colored walls of the new children's ward at the Queen Victoria Hospital.

Miss Traill has painted and sketched in many parts of the world, and though her headquarters are in Melbourne she manages to spend some part of each year in Tasmania, for her mother was a Nellie, and belonged to one of the Apple Isle's pioneer families.

Her sketching trips have taken her as far as Alice Springs in Central Australia, and hundreds of miles north into Queensland. Her etchings are particularly well known, and for these she has her own printing press.

In the "Water Babies" job, Miss Traill was assisted by one of her pupils, Miss Constance Coleman, who is a sister of George Coleman, well known as a theatrical decorator for J. O. Williamson.

"Anne Mackenzie" Oration

DR. CONSTANCE D'ARCY, of Sydney, has been chosen to deliver this year's "Anne Mackenzie" oration at Canberra. She will then proceed to Melbourne for the opening of the new Australian College of Surgeons.

Dr. D'Arcy has a very busy life. It's amazing to learn of all the things in which she plays an active part.

In addition to her private professional work, she is Lecturer on Clinical Obstetrics, Sydney University, Hon. Surgeon Royal Hospital for Women, Hon. Gynaecologist St. Vincent's Hospital, and Hon. Surgeon Rachel Forster Hospital.

She is also a Fellow of the Senate, Sydney University; president of the Medical Women's Association; of the Sydney University Women Graduates; of the Professional Women Workers' Association. She is also vice-president of the National Council of Women, and a member of the Cancer Research Committee, Sydney University.

Plays and Sings Her Own Compositions

MISS EDITH HARRY (Mrs. W. C. Becker-Daly), of Brisbane, not only composes songs and pianoforte pieces, but also plays and sings them herself with great charm. She has written many children's songs, most of them inspired by her two little girls, Patricia and Honor.

Her latest song, "Pierrot's Cradle Song," published by Allans, is to be the mezzo-soprano solo in the Bendigo competitions. She is now looking forward to the publication of two part-songs which she wrote during the Christmas holidays. These songs are suitable for schools and choirs, and are called "Dusk" and "Cease, Foolish Rosebud." Many of her songs are heard over the wireless, recent broadcasts being heard of "Goblin Blues," and "Here Comes the Sunshine."

Lady Hilton Young, The Brilliant Sculptor

A RUST of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Australia's poet, is showing in an exhibition of sculptures at the Fine Art Society, the work of Lady Hilton Young, whose first husband was Captain Scott, the famous explorer. Before her marriage Lady Hilton Young was Miss Bryce, daughter of an Anglican canon, and she had a very promising career as an art student in Paris, winning the medal of the Artistes Français, and being elected an associate of the Société des Beaux Arts. She has had a large number of distinguished sitters, including Lord Milner, Lord Reading, Colonel Lawrence, and Sir John Simon.

Her young son inherits his mother's ability, and specialises in painting bird life.

She Minds Babies While Their Mothers Shop

"LITTLE POLKS' NURSERY" is the first of its kind in Sydney. This bright sunny room at 131A Castlereagh Street has been fitted with all the facilities for young babies, including room for mothers, masses of toys and cots by Mrs. Nancy Haines.

Mrs. Haines is a trained nurse from Tasmania, and has expert assistants working in conjunction with her in her new venture.

The charges are extremely modest, and babies and children may be left in pleasant surroundings while their mothers shop, lunch, or attend matinees.



Mrs. Nancy Haines

Will Continue Her Art Studies in Australia

TO go camping with an explorer and his wife sounds very thrilling, yet Miss Jocelyn Priestley does it often—the explorer and his wife being her father and mother. She is the elder daughter of the new Chancellor of the Melbourne University.

Miss Priestley has had a liberal education. It is only two years since she left finishing school in Switzerland, and then she went to Cambridge Technical School to take up a general course in art. Miss Priestley will continue her art studies over here.

She Has Justified the Opinion of Her Friends

WEST AUSTRALIANS must be glad that some years ago they took a practical interest in Miss Eileen Joyce, the clever Australian pianist. Miss Joyce was born in Tasmania, and was brought up in West Australia.

At her first school at Boulder City she showed an extraordinary aptitude for the piano, and this was developed at a convent in Perth. Percy Grainger and Wilhelm Backhaus heard her and recognised her unusual talent. The young pianist's family was poor, but by playing at a local theatre and undertaking a concert tour she amassed £200 for a European education.

She went first to Leipzig, and then to London, where she studied with Tobias Matthay. Recently, Miss Joyce has had the distinction of playing with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Queen's Hall under Sir Thomas Beecham.



Thirty-seven Years a Member of Needlework Guild

MRS. FRANK CORRIE has the honor of being the only original committee member of the Brisbane Needlework Guild, to which she has belonged since its inception 37 years ago.

The guild, which is one of the least heard of societies in Brisbane, was formed for the purpose of collecting household linen and clothing, to be distributed once a year among several benevolent societies and hospitals.

The membership extends all over Brisbane and all that is required of a member is a gift of two articles for the household once a year. These articles, when collected, are exhibited each May, and for the last 30 years Mrs. Corrie has lent her home, Caldwade, New Farm, for this annual exhibition.

Mrs. George Armstrong Assists at Charity Fair

MRS. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, the attractive daughter-in-law of the late Dame Nellie Melba, appeared in the role of "Henrietta Maria" at the Sunderland House (London) Queen's Fair in aid of the Westminster Child Welfare League.

Mrs. Armstrong served at Lady Susan Birch's stall and with two Charles period men, made up a picturesque quartet.

Lady Susan visited Australia some years ago and stayed with Dame Nellie at Coombe Cottage. Very keen about the stage and acting she made a "for charity" appearance in "The School for Scandal."

Nowadays, as a profitable hobby, she makes and sells shell flowers, which look so like the real thing that it is rather a mystery how she achieves her effects.

Working for the Good of Children

BELIEVED to be the only organisation of its kind in the world, the North Fremantle Children's Progress Association has achieved much good work since its establishment in 1926.

Last week the association opened premises which are to be used as headquarters for various juvenile activities in the municipality. The building was formerly a convent, and was purchased by the association with the assistance of the State Lotteries Commission. The North Fremantle Free Kindergarten, Girl Guides, Infant Health Centre, and other juvenile bodies are now located there.

An interior color-scheme of blue, cream, and orange gives an attractive appearance to the rooms, to which is attached a special kitchen for the children. The association does not participate in the control of the various bodies which use the premises, but confines its efforts to the fostering of all juvenile activities in the district. The association later hopes to have a large children's playground constructed.

Nina Murdoch at Work On Another Book

THAT prominent Melbourne journalist, Nina Murdoch, who in private life is Mrs. J. D. Brown, is at present staying in Sussex, and is at work on another book after her second series of travels.

After her first trip abroad, Miss Murdoch published "Seventh Heaven," that delightful travel book that went into so many editions, and a short novel to her credit in "Miss Emily in Black Lace."

When she was doing journalistic work in Melbourne, Miss Murdoch, among other things, reported parliamentary sessions, which is a rare thing for a woman. Yet she is a poet of the romantic school and, for a time, she conducted one of the best children's sessions put over the air by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

In spite of her decided femininity, Miss Murdoch left these shores for Spain in the midst of the Spanish riots, and since then she has travelled in many parts, including Brazil.

They Work So That The Blind May Read

BRISBANE, like most other capital cities of Australia, has its band of kindly people who aim to make the lives of the blind richer by the wealth of knowledge and entertainment to be gained from books.

At the Braille Writers' Library in Vulture Street, about thirty voluntary workers transcribe books into Braille. Miss B. M. Dalglish, who is the association secretary, takes care of the library, which contains over 4000 volumes, ranging from the classics to Edgar Wallace, and from the Bible to fairy stories.

Touch is the medium by which the blind read, and by hand-picking stiff paper so that it presents a raised surface on the other side, the trained, sensitive fingers of the blind can trace the letters and read as quickly as we more fortunate ones.

Miss Dalglish has taught many people to transcribe by the Braille system, and has also taught blind people to read. She has transcribed books on knitting, cooking, and music, at which the sightless are just as capable as people with vision.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



Miss Nina Murdoch

— Dickinson-Montreath.

Mandrake the Magician



An enthralling picture-serial—
magic... romance... adventure.

THE STORY UP TO DATE:
AMBASSADOR VANDERGRIFF: Has had important documents stolen from him by
THE COBRA: An arch-criminal possessing supernatural powers, and head of a world-wide organisation. On the trail of The Cobra is
INSPECTOR SHERIDON: U.S. Secret Service, who is accompanied by
BARBARA: His daughter, and
TOMMY LORD: His assistant. On the journey to Tejel, The Cobra's headquarters, they are only saved from the latter's many attempts against them by

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, and The Cobra's deadly enemy. **WHY**

LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, Mandrake is bent on overcoming the arch-criminal. The Cobra strikes by sending down a plague, The Flying Death, on Tejel, which is governed by

PRINCE SAUD: An ally of Mandrake. The latter averts the plague by bringing back to life Kari, an ancient priest who overcame a similar visitation, thousands of years earlier. Now continue.



This week's highlight:
Lothar, the Avenger.





GRIMWADE

HAND-MADE and HAND-CUT
CRYSTAL

Even the natural loveliness of flowers is enhanced by a setting of glittering crystal. Vision the created splendour of flawless crystal with the natural beauty of tastefully-chosen flowers... mirrored in the polished surface of a well-appointed table.

Grimwade is 100% Australian.

PRODUCT OF CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS CO. LTD.



Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

Resourcefulness Misunderstood

A FRIEND of mine was waiting for her large family to come to a meal, the chief dish of which was fried garfish. When a carload of six relations called on their way through the town. Of course they had to be invited to share the repast.

The hostess slipped out to the kitchen, cut some long thin strips of potato and fried them in batter with the fish. Members of the household were "wondered" as they came in. The guests were served the fish, and the family the dummies. Father even picked imaginary bones from his serving to make it more realistic.

But when the visitors called on other relations at Bendigo, one of them remarked that their recent hostess must be dreadfully extravagant. She had enough fish in the house to feed six extra people.—A.J.

Caveman Methods

WHEN visiting north-western Queensland a country storekeeper friend showed me a remarkable collection of letters and orders he had received from some of his outback customers, who had run out of either ink, pencils, or paper, and were compelled to use other materials.

One of the orders, the work of an old prospector, was scratched with a nail on the lid of a tobacco tin. Another was written with a penknife on a piece of tanned bullock hide, but the pick of the bunch was an order for over £10 worth of groceries that had been burnt into a piece of pine with a red-hot bit of wire.

The largest letter of all was written in pencil, on both sides of the end of a kerosene case, and this was from the wife of a lonely settler, who, strange to say, forgot to include in her order ink, paper, or pencil.—V.P.

The Irony of Fate

THE husband of a woman who lives in this district is an ex-soldier and his face is a mass of scars, the result of an explosion. His wife has a badly marked face due to a motor smash. Before the arrival of the first baby some years ago fears were entertained of a baby with some disfiguring mark. However, a little son arrived without blemish, and the parents were relieved of a great worry.

But when the child was six months old a motor car in which mother and babe were travelling overturned. When the mother regained consciousness she was shocked to see a deep and ugly wound on the face of her baby that has left a permanent scar.—K.P.

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A Thief in the Night

AN old lady had a very strange experience. Living alone she became nervous and never retired without putting her torch under her pillow.

One night she dreamt someone was pulling her hair. So vivid became the dream that she woke up to find the actual thing happening.

Slowly she put her hand under the pillow and switched on the light just as she felt another tug.

"Well," she said, whimsically, addressing the small despoiler, "you could surely leave me my hair until I'm done with it."

The night previously she had rubbed her hair with coconut oil, and the little mouse must have liked the flavor.—H.

Old-fashioned

LONG-LIVED prejudice. A local barber absolutely refuses to cut women's hair. Hanging over the door inside the shop is a large notice which reads:

If a man has long hair it is a disgrace to him.

If a woman has long hair it is a glory to her.

When a woman approaches him for a hair-cut he politely refuses, and, pointing to the notice, usually finishes with, "You see, madam, that is what I think on the subject."—P.K.

Question of Procedure

SOME time ago, when coaches were the means of transit, I had occasion to travel some distance in one. When booking my seat I was asked, first, second or third class? and, being anxious for a comfortable ride, I said first. On entering the coach I saw no difference in the accommodation, and drew the driver's attention to the fact. He merely answered, "Oh, that will be all right."

We started off on our journey and, after about half an hour's ride, came to a very steep hill. The driver stopped the coach and, getting down, called out in a loud voice, "First-class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class, get out and walk. Third-class, get out and push."—R.B.

The Old Oak Tree

MY mother has a beautiful oak tree in her garden in Arncliffe. It is fully 50 feet high. There is a history attached to it. The acorns were gathered outside Buckingham Palace and brought out to Australia. They lay in a box for forty years and were discovered after the owner's death. They were planted, and germinated. One of the trees survived and was given to mother about 30 years ago. It is the pride of the district today.—D.B.

Novel Way of Fishing

WHILE catching sea-worms on the beach at Coff's Harbor one morning I caught one that measured 7 ft. 2 in. long and 1 in. wide. I was so thrilled about catching such a large sea-worm that I decided to go home and show it to my relatives. Along the beach I met a gentleman who asked me what I had in the tin, so I showed him. (He evidently had never seen or heard of them before, because he asked me what they were and how I caught them.) He was very interested, and for a joke I said they were caught with a mouse-trap, never thinking he would take me seriously. Imagine my surprise next morning when I saw him down on the beach with a mouse-trap trying to catch sea-worms.—V.K.

Took Cow Along Too

A WEALTHY Queensland family, with a young baby, decided on a world tour, so passages and accommodation were booked for themselves and a large staff in practically every country in the world, with special provision for a cow so that the baby should always have the same milk no matter where they were. It was rather amusing to hear arrangements being made for the transport of luggage and a cow.—L.W.

HOT Hollowood says: The Hollowood Queen Oliver is the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.

FOR SALE

FREE TO FIRST 100. 1 PAIR SILK STOCKINGS FREE to every purchaser of 1 parcel containing 1 jar QUIRK'S FOOT SALVE; 1 pot GOLD CREAM (5/-, post free). This offer is made to popularize these products, which are tried and proved by thousands of users.

QUIRK'S PRODUCTS,
350 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY.

Weak Kidneys

STABBING PAINS IN THE BACK, LUMBAGO

You are justified in regarding Kidney Trouble as a serious complaint, but you should not let it make you miserable or spoil your life. Excepting in very rare cases, Kidney Trouble yields quickly to treatment with De Witt's Pills, and thus the remedy is within your easy reach.

Chemists everywhere sell De Witt's Pills, and it is a wise plan to keep a box handy in the house so that you can take one or two the moment you recognise symptoms of kidney trouble.

You may awaken with a nasty taste in your mouth; your tongue may be coated, your breath foul. There may be puffiness under your eyes. Your ankles or your feet may swell and there may be pain in your back or your hips or your shoulders. These are signs by which you may know that all is not well with your kidneys. They are allowing uric acid to escape in dangerous quantities to poison your blood and torture your body, but De Witt's Pills will quickly put you right,

because they contain ingredients which act directly upon the kidneys. They make the kidneys healthy and active, and so rid your system of harmful uric acid.

Nature intended that your kidneys should act as filters to keep your system pure and free from poisonous waste matters. By taking De Witt's Pills you give weak or congested kidneys just the natural assistance they need, and the alarming symptoms quickly disappear.

Thus you see that the treatment of kidney trouble is quite simple.

There is no need for alarm and no reason why the ailment should get the upper hand and make a slave of you. The only thing to remember is that prompt treatment saves much suffering and prevents the ailment getting a firm hold on your system. That is why you should get De Witt's Pills quickly. The cost is trifling, and a remedy that has already relieved thousands cannot fail to do you good. Don't stop to think it over. Kidney trouble gets rapidly worse. Buy a box to-day, price 3/6, or more economical size, 6/6.

Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pains, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Pills from the chemist and taking them as directed.



KIDNEY TROUBLE—
THE CAUSE
De WITT'S PILLS—
THE REMEDY

Mr. Chas. Hayward, of 15, Lombard Street, Glebe Point, Sydney, New South Wales, writes:—

"A few years ago I suffered severely with rheumatism and kidney trouble. A friend advised me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and I am very thankful to say that after taking only three bottles of this wonderful remedy I found complete relief."

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.



IMPORTANT!!

Letters sent to the "So They Say" page should not exceed, on an average, 120 words. Remember, brevity is the soul of wit! Entries should be interesting and provocative.

Please endorse each one "So They Say."

LETTER-WRITING

WHEN I receive letters from correspondents they rarely tell me anything of interest and seldom answer queries. They go to the trouble of quoting their friends' conversations, and then stop to catch the post!

Numbers of people dislike letter-writing, and avoid it as often as possible, thereby losing many a likely friendship.

If these people would comment on the news in the letter, answer questions, ask a few, then tell their news, what an interesting letter for the recipient, and how simple for the writer!

£1 for this letter to Miss E. A. Moseley, Binnia, Coolah, N.S.W.

DON'T FORGET THE PAST

I WAS very interested to read Louise Mack's article (A.W.W. 9/2/35), but nevertheless I am not in accord with her idea of forgetting the past completely. One does not wish to dwell on the unhappy moments of life, but, after all, it is only when the sun has set that we see the glory of the sunset, and even the clouds take on a beauty that is soul-inspiring.

Surely our past mistakes and failures can be our future guide-posts, and who of us would wish to forget past friendships, the happiness of home and childhood and all those dear memories which bind us to those we love? Each one of us has had his or her share of cloud and sunshine, and, to my mind, future happiness depends to a great extent on what we have gained from our past experience. Instead of complete forgetfulness, let us then "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

Lois Dalley, 44 Candover St., West Geelong, Vic.

IGNORANT OF AUSTRALIA

OVER the air I heard a news item concerning a man just returned from England, where he was asked the most absurd questions concerning this country. Two were asked by English women: "Are there any big shops in Australia?" and "Can one have a shampoo there?" Of course it sounds funny, but it is really rather pitiful.

Why are the English so ignorant? Don't they learn and read about our country as we do about theirs? A geography book would soon tell them something about the size of our cities, and more social questions could be settled by reading the books of some of our splendid writers. After the war... the coming and going between England and Australia by air... there is no excuse for such ignorance. Can anyone give a reason for it?

K. G. Porter, Karaweenah, Jimbour, Qld.

HAVE A NURSERY

NEARLY every home is blessed with children, but how many homes are blessed with a nursery? Very few. I can't comprehend why women, when planning their homes, don't insist on a nursery. What a blessing to any mother to have a place where her offspring can romp and play, make as untidy as they like without being scolded all day.

It would improve the nerves of mothers and also be much better for the children's health if they had a certain room allotted to them with a big cupboard, interesting nursery paper, etc.

Roma Payne, Omar, 377 Anzac Pde., Maroubra, N.S.W.

DOOMED TO DIVORCE

HAVE you considered how divorce breeds divorce—in short, environment produces in the children of divorced people a matrimonial impatience; not necessarily a moral laxity, some are most unforgetting with a moral lapse.

The ease with which freedom is obtainable may be a mark of progress. It is, nevertheless, pathetic to think of an increasing number of children doomed to divorce. Should not that aspect be considered?

Inez Abercorn, No. 6 Flat, Ascot Flats, Campbell Parade, Bondi, N.S.W.

Is There Need for a Name Reform?

THERE is no need for such martyrdom as M. Gibson ("So They Say," 9/2/35) describes, since anyone who is willing to pay a comparatively small fee can legally change a surname by "deed poll."

An even easier way is indicated by H. G. Wells in his brilliant short story, "Miss Winchelsea's Heart." The detestable name of "Snooks," which frightened off Miss Winchelsea, was, by a clever girl, gradually restored to the euphony and stateliness of the original form, "Sevenoaks."

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

Treat It as a Joke

N GIBSON has greatly exaggerated the dread that people have of others hearing their names, no matter how bad they may be.

Any acquaintances of mine who have unusual names seem to treat it as a joke, and as far as I am aware they come in for no ridicule on this account. The suggestion that a man should take his wife's name is so ludicrous as to border on the verge of absurdity, and it is absolutely unthinkable that the marriage laws should be altered merely to suit the small number of people who are dissatisfied with their own name or that of their future husband.

Janet Somers, 19 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Change the Pronunciation

I DO not agree with N. Gibson's letter (9/2/35) re name reform. No doubt some of the surnames one hears are most amusing, but why change the name? Change the pronunciation and you will arrive at the solution of the trouble. What a topsy-turvy world it would be if people were to change their names! We would lose trace of one another altogether.

Mrs. J. Gehrmann, 12 Howard St., Maryborough, Qld.

Don't Take Wife's Name

RE the need for name reform. It certainly does seem to me that something was done to alter the ridiculous names some of us have to bear. But would the problem be solved if, when marrying, the man took his wife's name? Her name might be just as ridiculous as his. Surely a far better solution would be to choose another family name, which could be used as the surname instead of the old one, as each member of the family married.

Miss M. Boydell, 23 Church St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



GRACE MOORE IS THE FIRST WOMAN COLONEL APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.

ANDY DEVINE

TRIED TO CLIMB THROUGH THE ROPES AND TAKE ON MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN, THE WRESTLER, WHEN HE CHALLENGED ALL COMERS, BUT ANXIOUS FRIENDS HAIKED HIM AWAY BY THE LEGS.

MARY REICH

TELEPHONED A HOLLYWOOD STUDIO FROM HER HOME IN BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS, AND ASKED FOR THE CASTING DIRECTOR. SHE NOT ONLY GOT HIM BUT ARRANGED FOR A TEST THAT WON HER A PART IN "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES."

Wireless—Friend or Foe In the Home

I AM inclined to think, D. Hamilton (9/2/35), that if such a complete lack of understanding and consideration existed between a man and wife as to cause trouble over such a comparatively small thing as wireless, they would probably end in the Divorce Court, anyhow.

I feel sure the number of instances where wireless has been the means of bringing together two people through a mutual love of music, or just, perhaps, by providing entertainment where boredom would otherwise have existed, must be far in excess of those which have caused trouble.

Miss E. Healey, 139 Raleigh St., Thornbury N17, Melbourne.

SEE AUSTRALIA FIRST

I AM sure everyone enjoys the film newsreels showing the beauty spots of other countries. But what about Australia? There must be hundreds of people who, like myself, have never seen even their own State. The only newsreels I have seen dealing with Australia have been those showing some event such as beach carnivals, boat races, etc. I would like to see the most important beauty spots in all the States of Australia, and I am sure these would be much more appreciated than some of the horror newsreels that are now showing.

Miss Edna May, 8 Silver St., Macquarieville, N.S.W.

Keeps Husband at Home

I DO not agree with D. Hamilton (9/2/35) that wireless in a home may develop into a further cause for divorce. On the contrary, I think that wireless helps to keep a husband at home instead of going out to fights, theatres and other pleasures. No man with any appreciation for music will turn it on as a "blaring noise." Soft music is soothing, and speaking can be more easily heard when turned low. A wife has all day to listen in, and should allow her husband when home to choose his own programme. Many a pleasant evening is spent by husband and wife beside the wireless.

Mrs. A. Knight, 3 Mill Hill Rd., Waverley, Sydney.

That Elusive Thing Called "Personality"

IN reply to Miss J. M. Brooker (9/2/35), I entirely disagree with the definition of personality.

Several of the world's greatest personalities, to wit, Napoleon, Stalin, Oscar Wilde, Diarcel, Comte de Balzac, etc., were certainly not examples of spiritual grace—nor possessors of purity of mind.

To me, any possessor of personality is one who leaves an ineradicable impression on the mind. One who, either through great force of good, or evil, stands out from the common herd—and is remembered. Personality is not the outward and physical sign of an inward and spiritual grace. I have only mentioned men—but what of Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, the famous courtesan Ena Pearl, George Sand, and so on, ad infinitum.

Were they the possessors of purity of mind?

Miss Eula Read, Hotel Gosford, Gosford, N.S.W.

A Definite Charm

I PARTLY agree with Miss Brooker re personality. Truly it is a definite charm, and an outstanding quality in one's make-up. There are other essential characteristics one needs to possess, too, but sometimes we find that personality covers a multitude of inadequacies.

Personality is charm, attractiveness, allure, ability to adapt oneself well, and is in itself a joy. I have known of people whose very charm, etc., has saved them from a grave situation, caused by their inferiority of character in other respects.

Miss Brooker's definition of personality is the personification of perfection.

Joan Lascelles, 47 Darling St., South Yarra, Vic.

Indefinable

MY idea is that personality is indefinable; and people possessing it instinctively draw others to them wherever they go. They have an influence; they appeal; they have a natural, sympathetic understanding, and others feel it. It is something that can never be acquired.

And what about the obnoxious personality that repels you, just as the other attracts you?

Mrs. W. G. Wells, 33 Gregory St., Auchterflower, Brisbane.

Not Outcome of Purity

MISS BROOKER (9/2/35) asks: What is personality? Looking around among our acquaintances, we admit numbers of them have charming personality, but to definitely state this virtue is the outcome of "purity of living and purity of mind," or arises from "a soul of great depth," would be entirely wrong. A winning personality has in many cases been the ruin of men and women, and whilst we may look askance at a person's morals, we usually acknowledge personality when we come in contact with it. No! Many a "black sheep" has a charming personality.

M. Kerr, 121 Tryon Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Individuality

PERSONALITY (9/2/35) is individuality allied with vitality and strength of mind. A person with a strong personality is not always charming and considerate towards others. In fact, he sometimes rides roughshod over his weaker brethren, but he undoubtedly has lovable moments and generous impulses.

My experience has been that people who are "charming" are often insincere; those with striking personalities are rarely insincere.

C. Challenger, Garden St., Hawthorn, E3, Vic.

Charm Intensified!

MISS BROOKER, let me tell you what I think personality is.

Charm, the kind that makes itself agreeable and loving wherever it may be, the kind that can make everyone feel at home, that can draw a shy person out of himself; and last, but not least, the kind that can be a good listener as well as speaker.

Personality is charm intensified!

Miss Nettie Caut, Desmond St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

NEW WORD WANTED

I THINK the word "spinster" is one of the ugliest words in the English language, conjuring up as it does the picture of an angular, sharp-risaged female of the hackneyed "school-marm" type, and unmarried girls must be called thus! Even "old maid" sounds kinder.

Couldn't something be done about it? I am sure that "bachelor maid" or something of the sort would sound much nicer. Who agrees?

Miss B. Noll, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

PRIVACY FOR MOTHER

I WONDER why it does not seem to occur to most families that mother might occasionally like a little time to herself in her own room without having to explain just why she wants the door closed?

A family I know—the husband included—appear positively aggrieved if mother goes to her room and keeps the door closed for more than a few minutes at a time when any of them are about the house.

Surely out of all the time a busy wife and mother gives to her household she

ETIQUETTE



BE CAREFUL of personal details. Badly manicured fingernails convey an impression of carelessness.

is entitled to at least a little privacy each day without being obliged to explain herself!

What do mothers themselves think of this?

M. E. Maitland, Port Pirie, S.A.

FOOLISH QUARRELLING

A GIRL once said to me that she didn't believe people were true friends unless they quarrelled now and then and made it up again. I didn't bother to argue the point with her at the moment, but thought afterwards what a mistaken idea it was to hold. Quarrelling shows complete lack of control in two or more people, I think.

No parents will tolerate children fighting around them, yet they themselves often keep on brooding and bickering for weeks on end, finally quarrelling openly. It seems a vast pity that people who behave like overgrown children cannot be treated in a like manner—given a good spanking for the bother they cause.

V. Hillcoat, Wvli, via Gympie, Qld.

MODERN PRUDERY

IS not the flamboyant wearing of the so-called daring bathing costumes merely another aspect of the same desire to attract attention which caused our Victorian grandmothers to raise voluminous petticoats just high enough to show an inch of ankle? It will take a lot to convince me that the "modern girl" is any less prudish or unhealthily-minded than her forbears. I stripped off my salty costume under the shower at Bondi dressing-sheds and trotted out to sunbake with only a towel round me. You should have heard the gasps of horror from a group of young women in quarter-piece costumes. They gazed with outraged modesty, and those who did not turn their backs looked me over as though I were afflicted with green and purple spots.

My husband laughed with me over the incident, and compared this attitude with that of the men in his shed. Every one there was chatting, reading, playing cards or exercising, quite indifferent to the prevailing nakedness.

I claimed that the girls had been trained to prudery in childhood by an older generation of women. My husband contends that it is one more case of men having greater common sense. Which is right—or is there a third explanation?

Mrs. J. Williams, 21 Hill St., Manly, N.S.W.



SIR ALEXANDER HORE-RUTHVEN, inspecting the marine guard of honor at the official levee.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

SYDNEY SOCIETY Expects Gay Vice-Regal PARTIES

Hore-Ruthvens May Bring Back Splendor of Old!

Sydney has been introduced to Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, our new Governor, and very definitely likes him; but the women of Sydney are still looking forward eagerly to the arrival this month of Lady Hore-Ruthven. For it is not until she is installed that Government House will once again wake to social life.

Her arrival is the more keenly anticipated because indications are that the new regime at Government House will be one of greater splendor and more elaborate ceremonial than that of any Governor we have had since the outbreak of the war.

THE unusual size of the retinue being brought out by Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven is causing quite a stir. It includes two aides-de-camp and a domestic staff of sixteen.

Recent Governors have brought only one aide-de-camp. Honorary aides, as required, are always supplied by the services. The present generation cannot recall any State Governor bringing out two aides-de-camp.

Nor can social Sydney recall a Governor bringing such a large entourage as is comprised in the domestic staff brought by the Hore-Ruthvens. Evidently they have been forewarned of the difficulty of getting well-trained domestic servants in N.S.W., or perhaps their South Australian experience made them decide to reduce the servant problem to a minimum by bringing their own household staff.

Apparently Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven are better blessed with this world's goods than any of their immediate predecessors, and, of course, the state of the Governor's private exchequer determines to a very considerable extent the number and nature of the social functions which will be held at Government House.

Sir Philip and Lady Game were not overburdened with wealth, and, as well, were with us during our years of depression. Naturally, therefore, they concentrated more on functions to assist charities than on lavish private entertainments.

Lady Game certainly gave many balls and musicales, but her garden parties were few and far between. She even originated a scheme which made many of the older generation hold up their hands in horror—she threw open the

grounds of Government House, to charity, anyone being able to obtain admission on payment of entrance fee.

It is said that Sir Philip Game never once refused a genuine appeal for help, and during the recent lean years the calls on his purse were many, leaving, one assumes, little to spare on entertainments.

Not So Gay

SID DUDLEY AND LADY DE CHAIR, though a friendly couple, and good mixers, did not entertain lavishly at Government House. Their daughter, Elaine, who might have been expected to have been a leader of the smart set, and entertain much at Government House, was never really society-minded. She was always keen on social service work, though she did not fully develop her interest in this until after she left our shores. While here she attended lectures at the University, went on skiing excursions with a friend or two, and studied acting.

So, by and large, though a number of small parties were given by the de Chairs, the more formal official functions were few and far between.

Sir Walter and Lady Davidson were charming people, and made many friends, but apart from the one brilliant ball they gave for the Prince of Wales, their entertainments were definitely on the dull side.

Their children, Diana and Daphne, gave lots of children's parties with excursions to the Zoo and the skating rink, but for the grown-ups the parties were anything but exciting.

SIR ALEXANDER and LADY HORE-RUTHVEN were the most popular Vice-Regal couple who have ever lived in South Australia, and their term of office was extended for an extra year. There was no mistaking the genuineness of the regret felt at parting with them.

Lady Hore-Ruthven is tall, with softly-waved grey hair, striking brown eyes, a very sweet expression, and winning personality. Although she is always immaculately groomed and dressed in excellent taste, clothes are by no means

her first interest in life. Adelaide learned to expect to see her exquisitely gowned only in the evening.

She did much private entertaining, and gave many dinner and garden parties, but was so averse to publicity that the public did not realise the full extent of her hospitality.

She never refused her patronage to any charity function, and was tremendously interested in the country, making many trips outback with her husband.

Lady Hore-Ruthven is also a keen sport, being very fond of golf and tennis, though she does not play either brilliantly. She is passionately fond of gardening and made wonderful improvements to Government House garden, superintending the work personally. A prize rose, Zara Ruthven, was named after her. She is extremely fond of children. Patrick, the only son of the household, is in the army.

Of course, Lady Hore-Ruthven's chief avenue of social service is the Girl Guide Movement.

She worked very enthusiastically to help the unemployed and personally organised the "Lend a Hand" Club Sewing Circle, which met at Government House to make clothes for poor families.

Younger Set Leader?

THOUGH their son is not with them, Lady Hore-Ruthven is bringing a young niece, Miss Ivy Price, to Australia, so that the younger generation will probably not be entirely deprived of tennis parties and other gaieties.

Altogether, with the reappearance here of happier times, there is the probability that our new Governor and his wife will be the centre of many pleasant social functions in this State.

It, as is hoped, the Duke of Kent becomes our next Governor-General, we may expect to see once again in Australia all the old-time gorgeousness and splendor attaching to all Vice-Regal functions—though allied to-day with a greater understanding and friendliness than was the case in those more autocratic days.



LADY HORE-RUTHVEN, who is expected in Sydney this month.



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Before & After Taking Cream of Yeast!

SCHOOL Revolution ... in the MAKING!

Dr. Gladys Wade's Modern Outlook on Education

"The aim of schools should be to turn out boys and girls who are strong and healthy; who can earn a living and respect their labor; who can use their leisure; who can live in a complex society without bitterness; who possess the spirit of service; who have attained self-control through hard work; and, above, all are not 'drifters' like H. G. Wells' symbolical 'Mr. Polly,' but have noble aims on life and religious ideals."

THIS is the broad and practical definition of education given by Dr. Gladys Wade, the newly-appointed vice-principal of the Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, who has been in England for the past

five years, watching changes and experiments in educational methods with keen interest.

Dr. Gladys Wade is very well known in N.S.W. She was for several years on the staff of the Methodist Ladies' College, Burwood.

Gone are the days when a child moved up and down the class according to each answer given parrot fashion, and the much-discussed "ramming" for examinations is no longer looked upon with favor, says Dr. Wade.

The education of to-morrow will be a broader thing, planned to fit the child to meet the many problems of a changed world.

"Many far-reaching proposals are under discussion. If they come to maturity—and the beginnings of them are already manifest—the next 20 years will see the accomplishment of enormous changes in education," says Dr. Wade, in speaking of the tendencies at work in education in England to-day.

The causes that are bringing about the educational revolution are similar to those that brought about the industrial revolution.

Within the last twenty years natural science in countless fields has changed from theory to practice. Social science has also become practical, and psychological and economic theories have developed a grip on daily life.

Modern Influences

ACCORDING to the general opinion, certain features of modern life must profoundly affect the future of education. The more important of these can be quickly summed up.

The movement of population away from the country into the towns and the sedentary life of most people make it necessary for education to stress hygiene.

The modern factory system with its division of labor, repetition work, and consequent shorter working day, makes it absolutely essential that people shall be taught how to use their leisure, says Dr. Wade.

Once each man had by birth a definite place in society which it was almost impossible for him to change. This is no longer so, and the breaking down of the social system has set another vital problem which educationists are seeking to solve.

The absence of community life in towns, owing to their immense size, and the absence of community life in the home, owing to the limitation of the size of families, makes it necessary that all schools should be organized as communities. Only at school is it now possible for a child to experience that essential discipline.

The modern privacy of life, the result of modern transport, the prevalence and potency of religious suggestion in cinemas, newspapers, and advertisements, the modern freedom of discussion, and the much-discussed "Revolt of Youth," make self-control and a very critical attitude more difficult to cultivate and yet more necessary than ever before. To develop this control must be one of the foremost aims of education.

The question of propaganda through education seems to be very much to the fore at present. The conflict between national and international ideals, and the absence of any established philosophy or code, makes it necessary that education must be definitely and frankly propagandist.

The teacher, whether he will or no, is continually propagandist. His religion, or lack of it, his attitude towards sex, or his political creed colors his outlook on life and is a strong element in his personality. Unconsciously, if not consciously, these affect his relations with his pupils. Therefore it would be better for the teacher "to know the faith that is in him" on all such matters, and use his influence consciously and positively.

THE teaching of a political bias, as is being done in Germany, is widely condemned as dangerous and wrong, says Dr. Wade. Yet it is regarded as also dangerous and unfair to the young to avoid subjects merely because they are controversial, and because any treatment of them is likely to offend somebody.

If religion and international brotherliness and a high code of morality are good things, then education, it is argued, must do active propaganda on their behalf, not only by direct methods, but also by seeing that these things permeate the life and work of the school. This can only come about by the conscious agency of the teacher.

The bearings of these tendencies upon curriculum, method, and organization are, of course, manifold. But there is little desire at present to jettison traditional procedure. The period of radical independent experiment is over.

The present movement is to preserve all that has stood the test of time in our traditional system, and yet to incorporate with it whatever of value has resulted from the work of the experimenters.

Of the newer elements, one of the more important is the emphasis now laid on the teaching of music, fine arts and acting. The ennobling power of music and art, and the moral strength inherent in craftsmanship have raised these subjects to an hitherto unprecedented importance in the eyes of those who wish to make education a true preparation for noble living.

The great staple subjects of education—the humanities and the natural sciences—remain, of course, unchallenged. It is only the lumber of the curriculum that is likely to be jettisoned.

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AN All-Round TRIUMPH for WOMEN!

The Film "GIRLS in UNIFORM"

HIS German film has been eagerly awaited here on account of the enthusiastic Press reports from responsible critics in England and America.

An obstacle to its release in Australia has been the fact that the dialogue was in German.

Now, however, a version with English dialogue substituted throughout for the original German has arrived, and the release of the film in the near future is expected.

It ought to be a matter of pride to women that this film, so widely acclaimed by the most fastidious critics, is almost entirely a production by women.

The author of the play from which the film is taken, Christa Winsloe, is a woman of half-Scottish, half-German descent. It has been directed by Leontine Sagan, a noted woman film director and stage producer.

And its cast is wholly made up of women and girls.

"GIRLS IN UNIFORM," performed as a stage play in English under the title of "Child-



'ABOVE: Dorothea Wieck, at Fraulien von Bernberg, says good-night in the school dormitory to Manuela, played by Hertha Thiele, in the film version of "Girls in Uniform." **MISS** Wieck is wearing a little lace cap, part of the uniform imposed on the teaching staff in this regimented institution.

AT LEFT: Emilia Unda, who gives an extraordinarily strong performance of the harshly-repressive headmistress in the same film. Stern discipline is expressed in her every word and movement.

ren in Uniform," is an unusual and very gripping drama of life in a German school that can only be described as a unique institution.

It is founded on the personal experience of the author, who suffered as a young girl from the harsh repressiveness and military discipline of a Prussian school for the daughters of officers.

The child, like some of her fellows, finds an emotional outlet in her love for a kind and understanding young mistress on the staff of the school. But the iron regime and the stern disapproval of the formidable headmistress drive her too far.

The story ends in tragedy. But so delicately have the characters and this far from natural situation been portrayed that the effect on the mind, according to the testimony of innumerable responsible critics, is one of heartfelt pity.

This is felt to be tragedy of a high kind.

It is on record that the Prince of Wales, whose tastes in theatrical entertainment run usually to musical comedies and such light fare, has seen the film three times.

DOROTHEA WIECK who takes the part of the sympathetic young mistress, and **HERTHA THIELE**, who plays the

schoolgirl, both well-known actresses in their own country, were offered Hollywood contracts immediately after the film had been viewed by Hollywood executives.

Miss Wieck has already been seen in Australia as the heroine of that touching film play, "Cradle Song," and she also took the principal part in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

Leontine Sagan, director of the film, is claimed as Europe's foremost woman director. She also has her own repertory theatre in Rio de Janeiro. She went to London to stage the play from which the film is taken, and she has since then produced Shakespeare in England and has directed the film of Oxford undergraduate life called "Men of To-morrow."

In consequence of her work in "Girls in Uniform" she has received several tempting offers of contracts to direct pictures in Hollywood, where so far Dorothy Arzner is the only woman to make her mark in this line.

The Author

CHRISTA WINSLOE, the author of the play from which the film is taken, is a strange character. No doubt to be explained in part by her mixed stock and peculiar upbringing. She is a German by birth and training,

but curiously enough her father was a Scotsman. He was a naturalised German and became commanding officer in a German cavalry regiment. And he married a German noblewoman of wealth.

The daughter of this marriage, when she grew up, made an alliance matrimonially with a man of yet another country. She married a well-known Hungarian publicist, Baron Hatvany.

She had begun a career as a sculptor, but misfortune and ill-health prevented her from going on with this work. Suddenly it occurred to her to turn her hand to writing for the stage, and "Girls in Uniform" was the sensational result.

Since then she has written another play, "Fate As You Choose It," reported to be the hit of the year on the Continent.

Frau Winsloe's (or Baroness Hatvany's) experience as a child in Darmstadt, where her father was in command of the troops of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and later, after the death of her mother, as a lonely, forlorn youngster in one of the famous Prussian boarding-schools for girls of the aristocracy, afforded her a detailed background for the story of "Girls in Uniform."

She has often said that it was something that she had to write in order to get rid of the dreadful memories of her childhood.

Personal Record

"It is true," writes Frau Winsloe, "that the school in which I was first placed—I almost said incarcerated—between the ages of 11 and 17, was quite a unique institution. To fit the daughters of officers to become wives and mothers of soldiers, a regime comprising iron discipline, a starvation diet, and the rigid repression of every emotion was rigorously enforced."

"How we unhappy girls feared and hated each inhuman spinster on the staff, from the headmistress downwards—with one exception. For a short time we had one adorable teacher, whom we all worshipped, but she left the place after a few months."

"I left that school an unbalanced and immature creature, in whom fits of intense shyness alternated with periods of unnatural boisterousness. It required the best part of two years in the relatively human atmosphere of a finishing school at Lausanne before I recovered my natural confidence."

"Yes, the Manuela of 'Girls in Uniform' (played by Hertha Thiele) is I. And, yes, the Fraulien von Bernberg (Dorothea Wieck) is the adored teacher who was with us for so short a time, and who was possibly forced to leave because of my tragic love for her. I wrote the story the way I did because that was the way it was."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★ EVENSONG

Evelyn Laye, Fritz Kortner, Carl Esmond, (Gaumont-British).
EVELYN LAYE is versatile as well as beautiful. A queen of the musical comedy stage in London and with some experience of similar work in films, she now comes forward as the prima donna in the film version of "Evensong." As regards the singing alone she puts up a highly creditable performance in arias from "La Bohème" and "Tosca." As a dramatic actress, however, she scores most heavily. She presents with sensitive intelligence the stages through which the singer passes, first as the eager Irish girl in her narrow home, then her arduous apprenticeship in Paris, and the glories of a long career which leads her at last through bitterness and despair to the poignant climax. Behind the glittering facade is the woman herself, who sacrifices love for fame.

The film has been well mounted. One recalls especially the Venetian scene, which introduces Browning's "Mummers" as a singing gongolier. Other notable performers adorn the cast, including two newcomers—Delysia, as the Parisian singing teacher, and Conchita Supervia, whose gloriously rendered Flamenco mocks the ageing diva. Fritz Kortner is admirable as the impresario who guides Irela to success, and would fain spare her open defeat; and handsome Carl Esmond is a sympathetic Archduke. That fine actor, Emyln Williams, is the lover of Maggie's youthful days, whom she finds later a man broken by war—Embassy; com. Mar. 1.

★ HEIL IN THE HEAVENS

Warner Baxter, Conchita Montenegro, (Fox).

WAR-TIME pilots were almost without exception men in their early 20's. This makes the mature Warner Baxter unsuitable for the hero of 16 air duels and the conqueror in the end of the redoubtable "Baron," drawn obviously from the famous Baron von Richthofen. However, the drama is a stirring one in which Baxter plays the principal part both in action and romance.

This company of fliers reminds one of the officers in "Journey's End." There is, here, too, a pitiful young coward. There is the same tension and the same expectation of sudden death to-day or to-morrow. But there are the thrills of the air fighting and the more extensive comic relief provided by Herbert Mundin and his fellow orderlies to lighten this film in comparison with that other powerful and sombre drama. Also this picture ends in triumph and the departure of the hero on his honeymoon leave with the French girl who had lingered in the ancestral chateau after it had been occupied by the military. It is true that there was such a body as the Lafayette Escadrille of American fliers before the U.S.A. came into the war. But it was not for long a separate unit, and none of its officers or indeed any other American brought down Richthofen.—Capitol; com. Mar. 1.

★ WARN LONDON

Edmund Gwenn, John Loder, Leonora Corbett, (B.D.F.).

DOUBLES, apart from twins, do exist in real life. In drama they present difficulties. Still the clever turns of the plot leave one here in doubt for some time as to which of the two characters, the down-and-out consumptive or the Scotland Yard inspector, John Loder is impersonating at the moment, since after the struggle in which one of them is killed, he is taken for the alternate person by his two sets of accomplices.

That a noted German criminologist is supposed to have long practised his profession in post-war Paris is also a minor stumbling block. But that hardly weighs against Edmund Gwenn's excellent characterization of Dr. Krauss faced with total ruin in old age because of a financier's large scale embezzlement and induced to use his brains against the law to recoup his loss. This fine study even carries off a certain worldness in the part and a slight laboring of accent.—Mayfair; com. Feb. 20.

★ MURDER IN THE CLOUDS

Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak, (Warner Bros.).

COLD analysis reveals improbabilities here in a fast-moving story that is hardly meant to bear close scrutiny. It is unfair, no doubt, to inquire how it was that such an elaborate organisation, including the suborning of the secretary and one of the chief pilots of a Californian airport, was already prepared to be put into immediate action against a pure fluke, the journey by air to Washington of a scientific inventor with his sample of new explosive. But we did feel that, when the mechanic film the hero's plane, the broad blazon on the machine of such a celebrated flier ought to have been recognised by some of the air patrol.

However, the airship mechanic in the maddy-gyrating plane is sufficiently droll to divert us. And that ace flier,

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

the hero (Lyle Talbot) is so ready with his fists and so unprejudiced in his actions that he earns the goodwill of all who love to see transparent honesty and manly courage prevail. Ann Dvorak has a quiet downrightness that is far preferable to the provocative behaviour of your simpering heroines. And Gordon Westcott plays with easy competence the role of villain in this quite agreeable entertainment.—Regent; com. Feb. 15.

★ BROKEN DREAMS

Randolph Scott, Martha Sleeper, (Monogram).

It is perhaps unkind to suggest that Randolph Scott, hero of so many "Westerns," is more at ease astride a horse or shooting cattle rustlers than in the role of young hospital doctor whose wife's death in child-birth drives him from New York to a post-graduate course in Vienna to forget his grief. His acting is adequate. But it is upon the infant, now a six-year-old boy (Buster Phelps), whom he had abandoned to a pair of homely friends, and on the young woman (Martha Sleeper) whom he marries after his return, that the interest centres.

The child, claimed by his real father, misses the delights of the pet animal shop run by his foster-parents no less than the fond couple themselves. And the young wife's half-conscious jealousy of the interloper is intensified by irritation at his table manners. There is the genuine problem here of step-children and those who try honestly but against the grain to take a parent's place. The end, however, with the accident and blood transfusion and the rest, is strictly sentimental.—State; com. Feb. 22.

★ GIFT OF GAB

Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, (Universal).

If you want to become the idol of millions as a radio announcer in the U.S.A. it appears from this picture that your chief requirement is plenty of self-assurance. With this Philip Gabney, or "Gab," (Edmund Lowe), a fake auctioneer and korb salesman, is well endowed. Having, however, bounced himself into taking charge of the programmes sponsored by Trivers' Chicken Livers, he lets success go to his head and comes a cropper over his broadcast from the studio of a bogus interview with a trans-Atlantic flier who had crashed in his death just before. Still with Gloria Stuart exerting all endeavors on his behalf as programme director he reinstates himself by the coup of broadcasting from a parachute news of a lost plane forced down in a mountain gorge.

The football broadcast, even with Graham McNamee's co-operation, strikes us as too ingenious. Items are given from the regular programmes. But the dramatic thriller appears to have been cut out, leaving Ruth Etting and a selection of other crooners, which leads us to consider whether it is any addition to this kind of entertainment to watch the performers. To those who do not care for crooners the grimaces with which they accompany their yearnings are merely an aggravation of the offence.—Plaza; com. Feb. 15.

★ I'LL TELL THE WORLD

Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart, (Universal).

LEE TRACY here plays the star reporter, or special representative, of an American chain of newspapers, on familiar lines. We are used in films to these supermen who have such a nose for news and such brassbound cheek in following it up that their distracted editors simply cannot do without them if they so much as take a day off. Whenever Tracy makes an engagement with a fair lady as he is fond of doing, the telephone hails him back to fry through blizzards in the northern wilds of Canada for the story of a stranded airship or to follow to Europe an archduke who seems to be the target for assassins. But he enjoys it pretty well all the same; for he always manages to snatch the scoop from the star reporter of the rival chain, who stands by fuming.

In Europe he is even luckier than usual. An exiled princess (Gloria Stuart), who is being persuaded to return to the throne of her ancestors, is saved by him from a dastardly plot and duly falls into his arms. Tracy gets plenty of pace into all these unlikely adventures. But Miss Stuart, whose American style is explained by her having lived incognito in Baltimore since the age of five, is more like Gloria Stuart than a princess.—Civic; com. Feb. 2.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Captain F. C. Secombe and Flight-Lieutenant F. J. Moir will be the honorary aides de camp for the new Vice-Regal household?

Melbourne Hostess Returns

LADY MURIEL LAW-FORD spent a few busy days at Hotel Australia before leaving for Melbourne. . . . Voyage out from London via Panama Canal. . . . Trip full of interest but very, very hot. . . . In fact, Lady Lawford thinks Sydney too hot and has departed for home city in South. . . . Will take a house in Melbourne for some months. . . . Future plans uncertain. . . . Son, James Oswald Wott, is building lovely home at Frankston.

Gay times ahead for Patricia Honnor. She is sailing with her brother, Captain Honnor, for England shortly. Captain Honnor was formerly A.D.C. to Sir Leslie Wilson.

Dazzling Delilah

AFTER tremendous ovation at end of performance of "Samson and Delilah," Muriel Brunskill inundated with loads of flowers. . . . Her sumptuous frocks of shimmering gold tissues, rainbow chiffon swatches, and sparkling jewels are her own and were designed by this versatile artist. . . . Cheery supper party followed at Hotel Australia at which Mervyn Finlay was host.

Peall-Hordern Romance

MORE news of Peall-Hordern romance. . . . Circumstances point to sojourn in England after marriage. . . . Oare Pennings is farm on which Oscar resides with mother and sisters. . . . Quite recently, repairs and refurbishings were carried out to portion of farmhouse.

Naval Bride Returns

MRS. D. H. HARRIES, who used to put bright chats over the air about social Sydney, is back in town again. . . . Before her marriage was popular in Sydney as Peggy Street, and is niece of our Lieut-Governor. . . . Husband in navy and has been appointed shore job in Melbourne. . . . Couple will stay with Lady Owen before trekking to Melbourne.

Marie Brown, soprano, will leave by Nestor en route for Germany, where she will study lieder. Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Moxham entertain her at cocktail party before her departure.

Sister Crittenden Travels

GOOD ship Niagara will take Sister Irene Crittenden from these shores to U.S.A. for extended and extensive tour. . . . Will visit largest hospitals and study their management. . . . Doctors and nurses combined to give fellow-worker farewell party on Friday night.

Medicine Man's Visit

QUITE an fait with tropical germs is Dr. E. T. Brennan. . . . He is Chief Quarantine Officer in Territory of New Guinea. . . . With Mrs. Brennan and three daughters this popular medicine man arrived in Sydney by the Nellore during the week-end on holiday visit.

Manoeuvres at Malta

MRS. JAMES ALEXANDER now possesses roof tree at Malta. . . . Her husband wields long, gilt sword on official naval occasions. . . . Before marriage Mrs. Alexander was Gwen Butler, of Longueville. . . . Husband connected with aerial branch of navy and is seeing service with Mediterranean Fleet.

Girls at Government House

SYDNEY society will be interested to hear that Lady Hore-Ruthven is being accompanied to Australia by her niece, Miss Ivy Price. . . . A second aide-de-camp will also be with the party. . . . When Sadie Budge returns from Canberra holiday with her brother, Dr. Alec Budge, there will be no fewer than three girls attached to the Government House household.

London at Last!

AFTER several false starts, when illness intervened, Mrs. Kathleen Dalrymple Hay has definitely decided to leave for Europe. . . . Her choice of ship, Swedish, and month of departure, April. . . . Deck sports will appeal to traveller as she has always shown prowess at games. . . . When schoolgirl could outrun any fellow-student.

No short cuts for Mr. Hull, of Commonwealth Bank, and Mr. Helmsley, well-known lawyer. They meet every morning at Potts Point and walk into town via William Street. Dr. Murray Will takes a lesser constitutional to Macquarie St. via the Domain.

Our "Little Melba"

WONDERFULLY smart is Stella Power, known as our "Little Melba," since long sojourn in America. . . . Favors pearl grey suit with matching hat and cardinal lacquer to tips of finger-nails, and grey and cardinal bracelet for street wear. . . . Most interesting experience on tour in America with Mae West and Gloria Swanson. . . . Mae adored by stage hands and audience alike.



AN ATTRACTIVE OUTDOOR PICTURE OF Gwen and Joan Hartigan, who leave this week by the Orford with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hartigan. Joan will participate in the tennis tournaments at Wimbledon, and Gwen will take her exercise on numerous golf courses. —Women's Weekly Photo.



Not So Quiet

VERY jolly farewell luncheon for Mrs. CHIT Kitchen at Queen's Club on Monday. . . . Mrs. F. C. Thompson hostess to twenty guests. . . . Cocktails dispensed in drawing-room before luncheon. . . . Private room already occupied by Lady Isaacs, so party held in dining-room. . . . Accustomed calm of apartment shattered by much laughter.

Mrs. Chisholm's Reasons

TWO good reasons have brought Mrs. Max Chisholm, of Merilla station, in the Goulburn district, to town. . . . Daughters Pat and Jan have now reached school years and have persuaded their attractive mother to stay near them. . . . Flat has been procured in Ascham grounds and girls are at school hard by.

"Ba" McPhie Engaged

ROMANCE from the North. . . . Alison, better known as "Ba," McPhie has just announced engagement to Andrew McWilliam, of Toowoomba. . . . "Ba" and her father have habit of frequent visits to Sydney for race and polo festivities and have many friends in this city. . . . Have just returned from trip to Hobart. . . . Young man in question is tall and fair and handsome, and has property not far from "Ba's" home town of Toowoomba.



From Glamorous Home

WARM welcome waiting at Gootamundra for Mrs. Sydney Loughlin. . . . Arrives from America this week, where she has made home since marriage. . . . Domicile near movie colony at Los Angeles. . . . Both her father, Gus Vaughan, and husband, legal luminaries. . . . Mrs. Loughlin, lucky possessor of old-world type of beauty so much the modern vogue.

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Farquhar, on leave from Fiji, are now spending few days in Newcastle. Clive, like the rest of Farquhar family, is a fine athlete.

Smart First-Nighters

MUCH laughter and jollity in immense audience which greeted first night of "Jolly Roger" at Criterion. . . . Lady Mayoress, Mrs. A. L. Parker, in fuchsia flat crepe and sparkling diamonds came with husband and several friends to dress circle. . . . Elsie McWilliam appears to be making habit of appearing with Spencer Brunton party in stalls. . . . Off-white chosen for her bouffant chiffon frock. . . . One blonde wore two posies of fresh flowers in much becurled coiffure — Marie Bremner chose single string of pearls for hair ornament. . . . Composer Dudley Glass and Ewart Chapple accompanied her.

Brisbane to Balmoral

AQUARELLE might have been invented specially for Mrs. Reg Thompson, of Brisbane. . . . Her suit in heavy silk in this shade most alluring. . . . Soft straw hat in aquarelle finishing touch. . . . In spite of Brisbane opinion that heat is negligible, Mrs. Thompson has decided to remain in Sydney until cooler days. . . . Balmoral present address.

Bonita Appleton, so lately returned to Sydney, is contemplating return trip to London.

Trippers to America

MAJOR and Mrs. Ellisworth arriving back from America this week. . . . They travelled across Pacific with Sir Graham and Lady Waddell and their two daughters. . . . Waddell family staying for longer holiday and intend touring East Coast for some months before return. . . . Both families hail from stations near Bethunga.

Aide's First Jollity

THE audience of "Nice Goings On" was interested in the appearance of Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven with his A.D.C., Captain J. Holford, on Saturday night. . . . The Budge family and Commander Gifford included in the party. . . . "Guardee" moustache favored by Captain Holford, who displayed his prowess on the dancing-floor later in evening at Romano's. . . . Agnes Doyle and Noel Boyd were dancing partners.

And Have You Noticed That—

Lady Horlick invariably chooses an all white evening ensemble after she has acquired her deep summer suntan? She appeared at the Hotel Australia last Thursday night in white chiffon and cloak of white ostrich feathers.

Jane Anne

HEALTH

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W

HEN she was seventeen, steady success had banished her self-questioning, and had given her in its place a cool assurance: nothing could pierce.

She was still as little, as slender, but her eyes never held a shy expression now, and her speech suited itself to her company.

Leonora had "got on," and kept her head. This had induced a certain indefinite hardness in her which further experience of men and life crystallised into a very definite hardness of heart. "Men!" said Leonora, and generally added: "My God!"

Her father she had brought summarily to heel; Pokey Ducane no longer dared to sting Leonora by malicious insinuation, he no longer taunted her deftly and courteously, he now bowed to her now, and as reward Leonora let him ride her handbag if he had the chance, and made no comment on his petty theft.

Leonora possessed by this time deadly dexterity in being able to separate the sheep from the goats in all circumstances, and in adaptation of herself to all requirements.

She had an eagle's vision in those amber eyes, and knew in a second what was right and what was cheap.

"OH, DIVINE YOUTH!"

Continued from Page 13

Therefore she dressed extremely well, and with great simplicity.

Not for Leonora the golden fox fur, and the broadened evening dress; instead, a silver fox, sombre and "good," and a white dress of severe, but soft, outline and ornamentation.

Men made love to her, of course, and Leonora handled their infatuation with the skill born of long and very varied practice, and more weary experience than is good for any girl.

Pokey Ducane viewed the prospect of Leonora's marriage with concealed and venomous dislike; he foresaw, should Leonora marry anyone in the profession, an instant kick-out for himself, and should she marry anyone out of the profession a most uncomfortable time.

Looked at either way, Leonora's marriage would mean an end to his agreeable pilfering, card playing, drinking existence.

Therefore, when Leonora was twenty, and her father learned that Hardwicke was paying her very honorable attention, he sent him an anonymous letter from Leonora.

CLANCEY HARD-
WICKE was young, and rich, and straight; he read the letter, which was very ably and unpleasantly expressed, and showed it to a pal; the pal, who was not, and never had been, in love with an actress, and disapproved any way of such affairs, being himself snugly engaged to a girl of considerable private means, with prospects of more to come, said, flipping the cheap paper with scornful fingers:"Well, what d'you expect?"
"You mean, you think it's true?"
Clancey inquired, his eyebrows meeting over his distressed, boyish blue eyes.

"That and about a hundred similar facts equally illuminating," Regram answered sardonically, and laughed.

Clancey did not laugh, neither did he propose, legitimately, to Leonora, and she said, her eyes holding for a moment the incredulous gaze of youthful startledness:

"But, Clancey, if you know, I thought you were—"
"He opened both slender hands, as if seeking to grasp the right word. "Well, I—after that long day we spent driving up to Oxford and back and we talked—" She paused, then added stridently, the startled look leaving her eyes: "Oh, get out, you little rotter, and stay out of my dressing-room after this for good!"

When Clancey had gone, and after the echo of his light, swift steps had died away in the stone passage, Leonora sat down, and puzzled over him.

Such a nice kid, at least he'd seemed so, and if she hadn't been in love with him— They'd talked, that day out motoring, all about having a home and playing the game, and they'd chosen, just in fun, the house they'd like if they each chose, and, funny, Clancey had liked just the one she had, all white walls and a garden and a very red roof.

The call-boy shouted to her. "Oh, men!" Leonora exclaimed, her upper lip showing very beautiful teeth for a second. "My God!"

Cordover, Pokey found more difficult to handle and Leonora considered him seriously.

He was forty-eight, weather-beaten of face and weather-beaten of soul, but his roving, arrogant fancy was held by Leonora.

"Some fool's bin writin' me anonymous letters about you, Baby," he said in his hoarse, nice voice to Leonora, his keen eyes, bloodshot from the suns of many seas, fixed on her face. "A pack of filthy lies. If I could trace the feller I'd twist the inside out o' him."

Leonora lifted white lids, and looked dispassionately at Cordover's rather flushed but cynically honest face.

"You're a good sort, Cordy," she said a little absently; "some men 'ud have believed things. What did the letter say?"

"Nothin' fit for a good little girl to hear," Cordover grinned. "Well, what about it—to return to our matter, only you're a lamb and I'm no sheep; but takin' the case up where we left it, Nonie, will you marry me?"

Leonora went across and stood beside him, and looked down into his face. Cordover had very thick, reddish hair, and bushy eyebrows, and the sportsman's (in many senses, for he had hunted much game, and with very varied weapons) eyes.

"I'd love a title," she said aloud.

"Ah, me," Cordover supplemented. They both laughed, and their laughter seemed to help things somehow.

"I do like you, Cordy," Leonora said suddenly. "I don't know, there's something about you— How soon 'ud you get tired of me?"

"Now, how can I say?" Cordover exclaimed. "I dunno either. But I have not often wanted to get married. Nonie, I tell you that straight; marriage has seemed a noose to me that tightens a bit worse every year that passes. If you take me on, I'll go for a fair deal, Baby, give me words about settlements, all that, and I am keen on you, darlin' little kid, I'm too old for you, of course; I might be your father but I want to be your husband. Look here, think it over, and I'll be round to-morrow. I've got to go to the N.S.C. in a minute, and it's a good fight. I wouldn't miss it for anything. Give us a kiss! Come on—try me!"

Leonora kissed his mouth fairly; it felt chill and hard, and she had time to think Cordover used excellent shaving-soap, and that he seemed most pleasingly and entirely well-groomed. That was a cherry reflection.

Please turn to Page 40

PREPARE FOR BEAUTY — IN THE MORNING

A "Ladye Jayne" will keep your waves gently moulded in position during sleep and after a wave-set. The secret is in the cut—a registered design. Avoid imitations which stretch, displace the waves. IT MUST BE A LADY JAYNE. (Look for the label) Price, 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6.



From all leading stores, made by Hainsford, Ltd., 41 York St., Sydney.

WEAR A

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Cup Cakes are so Versatile!

Cup Cakes, made with Copha, are dainty little things, light and feathery, golden brown and delicious. Decorative in their natural state they are positively glamorous dressed in their various guises. Split open the tops, fill in with cream, and you have gay butterfies—dress them with coloured icing, cherries or nuts, or fill them with jam—there you have variety enough to delight an army of small boys, and all from one batch of Cup Cakes.

COPHA CUP CAKES

6 ozs. Sugar.
1 ozs. Pure Copha.
2 Eggs.
1 pint Milk.
Few spots of Lemon Essence.
1 lb. Self-raising Flour.
1 oz. Cornflour.

Cream the sugar and Copha, add eggs and milk (slightly whisked), then mix in the flour and cornflour and beat till thoroughly smooth. Spoon into paper cups or patty tins. Place 2 or 3 siltanas on each and bake in hot oven.

Cup cakes, fruit cakes, in fact all cakes—puddings and pastry, too—are better, more delicious made with Copha, and they taste infinitely richer. Send for the Copha Recipe Book, it's full of original and diverting recipes. The address is:

EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD., BOX 2825EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Use Copha in your own recipes and see how much richer they are. You'll save money, too, because Copha contains no moisture, therefore you need less than any other shortening. 1 lb. of Copha, two tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt instead of 1 lb. of other shortening—use these proportions and your Copha Cookery will be perfect. There's still another interesting way to use Copha—in cooking vegetables—it also cuts down considerably on gas bills. When you write for your Copha Recipe Book, ask also for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder. Now you can do all your cooking with Copha; it's wise to have in quite a large stock—an easier thing to do with Copha than other shortenings, because Copha never goes rancid.***



Amazing instant relief from Backache, Headaches and nervous disorders is given by "Presto". Take a "Presto" Powder or Tablet at the first signs of the attack and repeat every three or four hours, if necessary. You can take "Presto" with absolute safety—it contains no drugs.

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A shake—a rub—a wipe—and it's clean! And the secret is soap-coated grains. As they loosen the dirt and grease, Vim's soft gleaming grains make a swirl of tiny suds that catch and hold it, so that it comes clean away at a wipe. Vim's sudsy cleaning is bound to be quicker . . . it leaves no trace of straggling grease to keep you rubbing. And this same sudsy action makes Vim cleaning so smooth and thorough that with Vim you polish as you clean!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

March 2, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

29

AND NOW—Shall We Have a Talk on MODERN KITCHENS?

Behold! England Goes One Better than Australia or America... and Presents What is Termed a "Dream" in a Streamlined Kitchen!

By Our Home Decorator

A FEW days ago I received from Muriel Segal, our alert overseas representative, the picture you see on the right. It is the new English streamlined kitchen designed by a woman authority on domestic architecture, and is the most talked about room of all modern rooms on display at the "Art in Industry" exhibition, Burlington House, London.

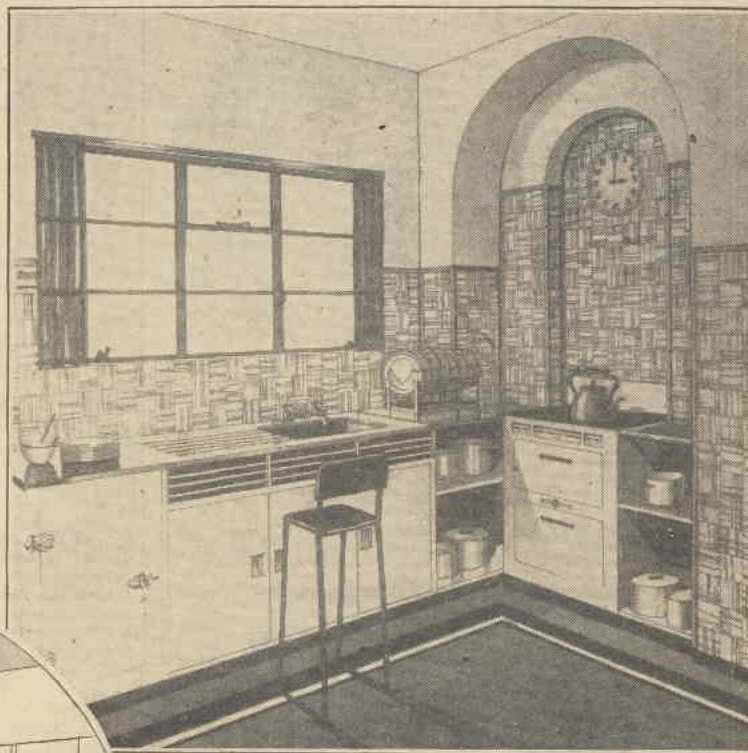
YOU who pride yourselves on smart, modern, and charmingly colorful kitchens pause for a moment and cast your memory back to the dull, uninteresting, laborious workshops of your mothers and grandmothers' early days. And yet, they were pearls in comparison to thousands upon thousands of existing English kitchens. I am not making that statement idly. It is only eighteen months or so since I returned from England and the smartest kitchens I contacted with were those possessed by Australians or those who had at one time dwelt in Australia.

In reply to this, you might say that possibly I never saw the inside of an aristocrat's kitchen. I did. I dwelt in such a home—all beauty, dignity, antiques, and such like above, but the basement kitchen... with the servants' quarters opening off... Ah, no, I won't waste good space!

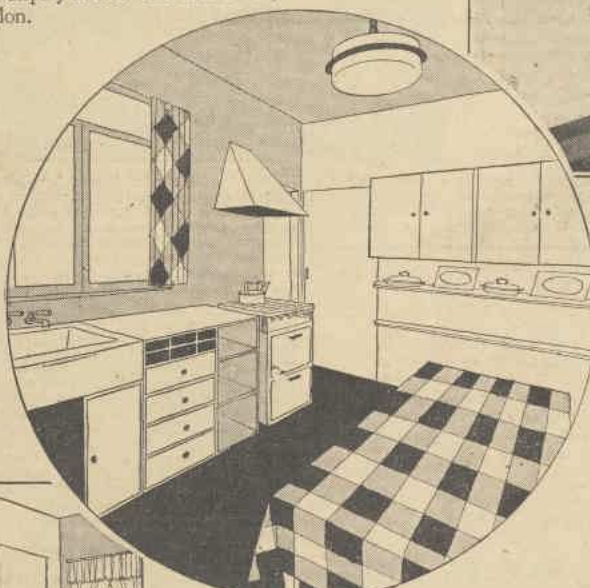
But when an Englishwoman (or Englishman) does a thing she (or he) does it well. Even so with the kitchen.

And so to-day the room of rooms to the housewife is evolved. Pale dove-grey

A WELL-schemed kitchen on modern lines is shown below (in the circle.) This captured first prize in a recent kitchen competition held in America. See story.



ONE OF THE GREATEST attractions of this streamlined kitchen (designed by Mrs. D'Arcy Brundell for the Art in Industry Exhibition, London) is the continuous table-top which goes all round the room, leaving a clear space in the centre of the room. Absence of any mouldings or ledges that would collect dust are other commendable points. Pastel-colored walls, plain above and a plaid design below, are amazing departures in kitchen colorings for the English housewife to revel in.



GLIMPSE OF a bumpy and colorful Australian kitchen equipped with generous working surfaces, cupboard space, and breakfast alcove. It is a pity that a second table in the centre of the kitchen is allowed as it seems to detract from that air of spaciousness.

to take away from that air of spaciousness.

Moreover, the centre table is likely to distress the eye if a clutter of utensils is left there when breakfast is being partaken of in the alcove. The generous working surfaces provided should be sufficient for the average housewife's needs.

Still, one shouldn't be too critical. It is serving its purpose admirably. It is really a bright and efficient centre of a very well-run home, and is but representative of the thousands of decora-

tive and well-equipped kitchens that dot this wide-awake country of ours.

Plea for Alcoves

AS for breakfast alcoves or corners, I consider that they considerably reduce the work of the single-handed housewife. Breakfasts are served hotter and quicker, and the kitchen has some chance of presenting itself as a much more attractive part of the home than many a kitchen which is kept solely for workshop purposes.—E.E.G.

CLEVER IDEAS

A RUSH of cold air into the oven often spoils cakes. To avoid this, keep a small mirror in the kitchen. When you want to reduce the gas in the oven, without opening the oven door, draw out the pan from underneath, tilt the mirror until the jets can be seen, then lower the flames as required. Be careful to look on both sides in case the gas is not burning evenly.

First Prize of 10/- to Mrs. Carpenter, Mourilyan, via Innisfail, North Queensland.

TO CLEAR a blocked sink, pour into the pipe a mixture made up of two tablespoons of vinegar and one tablespoon of carbonate of soda. Replace the plug at once so that gases will form and clear the pipe. All grease can be removed by pouring down the pipe hot water in which some washing soda has been dissolved.—Lucy Francis, 35 Freeman St., Fitzroy, N.T. Vic.

I HAVE a useful idea for electric iron users. At the plug which fits into the iron I have put the flexible wire through a piece of rubber gas tube 18 inches long, which will save the wires from wearing through, and so exposing the user to the risk of electric shock. It also saves the cost of buying new wire. The rubber tube will fit on the end of wire spiral adjoining the plug.—W. E. Lemcke, 39 Brown St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

GOOD NEWS!

Clever ideas are worth money—send in yours. A first prize of 10/- is awarded each week for the best idea submitted. For every other item published, 5/6 is paid. No non-de-plumes accepted.

THE BEST and easiest way to wash blankets, especially in summer, is to soak them in cold soapy water overnight, then peg them securely on the line and hose them, using a fine spray and good force, and freeing them of soapy water by working downwards. Add ammonia to the soaking bath if necessary.—Mrs. Blundell, Fourth St., South Cardiff, N.S.W.

RAINCOATS that have become worn in odd parts can be used up in many useful ways. Out of the back make a bath mat, bind round with a color to match the bathroom. Also a cover for the baby's pram can be made. Bind with braid to match. Gardening gloves and frocks and many other things also can be made.—Mrs. S. Williams, 27 Mount St., W. Preston, N.R. Melbourne.

WHEN USING a large brush for either kalsomine or paste, drive a fair-sized nail into the wooden frame. Then when the brush is not in use it can be rested or hung on the side of the bucket. This prevents the brush from falling in and the handle does not become messy and dirty.—H. James, Acme, Queen's Rd., Fivedock, N.S.W.

handles, in black, are sunk into the all-white stove. Drop doors transform themselves into useful shelves on which oven dishes can rest while being inspected during the process of cooking.

Plenty of cupboard space for stores and utensils is arranged for. The wide window provides for a good daytime light and plenty of air, while electric lighting is so placed as to cast no shadows whatsoever.

This streamlined scheme, what is more—take heed Australian sisters—is applicable to mansion or cottage and to the small space available in the modern flatlet.

American Prize-winner

NOW, compare this dream of an English kitchen with the one shown in the circle, which secured first prize in a very recent kitchen competition in America.

This, a well-schemed kitchen, was placed first because it is admirably lighted and gives the impression of efficiency.

The adjudicators consider that the alignment of sink and adjacent working surfaces is admirable, as also the provision of a hood over the stove, while the large table will commend itself to anyone with cooking experience.

Nevertheless, in my opinion, England wins—despite America's start of years.

Australian Design

NOW, the other smart kitchen sketched on this page shows a well-equipped Australian kitchen, introducing the convenient breakfast alcove.

This kitchen would look better without the centre table, which seems to me

centres, with the sink and stove under a good light, is also interesting. And note the innovation of the high-seated chair, specially designed for kitchen use, with its streamlined frame of washable enamelled metal.

What a Stove!

SET on a solid base, with no haunting "underneath" to keep clean, even the gas-stove becomes part of the built-in furniture for this ideal kitchen. This is a point that few of us have seen, or if we have seen it, have remained mute.

Incidentally, in this modern stove, there are no outside pipings, no even grids, ridges, or corners to harbor dirt. The covered-in top is fitted with self-lighting boiler rings. Controls and

bordered with silver lustre is the delicate color scheme of the walls, with below an original Scotch plaid pattern. The wall tiles are finished with a lovely egg-shell gloss, a surface that cleans easily and quickly.

Everything in the way of furniture and fittings has been devised to save labor, stooping, and steps.

In fact, all the furnishing equipments are made of the right height to obviate unnecessary stooping while cooking preparations and washing up are in progress. And with the modern streamline effect no ledges are there to collect dust and grime.

An outstanding attraction is the continuous table-top which goes all round the walls, for it leaves a clear space in the centre of the kitchen.

The correct grouping of working

Autumn Leaves

A MANNEQUIN PARADE

Depicting the
New

Autumn Modes

with

MISS JESSICA HARCOURT
and Charming Mannequins

A delightful presentation to be held in our Florentine Restaurant—a timely showing of the modes predicted to be the most fashionable in the coming season. Mr. Wilson Ewart, the well-known Sydney Bass-Baritone, will render popular songs during the Parade, and a delicious Afternoon Tea will be served for the small charge of 1/6.

Daily at 3 p.m. and Friday night at 7 p.m., commencing Monday, 4th, to Friday, 8th March, for one week only. Avoid disappointment by booking right away at the Ground Floor Enquiry Desk—there is no extra charge for booking.

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Countless women have secured a FREE glasscloth or cake-cooler by saving their Trufood labels. Then they've started a new set and obtained a second gift. . . . and so on and on, building up quite a stock of these full-size, good quality glasscloths. Have you started yet?

THAT'S THE LABEL EVERYONE'S SAVING FOR
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HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT!

Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have 8 for a handy cake-cooler, made to last, 9 ins. x 14 ins.—or 10 for an absorbent pure Irish linen glasscloth, 33 ins. x 23 ins. Then take your labels to PARKES HOUSE, HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing:

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.
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Post to "FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT," BOX 30227, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL MARCH 30, 1935



Everyday cooking is nicer with TRUFOOD

Whether you're making cakes, desserts or sauces they'll be more temptingly creamy and nourishing if you use Trufood. It is always ready to use and very economical, so that you can give the family all the milk they need at half the cost. Trufood is pure country milk with the water and the butter fat removed. That is why it makes cakes lighter as well as richer, and everything else you bake far more delicious.

IF THE RECIPE SAYS MILK...
use TRUFOOD



30.65.19 N
TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED



AN ELECTRIC poker-work machine costs 55/6, and a hand machine with a platinum needle is priced at £3. Note the intriguing bread-board with knife in slot, and beside it a tray ornamented with poinsettias—the work of a young enthusiast. —Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

POKER-WORK ... a Simple Craft!

With Unlimited Possibilities

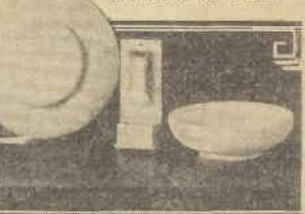
This modern urge to develop our artistic sense and express our individuality leads us sooner or later to poker-work. It is a hobby with unlimited possibilities, and it is the medium by which our most simple and everyday articles of use may be invested with color and enduring beauty.

QUITE a simple craft, little or no experience is necessary to start. The initial outlay for equipment is not prohibitive. A good electrical machine, which is guaranteed

poker-work are the commercial possibilities. Art shops and florists and many others are finding a ready sale for artistic wooden articles, whilst bread-boards, trays, match-holders, and smokers' stands add a colorful note in most of our homes.

WHITE wood articles are specially manufactured for poker-work. From these the amateur and the professional may select trinket-box or bread-board—or something more ambitious—at little cost.

foolproof, costs but 55/6, and plain wooden articles such as those illustrated may be bought for a few shillings. Not the least among the attractions of



For the lass who brings her individuality to the fore the gift problem is permanently solved, for what could be more appreciated than a monogrammed cigarette box for "him" or a trinket box for her girl friend.

I confess that I become a little wearied of the perpetual poinsettia and gum-nut designs, but why use them? We find in the fancywork section of this paper each week new designs and motifs that could be traced and worked into every pleasing design, or we could copy the transfer from our kitchen furniture and repeat it on many of our kitchen gadgets. We could copy a pleasing design from one of the illustrated journals or an advertisement. . . . there are hundreds of ways of getting away from the everlasting red and brown and experimenting with the softer and daintier colors!

And now a few words about the actual work. . . . The wood to be worked on should be very white and free from knots. Sycamore, holly, chestnut, and lime are all favorite woods employed. First of all slightly dampen and glass-paper the wood repeatedly until a satin-like surface is obtained, then trace lightly the design.

Hold the point upright when burning the lines, keeping it red hot if a deep line is required—for a light line, touch the wood lightly with a comparatively cool needle (a small switch is fitted on the machine by means of which 3 degrees of heat may be obtained).

Be careful to start and finish each line lightly, otherwise if the point is removed suddenly an ugly dot will appear. After all the outlining of the design is completed, the coloring may be painted in. . . . Indian ink is the best for this, as the colors will not fade as some paints do.

The electric machine has one big advantage over the older type of machine: it obviates the hand bellows and so leaves one hand free to steady the work. But for those of you who live in the far country and have not the luxury of electricity, and have to use a machine equipped with a benzoline lamp and bellows, that difficulty is easiest overcome by getting one of the menfolk to fix up a frame to hold the work steady. . . . simpler still to bribe one of the children to press the bellows! In either case full instructions are given with each machine, and mistakes are practically impossible.

Here's a hint to bring out the full flavor of the cup of tea: You warm the pot and make the tea with boiling water in the usual way. But after the pot has been filled with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of cold water. This tiny drop of cold water helps to bring out the full flavor.

HORT HOLLIBROOK, 1887: Since 1898 the House of Hollibrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant. @ @ @

ALL SUFFERERS FROM INDIGESTION

are invited to read these notes, and send for the FREE SAMPLE. It costs you nothing, and it must do you good.

After a meal, a healthy person feels a sense of contentment and geniality and forgets that he has such a thing as a stomach. Unfortunately, there are thousands who, after they have taken food, usually become conscious that they have a stomach. A large portion of their food lies in the stomach fermenting, causing flatulence and painful distending of the stomach. Being right under the heart, the distended stomach presses on the heart, causing palpitation. Other symptoms are acid stomach and heartburn.

If these early symptoms are neglected or not treated in a proper manner, the stomach itself becomes affected. The walls of the stomach become inflamed and the unfortunate sufferer has gastritis or dyspepsia. In this condition, every mouthful of food adds to his distress, and he looks upon himself as an incurable dyspeptic in constant agony.

Neglect of early symptoms may be dangerous!

Unfortunately, the trouble does not even end here. The inflamed stomach pours out acid in increasing quantities which lays in the folds of the stomach and actually eats into its walls. This condition is ulcerated stomach or ulcerated duodenum.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and commonsense way, and if you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the stomach is coated with a film of colloidal-kaoilin. So finely powdered is this kaolin that it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach, protecting it from the burning acid.

Thirdly, it actually digests a portion of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder so assist Nature to build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of the trouble.

Read This Remarkable Testimony

Mr. John Harris, of 2, Dale View, Dale Rd., Sutton, Derbyshire, writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with nasty bitter food arising from my stomach. An operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later, all my troubles returned. I heard of your Antacid Powder, and after three days I was able to leave my bed and get out of doors. Before the first tin was empty I was able to enjoy my meals."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is invaluable for:

INDIGESTION	ACID STOMACH
DYSPEPSIA	GRIPPING PAINS
GASTRITIS	HEARTBURN
PALPITATION	FLATULENCE
ULCERATED STOMACH	

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the interview with the "hairdressing expert" in last week's "Women's Weekly" (22/2/35) on page 26.

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THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Eliot.

Sent in by F.L.P., Double Bay, N.S.W.

THE sole end for which mankind is warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection.—John Stuart Mill.

Sent in by V.C.N., Ashfield, N.S.W.

TIMES When CANDOR is NOT WISE or DESIRABLE

LOUISE MACK
Advises

All Depends on the Man

Most women begin their married lives with the beautiful intention of always being absolutely frank with their dear husbands.

"We'll have no secrets, darling," might be described as the young bride's slogan.

THEN life, with its multitudinous cross-currents, sweeps onwards, and the wife often finds herself drifted right out of touch with her husband.

New issues close in on her, and on him; strange new combinations are formed in their lives, some of a business nature, some purely social, but all with a peculiar little dividing quality that comes inevitably between the early oneness of the happy twain.

Very few married people reach middle-age without having acquired a certain number of secrets from each other no matter how honest was their intention at the beginning to keep true to their ideal of "No secrets, darling!"

It isn't always possible to tell everything, nor is it always wise, idealistic though it must always be.

"JUSTICE" has given us a strange and perplexing problem to consider this week, dealing with "Should a Woman

Tell?" Her letter is rather a long one, but I'm going to quote it in full, so vitally interesting is her problem.

"A man while boarding away from his wife was attracted to a neighbor's wife. The neighbor's wife resented his attitude and informed her husband, who was highly indignant yet refused to speak to the offender. After leaving the district, the offender attempted to get in touch with the neighbor's wife through means of letters.

"The husband, whose jealousy had flared, suspected such an effort, and without his wife's knowledge obtained a letter which was addressed to his wife in care of the G.P.O. Two letters were received by this method, then one day he accused his wife, wrongly. She knew this man had said he would write, and her reply was she would not claim the letters as she had no time for anyone but her own husband. The husband baited his wife over the wording of these letters which she never saw opened or received.

"Her contention is that had she kept the knowledge to herself much trouble would have been avoided. My contention is, a wife has a perfect right to appeal to her husband when there is annoyance from other men, and the husband had a right to pull the offender up when he had the chance, and no one else need have known their business.

"Instead, the husband pilloried his wife by having the letters read out in front of a relative, and was prepared to institute divorce proceedings instead of being proud and glad that he had a loyal wife and decent mother for his children. How can a woman deal with such a situation?"

OF course, the ethics of this question are not affected by the fact that the wife was made to suffer for her frankness.

I think the wife was right to follow her natural impulse and tell her husband. If that impulse was wholly and solely prompted by her desire to be absolutely candid with her husband.

But suppose there were other impulses at work. Suppose the wife told her husband because her vanity was slightly flattered, and she wanted him to know she was admired? Or suppose she wanted to make her husband a little jealous? Lots of wives do that, either because they're sadistic or because they want to give themselves a little excitement.

I maintain that a wife who tells her husband that another man is in love with her deserves to be pilloried if she tells him because she wants to make him jealous, or because she wants to flatter her own vanity.

But if she told out of sheer love of candor and a genuine longing not to have secrets from her mate, then why was she not able to convince her husband of her candor?

Candor or Camouflage

IT may be sad, but it's perfectly true, that there comes a time in every wife's life when she has to decide between candor or camouflage.

If she is wise she takes a bird's-eye view of her husband before she decides. She surveys him clear-sightedly. She diagnoses him. She takes him to pieces, bit by bit, carefully. She pulls out all his good qualities and all his bad ones, and weighs them, and if at the end of it all she realizes that her husband has a jealous nature and is naturally suspicious as well, surely she chooses wisely when she denounces candor as harmful, even cruel, and camouflage as sensible, kindly, and harmless, and better for her husband's health and happiness.

MANY a man has his private life kept smooth and rosy because his wife keeps things to herself, innocent things that don't look so innocent, maybe.

There was a time, perhaps, when she wanted to leave him. But she never told him so. And he, being perfectly satisfied with himself, never knew what was passing in his wife's soul. She kept it to herself for his sake. She never told him how his long-windedness bored her.

She never told him that she loved listening to that bright friend of his who came to dinner sometimes.

She never told him that he got on her nerves.

She told him only bright, sunny, loveable things, and he remained a happy, contented man, with his nice home, and nice-looking, stylish wife and pretty little children.

She never told him when Johnny stole and Jean fell in love with the butcher-boy.

Was she deceitful? Was she playing false to her husband? Or was it not rather that she was playing true to the man she knew her husband to be—the jealous, suspicious, highly-strung, yet devoted man to whom candor would mean disaster while camouflage meant salvation and felicity?

HONEST Holbrook says: For the Bridal Party let me suggest some Holbrooks' Queens Olives. They are always popular.***

Don't develop that WASHING-DAY DROOP

AGED THIRTY-
LOOKS FORTY-
FEELS FIFTY-

-BECAUSE OF OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAYS

The strain of the old-fashioned rubbing-scrubbing-washing-day usually results in bent shoulders and dragging steps. When a woman is too tired to hold herself erect she is well on the way to the middle-aged figure. Protect your figure—use Rinso for easy washing-days.



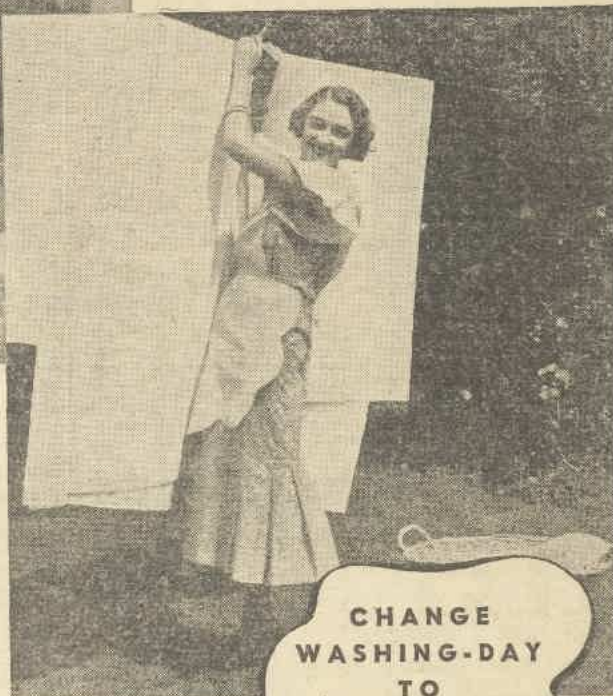
With Rinso in the tubs and copper you haven't a chance to get fagged-out. No need to spend hours rubbing garments—dirt soaks out of the clothes. And there's no fear of dingy linen after Rinso—instead, there's that extra-special whiteness.

How to wash the Rinso way

You don't need any bar soap or anything else with Rinso. Just sprinkle some Rinso into the tub and add hot water. Use enough Rinso to make a good lather. Leave the clothes to soak for an hour or two, or overnight. You'll find the dirt just floats out of the clothes... the Rinso suds are so full of washing-power.



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TO
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for a distinguished season.



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BRIGHT EYES

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JAMES DUNN

She's the sweetheart of the
airframe... guardian angel
of the fliers who rate
their lives more lightly
than her love!

FOX
and TOLSON

Why Not Plan a Gay Sun Porch Now?



.....It Need Not Be an Expensive Undertaking, and What Joy... What Comfort ... When Winter Comes!

STITCH, stitch, stitch—in and out in half crosses—the simplest stitch imaginable. Cherry, green, and blue wool decorate this sun porch rug. When it is completed—and backed with felt for additional warmth and durability—it will be the envy of all who see it.

—Women's Weekly photo.

It is always advisable, no matter what one is doing, to try and plan a little ahead. Many hectic moments, much discomfort and expense might be saved if this were universally practised.

THERE are many simple and inexpensive ways in which to decorate a sun porch. Simplicity should be the keynote every time. Bright colors are warm and most suitable.

If you possess colored chairs and tables already, well and good. If not, why not paint some yourself? There are various makes of enamel on the market, and they are quite easy to apply.

Of course, for the more conservatively-minded you may have natural or dark brown furniture, and depend on the accessories only for color. This can look very beautiful.

Plenty of brightly-colored cushions, anyway, for they give color as well as luxurious comfort. Many and varied are the ways in which these can be made.

Curtains and blinds also need consideration and care. And so do the floors. So many people forget all about those stealthy breezes that blow up from cracks in the floor, and freeze the feet. Here is a very new, a very interesting and inexpensive and colorful way to combat them.

Buy some rug canvas, brightly-colored rug wool, and a large wool needle, and work a mat—or several mats. The task sounds extraordinary, but it's really quite easy. Work it in half-cross stitch with bright stripes, or a geometrical pattern.

These rugs can be so bright and warm, and give such a gay note to your sun porch—as well as to the sleep-out.

If striped blinds are chosen, the same colors may be introduced into the mats.

The right materials, and a little originality and artistic conception can work wonders in this way. Besides the home, extra comfort and color can be added to the car or the mats can be made for a boat.

Mats to match the car with contrasting initials, etc., are a good investment. Ideas and suggestions about the mak-

ing of rugs with methods for working are given in the Demonstration Department, 4th Floor, David Jones'. Country customers may avail themselves of this offer by writing to the department. Enquiries will be given prompt attention and consideration.

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PLAZA



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TOO SLOW on the DRAW

Continued from Page 6

FOR several miles, keeping well in the rear, Molly had ridden behind Weston and Ransom. She drew rein as she saw the men turn off at a narrow point where on one side of the narrow trail was a sheer drop to the river, and on the other side an almost unscalable rocky wall, honey-combed with small caves.

Dismounting, the girl tethered her pony in the brush, and commenced to slowly force her way through the bush at the side of the trail. It was rough going, but she dared not expose herself.

Scratched and bruised she reached a point close to the men, even as there came the first sounds of the approaching waggon. The heads and shoulders of the men were visible over the edge of a shelf of rock, only a few yards from where Molly crouched. Her right hand closed about a small automatic in her pocket. If only she—No; she could not even shoot Ransom from ambush. She could only wait—and wait.

"All set?" Ransom's voice cut into her thoughts.

"Yes," Weston's voice was strained. "All right; listen close. I'm headin' down trail so's I can drop the leaders if I have to. You stand at right angles to me so's you can plug the guard if he gets funny, or a Mountie if he's ridin' behind. When they've dropped their guns you unhook the animals an' drives 'em back down trail. Then

the rocky walls hurled back the roar of the shot. Ransom spun sideways, a stream of curses spewing from his lips. His gun had been shot from his hand and sent spinning over the cliff.

Four horses huddled, reared and kicked in a squalling, terrified bunch, then were away on a dead run before the startled driver could grab the lines. "Put up your hands!" The command came from Weston, but he was too late. In one jump Ransom had found the shelter of a boulder. From its shelter his voice rasped out.

"Double-cross me, eh? Quit cold on account of a girl. You—"

"Are you coming out, or shall I come and get you?" Weston's tone was cold. "I know you haven't another gun."

"I'm comin' . . . damn you . . . an' comin' fast!" Even as he uttered the words Ransom appeared. His right hand moved in a blur of speed. Came the glint of sunlight on steel and Weston staggered back, the gun dropping from his right hand as a knife buried itself to the hilt in his right shoulder.

"O HI!" Molly could not repress the scream as she ran towards Weston. And now Ransom, his face contorted with killing lust, was lunging forward.

"Double cross me, eh?" With savage



Bachelor's . . . Philosophy

THE hardest thing for one woman to forgive another is her not needing forgiveness.

you ties up the fellers an' lugs 'em into a cave. After gettin' the roll we heaves the rig over the cliff. Savvy?"

"Good." Ransom's head and shoulders vanished from the girl's range of vision as he walked away.

AROUND the bend came the waggon, hauled at a walking pace by four horses, for the grade just there was steep. The watching girl saw that no Mountie followed, and breathed a soft sigh of relief; the waggon's sole escort was a man with a rifle across his knees, seated beside the driver. And then Ransom reappeared, halting full in the path of the toiling horse.

"Drop that rifle an' hold them animals!" Ransom shouted it from behind the folds of the neckerchief that now masked the lower half of his face. The heavy gun in his right hand covered both men on the seat. As one man, driver and guard elevated their hands. A hasty glance over their shoulders revealed to them Weston's masked face and menacing revolver.

"Anyone followin'?"

"No," Weston's reply was muffled. "Then you know what to do."

And at that Molly acted. With one jump she was on the trail and pressing the muzzle of her pistol into Weston's back.

"Drop that gun, but don't turn round." Her voice was clear.

Weston stiffened, even as Ransom's voice boomed out menacingly.

"You keep out of this, girl, else I'll drop you an' these two hombraes cold. Get me? Back away an' drop that gun!"

There was no mistaking the chill menace in his tone, and Molly knew of his almost uncanny skill with a gun. With a stifled sob she obeyed and turned away. A coarse laugh came from Ransom.

"An', girl, we'll attend to you as soon as we've fixed these fellers, so don't try to run for it." His eyes were leering, and the girl went cold, even as Weston gave a violent start—and then without warning swung slightly and fired pointblank at Ransom.

In a flash all was pandemonium. As

HOST HOLBROOK says: A nice shiny doll-face—hot, buttering heat, then spread a little of Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste—



HANDS OUT FOR SOLVOL at the first sign of grease, grime or stains on your hands. Keep **SOLVOL** handy—in the car and in the kitchen—wherever there are messy jobs to do. The rich penetrating **SOLVOL** lather goes deep into the pores after worn-in dirt and stubborn stains. No rubbing and scrubbing—60 pleasant seconds does the trick!



25-28-35

strength he wrenched the knife free. "Well, this time the steel's going home." He lunged and Weston ducked, his one good fist catching Ransom full on the jaw. But Ransom merely shook his head, grinned evilly, and prepared to strike again.

But he had forgotten the girl. With frantic speed she stooped, grasped a large stone and, with every ounce of her young strength behind the blow, crashed it down upon Ransom's head. Again she struck. The killer reeled then slumped to the rocks—senseless.

"Gad!" Weston breathed his admiration, then, "Quick!" From a pocket he drew handcuffs. "Put 'em on before I faint."

Hastily, fumblingly, the girl did so. Weston, after making sure they were securely locked, sagged to a sitting position then stretched himself flat.

"Don't faint yet—please!" Molly was on her knees, striving to stanch the flow of blood from his wound. "Tell me, are you a double-crossing quilter or what are you?"

Weston smiled gamely, but his words were gasps.

"No . . . chance . . . as . . . long . . . as . . . he . . . had . . . gun. Orders . . . disarm him and . . . bring . . . him . . . in alive. He murdered . . . one of . . . fellows. Want . . . hang . . . him. I planned . . . for this . . . chance. Based . . . on . . . shoot- . . . ing . . . and . . . maybe . . . more . . . good . . . men."

"But who are you?" Her face was close to his.

"Corporal Weston. Mounted. And, Molly,—his voice was suddenly firmer as the first nausea passed. . . . for a long time . . . been wanting tell you I love you. Couldn't until I'd finished this job. Wasn't sure I'd live through it."

"Oh!" Her voice broke in a little sob of sheer happiness. "Oh, Terry, Terry, dear!"

"You love me?" He raised his head. "Yes, yes!" Pillowing his head in her lap she bent and kissed him. "And I shall hold you like this until help arrives."

"I hope," he whispered, as his good arm embraced her, "the rescue party does not arrive for a long time."

Molly's reply was to again press her lips to his.

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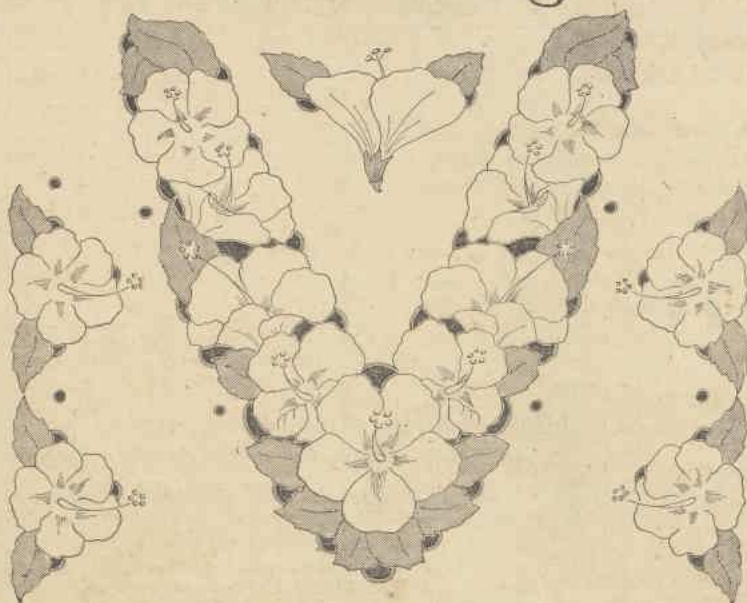
NEW BEAUTY for Your ... Frocks and Lingerie!

Bertha Maxwell

shows how you can immortalise the picturesque wonder of a tropical bloom in simple stitchery!

Enable you to accomplish this, an exclusive 15 x 20 transfer, carrying more motifs even than the lovely hibiscus design you see here, which is suitable for cut work, solid embroidery, or applique, is obtainable for 9d. post free.

Needleworkers will find a dozen uses for this new and



A CLOSE-UP of the lovely hibiscus design for neck and sleeves of frock or lingerie—V-neck, sleeve pieces and back pieces. The actual transfer sheet, costing 9d. post free and obtainable only at The Australian Women's Weekly, contains more motifs than are shown here—a most generous transfer.

original design, which may be cut and pieced up to suit a score of differing garments, including the finest and most luxuriously chic trousseau.

STROLLING through the bright sunny streets during the hot weather, or peeping into the little "Frenchy" shops in the arcades, one encounters here and there an embroidered linen frock which remains in the mind long after others have been forgotten. These frocks are always in excellent taste, simply but well cut and made, relying for their effect on the quality of the linen and the hand-stitching. . . . And this stitching is not the mere "touch" of needlework of past days, but a very generous quantity of good cut-embroidery, the little open bits of which make such a frock cool to wear and fascinating to the eye.

THERE are only two ways of obtaining these delectable dresses—to dip into a purse of considerable depth, or to make them; and this is the right time of the year to begin the work.

Probably we all possess a length of linen from the summer sales, so easy to make into a really lovely frock for the first spring day, which comes suddenly upon us and finds us with nothing but last year's old raiment. To have such a dress ready to wear is surely a rich reward for a few winter hours with our needles. And if there is really no time for the work, why not pay someone else to do it?

The design shown on this page features hibiscus flowers with their leaves and little cut pieces without bars.

On the actual transfer sheet there is more than shown here—an extra single flower and enough edging motifs for repeating the flower six times—so that one could use three little flower edges for each sleeve.

Being stamped in yellow, the transfer will mark readily on all dark linens or cottons or silks; it may be cut and altered to suit all kinds of garments.

The small sketches will give an idea of several ways of using

the design; many more will occur to the worker who has other uses for her embroidery.

Those who do not wish to do cut-embroidery should take a small sharp scissors and clip away all the tiny curved bits from the edges of the pattern; it is then very good for solid embroidery or applique.

The transfer is obtainable only from The Australian Women's Weekly for 9d. post free.

The Colors

LOVELY cut-embroidery on colored linen is usually carried out in self-thread or a deeper tone of the same color. Sage or rather blue may be stitched with dark blue or self; pink with self or deep rose; lettuce and apple-green are really lovely when sewn with white, and the same applies to sky blue. Orange and fawn linens seem to need brown threads, while white, the favorite of all in tropic Australia, is always perfect when worked in white stitching.

For solid work and applique, natural shades can be used, and as hibiscus flowers are common in most of our gardens, it is very easy to find a pink, rose red, or apricot to suit our own tastes.

The Stitching

CUT-EMBROIDERY is very easy to do, especially when there are no bars to make. A line of running stitches is placed inside the outline of flower or leaf, and then buttonholed as neatly as possible.

If the design is examined it will be noticed that the petals and leaves are free and unconventional, so that one can wander along happily confident that slightly irregular stitches add to the charm of this type of handwork.

Veinings in petals and leaves may be lightly run in darning-stitch, as they need not be so well sewn as in table linen pieces.

A little satin-stitching will finish the long, petal-stamen centre, the fussy, tiresome parts of which have been omitted from the drawing.

Materials to Use

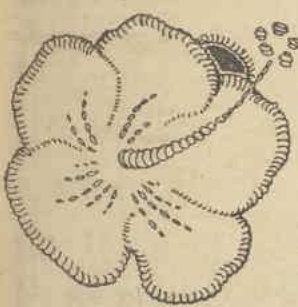
ONLY linen and patterns of good quality should be used for an embroidered frock. If it is cut simply, it will not date quickly, and may be worn to the last, giving the utmost amount of enjoyment from its lovely stitchery.

The embroidery may be done either before or after making up the dress. Embroidery-cotton in skeins will give excellent results. It is a single thread, strengthened by its lustrous mercuric-blue process, and is fast in color when made by a reputable firm. Stranded cottons are not so good for this work, as they will not endure the wear of buttonhole stitching on firm materials.

HOT ROUGHBOOK says: I mature my Worcestshire Dancer (and see imports a hot, pink, mellow flavor, a rich



ENCHANTING WAYS of using Bertha Maxwell's original and exclusive hibiscus transfer design on a linen frock or dainty lingerie for that very important "box." Please use only the best quality linen. Those who wish to use this design on silk will find that it makes a beautiful finish for a crepe-de-chine frock or underwear, and may be used also for net applique insets and borders.



AN EMBROIDERED flower, showing the simplicity of the stitches.

CERTAIN TO SELL SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read: "Bustling", printed by "Smith's" recently, brought me between £5 and £8. "I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £8/2/6 for two stories in the Australian Journal."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/10/6 for it.

"I have just received a cheque for £4/12/6 from The Bulletin for my story, 'Old George'."

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships'."

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PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

PARENTS! Your children's mental fare is important. Order Patti Patti's Weekly for them—healthy, amusing, full of interest.



I loved him...
I lost him...
I got him

"WHEN I first danced with Jerry, I knew he was the one man for me."

"One glorious dance! But when it ended, I was wretched, miserable. He didn't ask for another dance."

"I wondered why as I watched him dance with other girls. And probably I would never have known why had it not been for something I overheard in the dressing room—about me!"

"What a lovely dress Lois is wearing to-night! I heard one voice say."

"Lois always looks lovely—till she smiles! another voice replied. And then she ruins it all with those teeth of hers. Somebody ought to tell her to use Colgate's and get those stains off!"

"It hurt terribly. But I realize now how true it was. For I had allowed my teeth to become dull—unattractive."

"I must say that these stains had built up so gradually that I was not aware of them. And the toothpaste I was using wasn't getting them off completely."

"Then I started using Colgate's. Almost before I knew it my teeth were white and lustrous again."

"And then, one heavenly night, Jerry said: 'Darling, I want to see that dazzling smile of yours every morning—across my breakfast table.' I loved him—I lost him—but now he's mine, forever."

Let Colgate's
add to your loveliness

White, sparkling, beautiful teeth are the greatest single beauty asset any woman can possess. The secret lies in removing, completely, all the seven kinds of stains left on teeth by everything we eat and drink and smoke.

And Colgate's does this . . . where most toothpastes fail. Because Colgate's has two cleansing actions—not one alone. The first washes away many of the stains . . . the second gently polishes away all stains that remain.



If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. Sold at . . . 1/3.

D.C.3572

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Oh America—What Next? Here's the Latest in Furnishing

Let imagination once loose inside a home as it has been outside and all sorts of amazing things will happen. And since attention has focused upon the modern home, quaint ideas have been introduced. In America there are mirror-topped tables, bridge tables that clamp together and form dining tables, white brass-topped occasional tables, and corduroy velvet bedspreads!

DINING tables with mirrors instead of glass tops are among the latest ideas. All sorts of possibilities in home decoration are thus opened up. Sometimes the mirror glass is broken up into diamond-shaped or oblong sections. Imagine how much more beautiful flashing, reflecting mirrors will be than the ordinary glass or chromium!

Corduroy velvet bedspreads are another innovation for the bedroom. These take the place of eiderdowns, and are made with warm quilt linings. One bedroom scheme in a Fifth Avenue store was in brown, rose, with patches of blue.

The scheme was further carried out with pale brown sheets, monogrammed in dark brown to match the corduroy bedspread.

Plaid rugs are also to be seen about a great deal. The plaids are vivid and bold in design, and the rugs have fringed ends.

One lovely living-room scheme, seen recently, was in white, black and scarlet. Chinese lacquer. The rugs were white and the furniture was covered in woad white satin piped with scarlet to match the lacquer cabinet. An unusual note was shown by the mirror frame, in natural silver birch.

Then there are sets of bridge tables which can be clamped together quickly to form a big dining table or buffet board.

Much of the new furniture masquerading as "modern" is really an adaptation of the sixteenth century

French style. It is most attractive. Here, again, white enamel is much in vogue. The alternative is a light golden yellow. White brass is to be seen about a great deal, and makes effective tops for tiny occasional tables. One of these is circular, and about ten inches high.

It makes a delightfully convenient little coffee table, and is fitted with a half-way drawer. This is equipped inside like a cigarette box, with a section for Turkish cigarettes, another for Virginia, and yet another for cigars.

And This Is London!

Streamline furniture is the fashion of to-day. Furniture from which every unnecessary bit has been ruthlessly shorn.

Beautiful furniture, tailored, simple, unfussy, and well made. That is streamline.

It is necessary to these modern, small homes to have that kind of furniture, little but good.

Chairs must be comfortable, but they can be dressed in all kinds of materials. Tweed is still popular because it is so warm in winter and doesn't show the kicks and scratches from little feet that are happier climbing over the drawing-room chairs than the most enticing apple trees.

Teddy-bear coal is a modern covering for chairs.

Other up-to-date touches are thin chromium trays with a ridge for your cup or tumbler and space provided for cigarette ash, and a long narrow tray containing a tub for cigarettes, a lighter, and a pile of little ashtrays one on top of another, like patty pans.



DON'T... FORGET

The Grand Dance and Card Party at the Macquarie Hall, March 12, in aid of The Home Hall, May 21, at David Jones' ballroom.

The classes in first aid and home nursing being held at head office of St. John Ambulance Association on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 7.30. Classes also held at Morildale, Clomple, Manly, French's Forest, Quay, Ambulance Station, Hurville Grove, Rockville, Balmoral, and Marleyville.

The second-hand shop, 383 George Street, is to be opened on March 2 in aid of the Newtown Day Nursery.

The "Gipsy Husband" is to be produced by the Studio Theatre Club, March 2. Edward Driscoll will take the title role.

The performance of "Gypsy Love" by Peterborough Musical Society, March 9 and 12, at Peterborough Town Hall in aid of the Benevolent Society.

Lady Street will perform the opening ceremony of the garden to be held in the grounds of Sir Kello and Lady Kello's home, Albert Street, Edmond, March 9. The entertainment is being arranged by the Old Girls of Stratford Church of England, Lewson, and many attractions and amusements will regale the guests.

The At Home at the Lyceum Club at 3 p.m. March 6. The president will welcome all new members.

MISS MADGE ELLIOTT in one of the many elaborate frocks which she wears in "Roberta," the next J. C. Williamson musical production for Sydney. The story centres around a fashionable modish establishment and gives much scope for dress features. This is the first play produced by Cyril Ritchard.



Beauty comes from internal cleanliness

A clear complexion and eyes that sparkle with the joy of living are only possible when the system is kept clean and free from constipation.

Chamberlain's Tablets rid you of constipation gently but surely—they tone and gently slough old wastes and restore to you the beauty that is rightly yours.



SKIN DISEASES and THEIR ORIGIN

(Extract from a lecture given by Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., the well-known Skin and Scalp Specialist)

Many people who ignore Oundraff realise that many skin infections are caused by this complaint. Scabies, of the scalp, face, and body. Inflamed Eyes (Conjunctivitis), Itchiness, Pimples and Rash on the face, chest, and back, in the majority of cases find their source in Oundraff. Many scalp infections are due to too frequent washing of scalp, use of wrong soap, etc.



During the past 12 years Mr. McHugh has been remarkably successful in treating an amazing number of cases hitherto considered hopeless. His secret formula and special diagnostic treatment have made him famous in all parts of the world for the successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Vascular Wines, Various Ulcers, Tinea, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, Rosacea, Seborrhoea, Infantile Eczema, and other distressing complaints. When all other treatments have failed, free advice is available to readers of the "Women's Weekly" by writing to or calling on

Mr. J. J. McHUGH, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, First Floor, 121 W. Liverpool St. (Opp. Snow's), Sydney. Phone: MASON 10022; Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon.

Special Offer Thousands of Amazing Free Gifts!

FOR USERS OF THESE 4 POPULAR DOUGLASS PRODUCTS

To further popularise the use of the four excellent products illustrated in this advertisement the manufacturers offer you your choice of any free gift illustrated here in exchange for the following coupons:

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- 6 coupons from Fountain Pure Fruit Jellies
- 2 coupons from Basket Brand Mixed Dried Fruits
- 2 coupons from Breakfast D-Light
- 14 only assorted coupons required

NOTE: You must have the correct number from each product.

When you have collected your assorted coupons as shown above, bring them to the Gift Showroom of W. C. Douglass Ltd., Foveaux Street, Sydney (opposite Sydney Railway Station), and select your free gift before the 1st of May next, or call personally at our warehouse, 41 Scott Street, Newcastle.

If you live in the country, write to Miss Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and she will personally send you your free gift, provided you enclose two stamps for postage. Write your name and address clearly on the outside of your coupon parcel.

All Douglass Pure Food Products are sold on the guarantee by your grocer—"Satisfaction or your purchase money refunded." The most liberal coupon offer we have ever made!

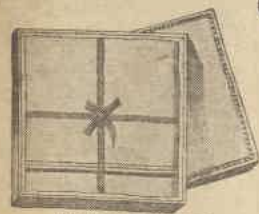


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- Thousands of brightly coloured useful gift towels, good quality. Size 40 inches x 20 inches.
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Good quality Fountain Pens for Boys and Girls.



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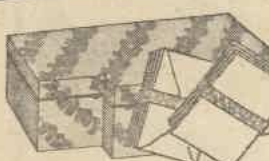
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Right through from birth until weaning time baby will flourish "on the bottle" — provided that the cow's milk is made easily digestible by the addition of Robinson's

"Patent" Barley. The directions for infant feeding are clearly and simply stated on the outside of every tin.

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FREE

Both before and after baby arrives you will be glad to have by you "My Book". It is a complete and authoritative guide to infant feeding. Apply for your free copy.

SIX PENN'ORTH of ROMANCE

Continued from Page 12

HE looked bored and lonely rather as though he would like to dance. One foot was tapping gently on the floor. And he wasn't dark and thin, he was tall and broad and very fair, with a sun-browned face and thick, untidy hair and a square chin. He didn't look a bit sleek and smart and the type that scared her into speechless awkwardness. He had a jolly friendly sort of face.

With a wildly thudding heart, Linda slid out of her chair and trying to look calm and casual, edged her way through the narrow, crowded space at the edge of the dance floor. She felt that man's eyes following her, but she kept on steadily, determined not to panic, and so arrived at the little table where the young man was lazily lounging, smoking a cigarette.

"Excuse me," Linda said in a small, uncertain voice. "But are you—are you engaged for this dance? If not, will you—er—be my partner, please?"

The young man jumped to his feet and stood over her, smiling and looking curiously confused.

"Why—no—I mean, yes—I should be delighted to."

He was very tall and strong-looking, and Linda raised her eyes to his with a little smile of relief. She would be safe dancing with him.

"My name is Linda Swanson," she said, recovering her breath a little. "I—

I'm here with a girl cousin but she's disappeared and I was left alone and I wanted to dance so that I thought I

might—I might—look round for a partner here." She was blushing pink again and avoiding his eyes. "Do you mind?"

"Good lord, no! By the way, my name is Laird—Robin Laird. Let's dance, shall we?"

Robin Laird—it didn't sound a very gigoloish sort of name somehow, Linda thought, as they went out on to the dance floor. And then a moment later she forgot all her perplexities in the sheer joy of dancing, for the floor was good, so was the tune, and her partner was best of all. For all his height and breadth and large-sized feet and hands, he danced extremely well, and though Linda didn't know any of the new steps she followed him perfectly without a single mistake. The dance ended, the drummer thumped his drum and the dancers streamed back to their seats, and once more Linda was covered with confusion. Ought she to offer to pay him now for the dance? Ought she to give him a tip when she did? It was all dreadfully embarrassing, and she hadn't the faintest idea how to set about it.

But Robin came to her rescue by saying: "Let's sit at my table and have some coffee or something, shall we?"

So hiring a partner for a dance included sitting out with him. Linda was thankful for that, because out of the corner of her eye she could still see the fat man sitting immovably at

his table, swallowing down champagne. But with Robin Laird she was safe—and besides he was nice to talk to and for the first time in her life she found herself chattering to a stranger, telling him all about the rectory and her father's lumbago and her young brother at Harrow, and Brenda. He seemed so interested in it all and listened quite eagerly and asked her all sorts of questions that drew her out more. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes shone and she forgot Brenda's existence.

Then the band burst out again, and Linda smiled and away a little in her chair. And then she suddenly grew red and fumbled for words. For of course she couldn't expect him to go on dancing with her like this. She felt certain, too, that she ought to have bought a ticket, she could see other girls buying them at a little desk, pink tickets.

"I—please don't bother about me," she managed to stammer. "I—I'll be all right. I haven't got a tick—a ticket, you see."

"Never mind about that," Robin said, getting up. "I'll settle about that afterwards. Let's dance."

And they danced all the rest of the evening, even when Brenda suddenly re-appeared, accompanied by a slim, dark young man. She looked casually round for Linda, saw her dancing, waved to her, shouted something, and vanished again. Linda didn't care.

The band had banged out "God Save the King," and everyone was moving off the floor. The atmosphere was thick and dusty, but Linda was as fresh as when she had arrived and as bright-eyed. A page-boy brought her a note just as she went to collect her wrap. It was a scrawl from Brenda.

"Darling—You seem to be in good hands, so forgive me for rushing off early. Jimmy's sister's in bed with flu, all alone, and I'm going round to make her comfy for the night.—B."

Linda came out into the entrance-hall and found Robin waiting for her, with his coat over his arm. He seemed to take it for granted that he was going to see her home and they walked the short way round to Brenda's tiny flat in silence.

Linda found that she was very tired and rather sad. The evening was over with its tiny glimpse of romance and adventure. Of course, it was over... after all she knew absolutely nothing about him, and there must be something a tiny bit queer about a strong, healthy young man like this who chose to earn a living in such an unhealthy, shabby way. A hired dancing partner! With that strong, muscular figure and magnificent youth—he ought to be tackling tremendous jobs out in the world, not flopping about a fussy dance hall.

She felt a lump rise in her throat and her eyes grew sticky with tears. Yes, she must be quite firm about it—this was the end, this moment when she opened the door and said good night to him. It had been fun and even a little exciting—but to-morrow she was going back to the rectory, and she wouldn't be back in London for another year at least. She would think of him sometimes sitting at his little table, waiting to be hired for sixpence.

"Good night," she said, holding out her hand, "and thank you so much for seeing me home. Good-bye!"

"Good—but look here, shan't I—can't we—?"

"I'm afraid not," Linda said, quietly drawing away her hand from his firm grip. "Good night."

And the front door was shut softly, but very decidedly in his face. He stood for a moment on the doorstep, frowning his tie, his face puzzled and bewildered. And on the other side of the door, Linda glanced against it for a moment, closing her eyes, imagining things... silly, romantic things—that couldn't possibly come true.

"B" BREAKFASTS

ready, Linda!"

A pale-faced, more than usually subdued Linda came out of her bedroom, dressed in her neat coat and skirt and felt hat. Her suitcase was packed, her umbrella strapped to it, the visit was over.

Brenda, on the point of rushing off again to see Jimmy's sister, had no time to see her off at the station, so time to notice Linda's depressed looks and feeble murmurs of thanks for a lovely time.

She found her way to Victoria and on to the right platform and walked up and down it—for she was forty minutes early as usual—in a sort of tired dream—in so much of a dream that she walked straight into a man who was standing by a seat, tripped heavily over his suitcase, and all but fell into his arms.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Oh, Colonel Morris, are you going down home by the same train?"

"Hallo, Miss Linda! Your mother told me you were gadding about in London and might be coming down by this train. I said I'd keep a look out for you. Here's the train coming in now."

Colonel Morris, dapper, military, and good looking, picked up the suitcases and began looking anxiously up the long platform.

Please turn to Page 44

When Royalty ordered Breakfast—

it was Kellogg's Corn Flakes!★ And the delicious, crisp, appetising cereal which pleased Their Majesties will appeal to you too. Kellogg's Corn Flakes make the ideal modern breakfast, for they are light and easily digested and yet quickly converted into the energy that modern life requires.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are full of nourishment for grown-ups and children and make the perfect light meal. Try them with sliced bananas or other fresh or tinned fruits! And instead of a heavy, hot, cooked breakfast, have Kellogg's Corn Flakes regularly and see how much better you feel!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



Read this...

Kellogg's will solve your breakfast problem. There's a Kellogg food for every taste. Try them all—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Bubbles, Whole Wheat Biscuits, Kellogg's Wheat Flakes, and Kellogg's All-Bran, the health cereal and natural cure for constipation.



An urgent message was received by an Edinburgh firm the other evening. It requested that a packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes be sent to the Palace of Holyrood. It had to reach the palace before 7 o'clock the following morning.

At midnight a wholesale house had to be opened up and the packet was despatched to the palace by taxi. Holyrood is the historic royal residence of King George and Queen Mary on their visits to Scotland.

The above appeared in the "Edinburgh Evening News" during a visit to Scotland by Their Majesties the King and Queen.

EAT A KELLOGG BREAKFAST—You'll feel better!

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

For those who heed as they run, here are PERTINENT TIPS ... on the Beauty MARKET

If a woman begins at forty to cultivate her looks she can, with perseverance, "take off" ten years of her age.

But if she waits much longer than that she can only expect to stand still, and really should not expect to become really youthful-looking.

It is most important to begin, not with elaborate rites and treatments, but with sensible care early. And women must be reasonable about what they expect of cosmetics.

Now in regard to beauty care it is necessary to know how to treat the time at your disposal advantageously.

Supposing you are worried about your skin, which has a tendency to pimples and blackheads. Now is the time to make full use of a good-for-your-skin diet.

Lots of vegetables and salads, fruits—a glass of orange juice at least once a day, plenty of milk and eggs, lots of water between meals—these are priceless complexion aids.

Scrub your face with soap and water twice a day—the best soap you can possibly afford. Plenty of exercise in the open air and regular sunbaths—you can and must find time for both. And what is more, see that your elimination is regular.

I guarantee that if you take these pertinent tips to heart, and practise them, you'll find your complexion decidedly improved at the end of two months—or less.

In conjunction with this internal treatment, and external hygiene, I must tell you of a lotion which will assist the clearing of the skin from blemishes. This home-made lotion must necessarily be made in small quantities as it does not keep. In reality, it is an old family remedy, and for generations members of this family have been noted for their marvellous complexions.

Here it is:

Mix together a tablespoon of flowers of sulphur with half a pint of milk. Let it stand an hour or two.

Then, without disturbing the sulphur (which must remain at the bottom of the glass) rub the milk lightly into the skin, or dab it on with a piece of soft linen or cotton-wool.

It can be made at night—used as a cleansing lotion, and again in the morning before applying the normal make-up.

This lotion is made from a simple recipe, but is a singularly useful one to know when blemishes, in the form of blackheads and pimples, appear.

EVEN in Australia we have our areas where the water is "hard." Those who fret and worry about existing conditions should collect rainwater and keep it on hand for washing the face.

Admittedly, in some dry sections it is difficult to get it often enough to do much good as a source and supply of soft water. But in other sections rainwater can be collected often enough to be of real use for face washing.

Water can be softened with borax very satisfactorily, but borax dries the skin. So borax-softened water is not good for the very dry skin, though it is excellent for the greasy skin. Oatmeal or almond meal are both good water-softeners, far more suitable to the dry skin than borax.

To use the meal, put a little in a small cheesecloth bag, and let it soak in the water a few minutes. Then turn out the meal, rinse the bag, dry and fill again. The meal—almond or oatmeal—should be used only once.

Boiled water, of course, is softer than

THE other day I was asked at what age should woman "do things about her looks."

My answer is this: If she begins while she is young, fresh, and in good physical condition to cultivate those qualities, eat wisely, exercise, and care for her skin, she can remain young-looking for a long, long time.

By Evelyn



THE cleverest make-up does not hide, with success, blemishes or a muddy skin. Concentrate first on fundamentals and then, if you wish, resort to art, for greater allure.

unboiled water, for some of the minerals that harden the water are precipitated by boiling.

ONE of my readers complains of being much embarrassed by a shiny skin. Some skins are naturally much oilier than others, and if you have that sort of skin you will naturally be troubled, especially in hot weather, with shininess.

There are lots of ways of making the skin look less shiny, however. Of course, good general physical condition means a skin that is normally, not abnormally, active in every way—and that means the oil glands do not secrete a too-great abundance of oil.

So the first thing to do is to be sure the general health is up to par. If it isn't, try to make it so.

KATHERINE DE MILLE (Paramount Player) of the flawless complexion eats little meat, but plenty of fruit, salads, vegetables, and fish. She drinks orange juice first thing in the morning and lots of water between meals.

Here again oatmeal has its uses. Put it, uncooked, of course, in little muslin bags—quite loosely made, to leave room for swelling. Dip these bags in lukewarm water and sponge the skin with them. Rinse the skin with lukewarm water, and use a mild astringent, such as witch hazel. Don't do anything that will stimulate the skin.

And remember that plenty of fresh raw fruit and vegetables is the best thing to keep the skin in good condition or to put it in better condition.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I suffer from repeated attacks of sore throat, which I suspect is laryngitis. Would you explain symptoms of the disease and the customary treatment for it?

LARYNGITIS is an inflammation of the larynx. The larynx is the "voice box" and it runs from the root of the tongue to the beginning of the windpipe.

The larynx is behind the prominent part of the throat, called the Adam's apple. Since the larynx contains the vocal cords, inflammation of this structure affects the voice.

Two forms of laryngitis are recognised. One is the acute form, and the other the chronic.

Laryngitis may be an affection of the larynx alone without being associated with disease elsewhere in the

body, or it may be associated with disorders of the nose or bronchial tubes.

In acute laryngitis the symptoms may be mild or severe. Sometimes there is only a slight tickling in the throat. Sometimes there may be fever. In the more severe cases the throat aches even while breathing. There may be a dry cough. Then the picture is that of the typical "sore throat."

At first the voice is only slightly changed, usually being of a hoarse or husky quality. Later the voice may be lost completely. In some cases when the individual tries to speak there is pain in the throat.

The application of an icebag to the

BY A DOCTOR

neck often gives relief. Often the inhalation of steam, coming from a kettle filled with boiling hot water, helps. If a few drops of tincture of benzoin be added to the water the beneficial effects of the steam are increased. Gargles of various kinds often are soothing, especially if they be warm.

In cases where there is fever the patient should remain in bed and the room be kept at an even temperature.

CHRONIC laryngitis may follow several acute attacks. It is important, therefore, to determine what causes the laryngitis in each particular case, and then to avoid a repetition of such cause.

Exposure to cold is frequently to blame. In very sensitive persons, the passing from a very hot room to the outside cold will bring about an acute sore throat.

Persons who use the voice a great deal—salesmen, speakers, and singers—are often susceptible to laryngitis of the chronic form. Chronic laryngitis may also arise from the constant inhaling of tobacco smoke or other irritating substances.

In the chronic form the symptoms differ somewhat from the acute type. Usually there is very little pain, if any. The voice may be somewhat hoarse, the throat may have an irritating tickle that produces frequent dry coughs.

The chronic form of laryngitis is very difficult to cure. A nose and throat specialist should always be consulted in chronic cases. It should be emphasised that treatment may extend to weeks and months before any resulting improvement.

This is because the mucous linings of the throat, when inflamed, are not easily reached and medicated. Furthermore, they do not naturally return quickly to a normal state when the inflammation is severe.

The general health is important, especially in chronic cases. Alcohol and tobacco should not be used. A simple diet, free from highly-seasoned foods, is best.



This TRIPLE ACTION makes my teeth whiter, healthier



Before a tooth can be polished it must be clean—that is why Listerine Tooth Paste FIRST cleans away film, stains and discolorations and THEN polishes. That also is why Listerine Tooth Paste makes teeth so much whiter and gives them such sparkling lustre. It protects teeth and gums, too, by counteracting fermentation—the chief cause of decay and infection.

Give your teeth this TRIPLE care. No single purpose dentifrice is adequate, you need the TRIPLE action of Listerine Tooth Paste—a COMPLETE beauty treatment for the teeth. Get a tube to-day—1/3 large size.

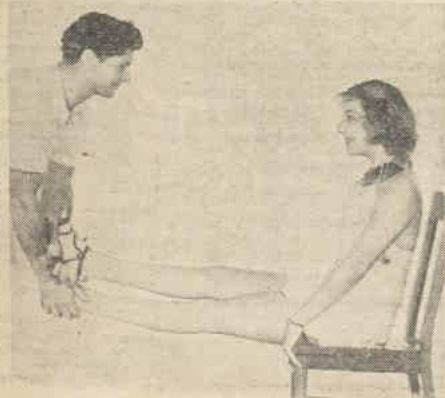
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"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD BREATH?" The answer is, Nobody, if Listerine Antiseptic has been used, for it instantly makes the breath sweet, pure, agreeable beyond power to offend others. Of all chemists, 1/3, 2/3 & 5/9 a bottle. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (Aust.) Ltd.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

THIS exercise beautifies the legs. Sit on a table or chair. Put your legs out straight in front of you. Holding them stiff, swing them up and down. Now, hold both legs straight out as before, hold the right leg stiff, and cross the left one over it, stiffly; then swing them in that position. Then try the left leg underneath. Posed by Gertrude Michael, Paramount player.





It's good for
the whole
family!

You make a good beginning when you start the day with Granuma Porridge — the whole-wheat cereal with the nutty flavour.

You can enjoy the wholesome nourishment of Granuma throughout the day by making delicious scones, cakes, biscuits, etc.

Get a packet from your grocer.

"A PRESENT IN EVERY PACKET."

Try This Cake Recipe

1/2 lb. Butter
1/2 lb. Sugar (sifted)
1 lb. Granuma
1 large tablespoonful Baking Powder

4 eggs
1/2 lb. Raisins
1/2 lb. Currants
1 lb. Chopped Almonds

Method: Beat butter to a cream with the hand, add sugar, break in eggs one at a time, beating all the time, then throw in by degrees GRANUMA to which baking powder and a little salt are mixed, all raisins, currants and almonds. Mix all three well and lightly together, bake from 1 hour to 1 1/2 hours in a rather quick oven. Test it with a clean, bright skewer. If it comes out bright and clean the cake is done.

GRANUMA

PORRIDGE MEAL

Contains the whole of the wheat
Manufactured by Inglis Ltd., 336-404 Kent Street, Sydney.

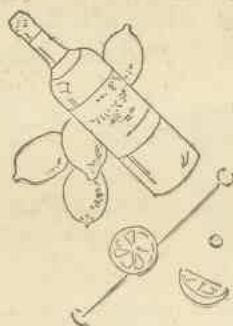


No need to
curtail your
social round

... difficult days can
be easily overcome

INTERESTING activities, anticipated social events need not be foregone nor postponed through the intervention of trying, nervy days. There's a simple unfailing prescription that enables you to feel at your best always... a pleasant agreeable sedative within the reach of every woman — Vicker's Gin.

For generations, Vicker's Gin has assisted women on those occasions when an added reserve of energy is needed to offset fatigue and lassitude. Mildly stimulating, Vicker's Gin provides just the necessary palliative effect; and its careful distilling and UNVARYING PURITY make Vicker's a most suitable restorative that can be taken regularly.



"OH, Divine YOUTH!"

Continued from Page 28

"I'm not an atom in love with him, but it's a great chance," she decided.

So she thought she would take him, and that night met Robert Waring. He had come in with Claygate from dinner, and the party was being given by Claygate's young brother, Johnnie, who was out for fun and thought you found most at nightclubs and at Brooklands. He was a gay soul, twenty-three or twenty-four, and noisy and nice, and not such a fool as he sounds.

He had collected Leonora, and Cosette, the very new French danseuse, who marvelously said what she did in her native tongue, thereby saving most of the audience from seizures at the frankness of her remarks; Sam Morny, the eccentric, and one of the Russian Ballet; a nice, mixed gathering in which, save for the host and his friend, everyone was someone in his or her line.

Robert Waring saw Leonora at the moment when she saw him.

He saw what London saw exactly, a girl of almost translucent fairness, with wonderful dark eyes, and really lovely hands and feet; and Leonora saw a dark youth, rather bored-looking, who was taller by half a head than any man present, and whose eyes were quizzical.

"So that's Leonora Ducane: I've seen her billed," Waring murmured to Claygate.

"She's got the Russian Ballet beat," Claygate opined: "divine feet, and light as air! Like to know her?"

He presented Robert to Leonora, and they fell in love.

"Thank God I didn't say 'Yes' to Cordy," Leonora thought, her heart beating for the very first time.

Her eyes now were full of uncon-

scious appeal that innocent children's eyes possess. Leonora was a child in love.

Robert drove her home in Claygate's car. He told her he was an only son, and Leonora felt, for some unfathomable reason, dismayed when she heard who his father was.

But her dismay fled before her sense of crushing happiness when Robert said, not in quite the steady voice he had been using a moment before:

"I must see you again—if you will let me. Could you, would you, lunch with me to-morrow?"

Leonora could, and did, and Robert found her lovelier than ever in the daylight; she had a child's skin, white, flawless, and she used very little powder, and her hair glistened like king-cups in April sunshine under the small black hat she wore.

They went on meeting, and thrilling, and longing, and fearing. Leonora refused Cordover, who stared into her eyes and said: "What's happened to you?" and went out, to turn back and stare blankly.

"If you change—any time, in the next few months—write me."

Pokey Ducane, when he discovered Cordover had gone, felt a vast relief, which was dispelled by the certain knowledge Leonora was in love.

He discovered Robert Waring very easily, and withdrew into seclusion to study this affair.

Waring's great position did not dismay him; in it he thought he saw his own salvation, because he recognised any threat to it must destroy Leonora's chances.

He realised that this affair was on a different footing from all previous ones, for he knew Leonora loved Robert—he listened outside when Robert came to tea, in a room which now had been furnished by a great firm and was very pleasant, and had an air of graciousness, somehow.

Ducane, his ear to the keyhole, grinned as he listened: he knew when a man talks about his ambitions haltingly, when there are pauses, little, shy laughs, that the real thing is hovering near if it has not already laid its spell.

Of all types of men, he desired least the Waring type as a son-in-law; he resented Waring because he was of his own class and made him conscious of the fact.

There would be short shrift for himself if Waring married Leonora.

So this time he wrote to Waring's father with the very best results. Robert was sent for, shown the letter, talked with as man to man, very cleverly indeed, rather charmingly, very subtly.

"This letter, of course," Robert's father said, "is probably a result of spite. Of course actresses, even great ones, such as Leonora Ducane, must have to put up with a great deal of this sort of thing; their life invites it, unfortunately for them. I thought you had better know, Robert, see the letter, and destroy it yourself. I did not want you to hear later that I had received it and said nothing to you. I must see your little friend dance. Cordover raves about her quite openly."

Cordover! His name had been mentioned in the letter, and when Robert went to fetch Leonora from the theatre he found, in her dressing-room, sitting on an upturned dress-basket, his face more lanned than ever, his general air of bien-être, of hot-blooded, gay enjoyment more pronounced than ever; Cordover, telling Leonora, as Robert entered:

"Be glad! You're lovelier than ever, Nenie."

He did not know the younger man; he offered two steel-like fingers to Robert, and said pleasantly:

"Know your father."

He left the dressing-room a few minutes later, and as the door closed behind him, Leonora was at Robert's side. The accusation that she was hard-hearted must be withdrawn now; her eyes lifted to Robert's face were misty with love, with that humility love brings, and brings only once in a lifetime.

"Have you missed me?" she whispered, and her lips were lifted as trustingly as a child's.

It was all a little too much for Robert; he had a sense of being carried beyond his depth. His father's bland discussion of Leonora still baffled his mind; all his brain wanted Leonora.

He kissed her, and forgot in that kiss, holding her slender, trembling form close and closer, his kisses deepening and growing more passionate, that he could never marry her!

Despite his unbridling, the shackles of conventionality still bound about him; he was only this hour only a young lover, loving almost desperately.

Leonora released herself from his arms at last with a little broken sigh of utter happiness, sat down before her many-winged mirror, and said over one white shoulder, while making up her face:

"Darling, I have an offer of a new contract, at last."

In the mirror she saw half-a-dozen Roberts, and each vision dismayed her heart; the exultation of the divine hour fell from her little by little, like a radiant mantle slipping slowly to the ground, leaving the wearer exposed to the bitter cold.

Please turn to Page 41

KISSABLE LIPS!



Men say so!

Men want to kiss lips—not lipstick! There's no danger of "paint" spoiling the illusion with Tangee—it never cuts lips with a layer of lipstick. Instead it blends with your lips... intensifies your own natural coloring. Its cream base soothes and protects chapped lips.

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Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

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to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt substance off aluminium. Use Steelo... it polishes also. A 6d. packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

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A high quality red salmon — slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

In 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. tins



Try This For Rheumatic Pains

Nothing like Harrison's Pills for rheumatism, backache, groin pains, painful urination, depleted vitality due to acid and disorders, genital-urinary and bladder troubles. No matter how these things have failed you, Harrison's Pills will do you good, for they remove the cause of the trouble. A Hospital Nurse says: "You might be interested to know that the success of Harrison's Pills in treating Rheumatism and Bladder Troubles, Dysuria, etc., has been such that I have recommended this remedy to scores of patients and I can testify definitely to their powerful efficacy and great value for use in these painful troubles." If you want to get rid of your rheumatic aches and pains quickly—get a package of Harrison's Pills from the nearest chemist to-day. 1/- Trial Size. 2/- Standard Size, and 5/- Large Size. If not delighted with results—money back!

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Why not have done with that "not very well" feeling? You can't be well if a sluggish liver is making you irritable and depressed, if food-waste is clogging the system, if constipation is forcing poisons into your blood and nerves. You will be surprised at the spirit-brightening and pain-relieving effect of a simple course of Bile Beans, the 35 years proved remedy.

Bile Beans send your food healthily through your system, remove the waste, cleanse the choked-up intestines, and purify and enrich the blood. They are not a mere purgative, but contain vegetable extracts which are known to soothe and help other organs besides the bowels. Bile Beans get the whole system back to regular healthy habits.

Free from irritant drugs, Bile Beans can be taken at any time when you are not feeling A1. 1/3 and 3/- box at any chemist. Start getting well to-day!

Every Night Take
BILE BEANS
"FOR BETTER HEALTH"



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"I am writing to tell you that my baby who has suffered for the past six months with a form of eczema on his chest, has been completely cured by one week's treatment of your Rexona Ointment."

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FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS Baby's Pillow and Mattress

By MARY TRUBY KING

The subject of baby's pillow and mattress may not seem of much importance to the average mother, but it is forced upon our attention from time to time by such tragic news as the following: "Burying her face into a pillow in her pram — was suffocated in her sleep at her home yesterday. The father rushed with the child to hospital, but she was then beyond medical aid."

ONE minute a baby, healthy and happy, sleeping peacefully — and then, through a slight turn of its head, passing into a sleep from which there is no waking in this world. What comfort can there be for the parents of such a babe, unless it be that through their sorrow other little ones will be saved the same end and other parents their suffering?

It is generally agreed that there is no need for the use of a pillow at all, in either pram or cot. Babies sleep better if their heads are on a level with their bodies.

There is no objection, however, to a thin pillow, but it must not be large or too soft. The best size is 11 inches by 8 inches.

Quite apart from the danger of baby being suffocated, large soft pillows cut off too much air from baby's head and predispose baby to colds.

Fresh, pure, moving air tones up the mucous membrane of baby's nasal passages and makes it resistant to disease. But when baby's head and face are half buried in a thick, soft pillow, he re-breathes the air which he exhales, and gradually the mucous membrane of the nose becomes weak and unhealthy, laying an excellent foundation for the breeding of germs.

The use of too large pillows often causes a baby's head to perspire freely, and this is likewise weakening.

"But," you may say, "if no pillow is used the top of baby's head will get cold, especially if there is a draught."

This can be prevented quite simply. Line the head of baby's cradle with flannel if the weather is very cold, or with mosquito netting if the weather is mild. This will keep off the draught. If there is any doubt about it, place a screen round the head end of the cot. In addition, in very cold weather, baby may wear a little knitted bonnet. This is far more healthy than burying baby's head in a soft pillow which humps up at the back and on either side, cutting off the fresh air which is so vitally necessary.

If you decide to use a pillow, buy a very thin one, or make one or two yourself out of fine windowed bed-chaff. One bushel of chaff makes two mattresses and three thin, flat pillows for baby's cradle.

Economical Filling

CHAFF makes a very comfortable filling, and is beautifully cool. It is cheap and easily procured, especially by country mothers. Those who object to the smell of chaff may use kapok instead.

Make a case of some thick, soft, cotton material and fill it about three-quarters full with chaff or kapok. It should not be more than 11 inches thick — 1 inch thick being quite thick enough for a small baby. The outer cover may be as dainty as you wish, so long as there is no embroidery in the centre where baby's head will lie.

If baby tends to vomit, it is a good plan to make a second cover of waterproof sheeting to slip on under the outside cover. This can be washed, and saves frequent changing of the chaff.

The chaff for both pillows and mattresses should be baked in a tin in the oven before being used. It should also be picked over and any large pieces taken out.

If a chaff mattress is used it should be placed on top of a firm, well-studded and fairly thick mattress of hair or kapok. The advantages of having this additional chaff mattress are that it makes a cool, comfortable bed for baby, and should baby happen to soil the mat-

Questions Answered

Question.—Is it possible to foretell whether the baby will be a boy or a girl so that one can plan the clothes accordingly?

Answer.—No. It is not possible to do this. The clothes for male or female babies will be the same for the first nine months in any case.

HOTEL HOLLAND says: Many dainty recipes can be made with Holland's Anchovy Paste. In 1 lb. of box. 10/6. 2/6.

ress the cover can easily be boiled and the chaff renewed. When it is necessary to use hot-water bags, the chaff makes an even distributor for their heat.

To make a chaff mattress, prepare a strong cover of unbleached calico to fit the size of the cradle. Then half fill this cover with fine windowed chaff and sew up the open end.

NEVER use a feather or kapok pillow as a mattress for baby: both are too warm and do not support baby's body as it should be supported. Neither should feathers be used as a filling for baby's pillow.

Such tragedies as that instanced at the beginning of this article are all the more pitiable because they are so easily prevented.

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A book full of sketches and rhymes that can be brought out from the pages with a few strokes of the pencil, by even tiniest tots. Get the children to post the coupon below, and the book will be sent by return post, direct from the makers of SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT—FAMOUS HEALTH FOOD, FOR INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, NURSING MOTHERS, INVALIDS and AGED FOLK.

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Minor complaints are often more painful than serious ones. Take for instance Toothache, Neuralgia, Headache and acute Nerve Pains. They worry the individual and reduce the resistance to such an extent that the way is opened for attacks of more serious illnesses. 'ASPRO' definitely banishes these painful minor complaints in a few minutes. Thousands have proved it. Always have 'ASPRO' ready for any emergency. You will be delighted by its quick soothing action and the quick pain relief that it brings. Headaches, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains are banished in a few minutes with 'ASPRO.'
BUY A PACKET TODAY!

'ASPRO'
GIVES QUICK & SAFE RELIEF

EXTRAORDINARY
CASE OF HEADACHE AND
ASTHMA RELIEF

18 Glebe Road,
IPSWICH, Q'ld.,

Dear Sir,

Headache and Asthma together being about a very trying physical condition, I have often suffered severe bouts of Asthma which refused to respond to all sorts of medicines. During a recent attack I took 'ASPRO' to relieve a severe Headache, and to my surprise within fifteen minutes both Headache and Asthma had gone. From that day I have always kept 'ASPRO' handy, and at the first symptoms of Bronchial trouble take a dose and am right in no time.

(Sgd.) JAS. K. COUTTS.
D.P.M.

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PRAISES 'ASPRO'

Curlewia Street,
BONDI, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,

My profession demands long periods on my feet, and the NEURITIS which I contracted at the war has been very distressing during the last 18 months. Naturally I have tried to get relief in a number of ways, but the NEURITIS was very persistent and I began to feel desperate, when an old friend of the trenches insisted on my trying 'ASPRO.' Against my judgment I decided to try it, and it is a fact that I have never been free of pain. I regard 'ASPRO' as a great friend indeed, and without it I feel sure I should only be half the man I am to-day.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) R. B. GOW.

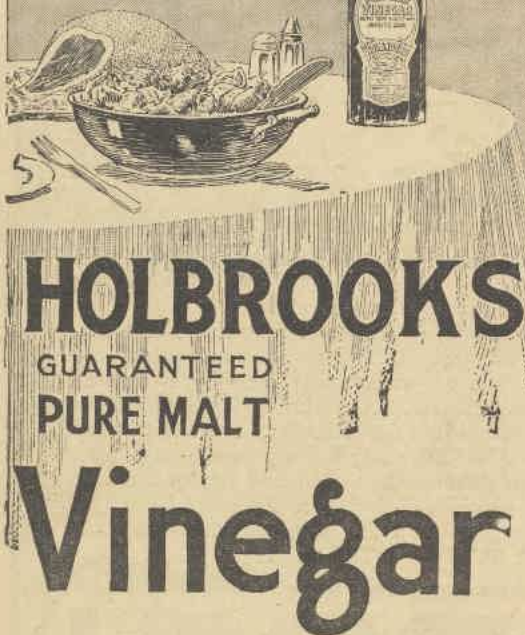
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"Do not spoil your salads by using an inferior vinegar.

My Pure Malt Vinegar is brewed from Australian barley and matured in wood until clear and mellow.

It will add a delightful piquancy to your salads."

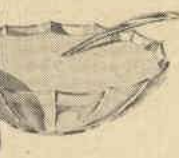


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PURE MALT
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BEST RECIPES

Competition for Housewives Carries Big Prizes

Easier than anything else, our weekly recipe contest is a competition where housewives shine. The excuse, "Oh, I can't write—I've never done anything like that," simply won't work here. If you have pen and ink and paper, and a really good recipe, you have a very good chance to win £2/10/-.

Each week we give eight substantial cash prizes: First prize, £2/10/-; second, £1; and six at 5/-.

But here's a hint to entrants. Please be certain that you include the whole of the ingredients. Ruth Furst, adjudicator, reports that the quantity of flour, sugar, or butter—as the case may be—is often omitted in an otherwise prize-winning recipe. This naturally disqualifies the recipe, which is a pity.

Here are the winners for this week:

TOMATO CUSTARDS

Six large tomatoes. Remove a slice from the top of each. Scoop out the soft part with a spoon.
Beat 3 eggs well, then stir in 3 tablespoons of milk, 1½ teaspoons grated onion, 1½ teaspoons minced parsley, a pinch of salt, and ½ a teaspoon of paprika.

Pour this mixture into the prepared tomatoes.
Place them in a baking dish with a little fat. Sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs, and bake 30 minutes.

Delicious served with cold meats.
First Prize of £2/10/- to Miss G. McCarr, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

OYSTER SCONES

Drain as many oysters as required. Make an unsweetened sauce: crush, roll or roll it to about quarter-inch thickness, and stamp into very small rounds. Dry each oyster. Dip into melted butter, and lay each on one of the small rounds. Put on pepper and salt, place a round of scone on top, place with egg, cook in a hot oven, and serve very hot.

Second Prize of £1 to Daisy Fenwick, Myall Creek, Glendon Brook, Singleton, N.S.W.

HAYSTACK SAVORY

One pint of cooked green peas, 1 lb. cooked, creamed potatoes.
On a serving dish mould a potato ring of hot mashed potatoes, and fill up the centre



THE NEXT TIME HE comes to supper have some oyster scone ready as a special treat. You'll find the recipe which wins second prize of £1 on this page.

With hot peas, drained, and seasoned to taste. Place in the oven to keep hot, and prepare the sauce thus:

Peel and thinly cut into strips three medium-sized potatoes (made as fluffy as wooden machine), wash, and dry them in a clean towel. After draining thoroughly have ready deep, clear fat, very hot, in the pan. Put in the strips, and cook until delicate amber color. Then smooth the sides of the ring of potatoes and spread the sauce evenly all over the top and sides to resemble a haystack. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley around the potato ring in human green grass. Serve with lamb cutlets, or mixed grill, and tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. E. Jennings, 4 Addison Road, Cheltenham, S.A.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

Six to nine green apples, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup water.
Wash apples and when cooked strain off any liquor, as pulp must be dry.

Now cream together 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar. Add 1 egg. Beat well and add 3½ tablespoons self-raising flour, and 1 tablespoon plain flour and mix well together. Put on round board. Roll in a round, press well in a 10-inch one in heat, and put half mixture on plate, and press all around with well-floured fingers. Now fill with apple pulp. Press other half of mixture into round on board and top on top of apple. It does not matter if top does not fit as heat of oven will spread same out evenly. Cook thoroughly for three-quarters of an hour in slow oven. Turn out to cake-cooler, and serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. E. Allopp, 4 Parramatta Park, Parramatta, N.S.W.

NUT BLANC MANGE WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

2 lbs. macaroon, 2 lbs. almonds, 1½ pints milk, 2½ desiccated sugar, 10, butter, vanilla essence.

For Caramel Sauce: ½ lb. loaf sugar, ½ gill water.
Wash and chop almonds. Put in a tin and beat until golden. Mix cornflour into a smooth paste with one gill of milk. Heat the remainder in macaroon with butter and sugar. Then add it to the cornflour. Return the cornflour mixture to the pan and bring it to the boil, keeping it well stirred. Let it boil gently for 10 minutes, then add the baked almonds and vanilla. Turn into wet mould and let set. Thinly cut blanc mange and pour cold caramel sauce over it.

To make Caramel Sauce: Put loaf sugar into small saucepan with quarter-gill of water. Dissolve slowly and bring to boil. Boil until a rich, golden brown. Take off and let cool a minute. Now add the remaining water and mix thoroughly the caramel. Boil gently for 2-3 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss F. Harrison, Maitland, S.A.

RABBIT ROLL

Three or four rabbits, 1 large onion, a few rashers of bacon, a little seasoning, 1 lb. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, salt, and pepper to taste.

Cut the fleshy parts from the rabbits, and put them through a mincer with bacon and onion. Add breadcrumbs, seasoning, salt, and pepper, and lastly the eggs to bind the mixture. Then grease some tin (if not loaf tins are kept these are excellent), and neatly fill them with the mixture, before removing in boiling water and steam for three hours. When cooked turn out of tin while hot.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. N. Eastman, Shendfield St., Colyton, Vic.

COTTON TOPS

Six tablespoons shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Melt fat, sugar, and egg together. Sift the dry ingredients and add them alternately with the milk to the sugar mixture. Pour into greased tins or cake-containers until they are two-thirds full. Bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Just before removing from the oven place a halved marshmallow on top of each cake. Leave in oven until marshmallows melt slightly. This will make 18 cakes.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. W. Gale, Baddow, Margherita, Qld.

TO MAKE HAM

Ham cooked in this way is exactly like the ready-cooked ham one can buy. A piece of boiling bacon for breakfast can be treated in the same way with great success. One ham, 4 cups of flour and some acid water to mix.

A ham for baking should be placed in water and left for at least 12 hours. Wipe it dry, trim away any rusty places underneath, and cover with a common crust, taking care that this is of sufficient thickness all over to keep in the gravy. Place the ham in a moderately heated oven, and bake for nearly four hours. Take off the crust, skin, cover with raspings, and garnish knuckle with paper frill.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. W. G. Jenkins, Halesmere, Vic. Kentucky, N.S.W.

HOW TO MAKE BLACKBERRY WINE

We have received several requests for this delicious beverage—so here is the recipe.

Six pounds ripe blackberries, 1½ lbs. sugar, 1½ lbs. tartaric acid, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1 gallon water.

Wash the fruit with wooden spoon. Add the water, and leave covered for two days. Then stir well and strain through fine muslin, return to the vessel. Dissolve the acid in one cup warm water, and then sugar in boiling water. Mix acid and sugar liquid, then pour into fruit liquor. Stir well. Cover and leave for four days, when the fermentation should have commenced. It should be stirred three or four times a day during the time. After the fourth day run the liquor into a small earthenware tub. Add sufficient cold water to fill cask. See the bung-hole of cask is uppermost. Cover hole with muslin. Leave for 14 days. Add brandy, and the cask again with cold water, as certain evapor-



DON'T THE CHILDREN come home from school hungry—famishing! Have something nourishing and tasty ready—there are many delightful suggestions on this page.

action will have occurred. Stand down tightly. Stand cask on bench sufficiently above the door to allow bottle under the tap. Allow to stand undisturbed one month. Then draw the liquor thusly: Beat white 1 egg well. Draw off 3 cups liquor. Add to beaten egg. Draw off 3 more cups of liquor. Pour the wine into the mixture and roll the cask to mix thoroughly. Add the other 2 cups liquor. Leave standing one month. Now draw the wine into two buckets to the level of the tap only without touching or moving the cask. Empty out the sediment and strain through very fine muslin and return with the rest of the wine to the cask. Leave one month. Repeat the "fining" process again, and after the wine has stood a few days in bottle, draw it off carefully, bottle, and cork down. Store for a month. Carefully followed out a rich, red, easily-digested wine will be obtained.

HOST HOLBROOK says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetizing smell.



HANDS
are in the
LIMELIGHT
all day long

Wherever you are; whatever you're doing there's no keeping hands out of sight. That's why hundreds of thousands of women cherish and preserve the beauty of their hands with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. A very little of this fragrant cream smoothed in every night will keep hands smooth and white and lovely in spite of work or weather.

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Buy the 2/6 economy size, which contains 4 times the quantity.



"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MACNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills

Every package bears the 'Bismac' Trade Mark—BISMAC

Make GOLDEN PANCAKES . . . So LIGHT and So TENDER

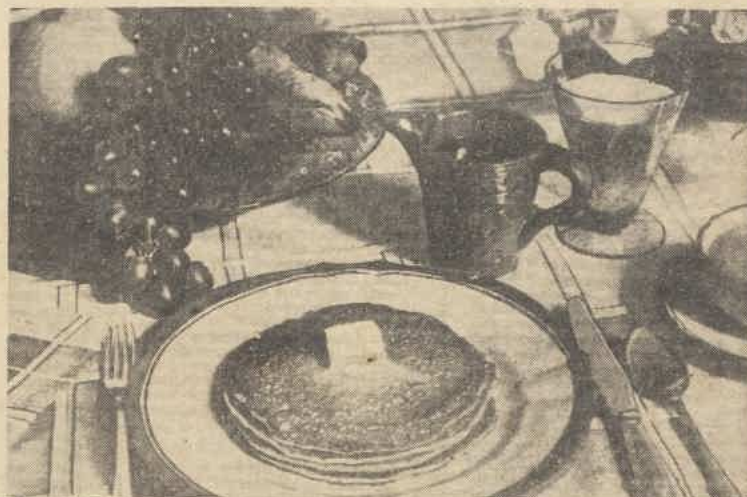
From This Matchless Recipe for "Flowing" Batter

THIS year Shrove Tuesday—Pancake Day—falls on March 5, so all those who delight in observing the quaint old custom of serving pancakes on this day will appreciate these tested recipes. In addition, our cookery expert gives recipes for the tastiest fritters and lightest batter pudding you could possibly wish for.



A DISH OF golden apple ring fritters, pancakes and banana fritters garnished with slices of lemon and caster sugar. Tempting to the eye—a delight to the palate.

... By ...
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly



NOW THAT PANCAKE TIME has come round again, see that yours are especially delicious. Some like them rolled, served with lemon and sugar. Still others appreciate them served as shown in the illustration—with a lump of butter melting in the centre of their fluffy goodness.

ring. Coat each ring with batter and fry in deep boiling fat till a golden brown all over. Drain on white paper. Serve on paper d'oyeys. Sprinkle with sugar and cut the lemon in thick slices. Bananas, pineapples, or soaked dried peaches may be used in the same way.

tripe, slices of cold meat, salmon, sweet corn (drain and stir into batter, drop in spoonful into fat), oysters may be used in this way.

ITALIAN FRITTERS

One egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup milk, slices of bread, frying fat, sugar, cinnamon.

Beat the egg well, add to it the milk and sugar. Remove the crusts from the bread, cut into finger lengths. Dip the bread into the egg mixture. Fry in boiling fat until a golden brown all over. Drain. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Serve at once very hot.

CHEESE FRITTERS
Quantity of "coating" batter, cubes of cheese, parsley, frying fat.
Make the batter. Coat the cheese with the batter and fry in deep boiling fat till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve at once on hot dish garnished with parsley.

Sardines, fillets of fish, cooked brains,

BATTERS may be divided into two classes—coating batter and flowing batter.

Coating batter is a thick mixture used for making fritters or to coat fish, meat, fruit, or any other food which is to be fried in deep fat.

Flowing batter is thinner and used for Yorkshire pudding, toad in the hole, pancakes, and similar dishes.

COATING BATTER

Four oz. plain flour, 1 egg, 6 table-spoons milk, pinch of salt.

FLOWING BATTER

Four oz. plain flour, 1 egg, 12 table-spoons milk, pinch of salt.
The method for both is exactly the same. Sift the flour and salt into a large cool basin, make a well in the centre, and break in the egg. Gently stir the flour into the egg, then gradually the milk, and when half the milk has been added all the flour should be moistened. It must then be thoroughly beaten to remove any lumps. Add the rest of the milk, mixing in evenly. Strain. Allow to stand one hour before using.

PANCAKES

Quantity of "flowing" batter, lemon, sugar, butter for frying.

Make the batter. Strain into a jug and allow to stand one hour. Put a little butter into a small clean frying-pan, and when a faint smoke is rising from it pour in enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan thinly. Fry it a golden-brown underneath, shaking the pan to make sure it is not sticking. Then turn the pancake over and fry the other side, or, if you are not brave enough to do this it can be turned with a broad

BATTER TAKES A LOT of beating in more senses than one! Observe the few simple rules laid down for the making of good batter and you'll earn an enviable reputation for delicious pancakes and fritters.

knife. Turn the pancake on to a piece of sugared paper, squeeze over it a little lemon juice, then sprinkle with sugar. Roll up neatly and keep hot over boiling water. When all are done, arrange in a hot dish and serve immediately.

SWEET STUFFED PANCAKES

Stuffed pancakes are rather a novelty. Make them as usual, and when rolling them fill them with one of the following stuffings: honey, jam, puree of fruit, apples stewed and beaten to a pulp and flavoured with rum, bananas mashed with sugar.

SAVORY PANCAKES

Quantity "flowing" batter, very finely-chopped onion, parsley, mixed herbs, salt, pepper.

Make the batter and allow it to stand one hour; add to it onion, parsley, herbs, salt, and pepper. Moisten the batter in the small frying-pan. Pour in enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan thinly. Fry till a golden brown on both sides. Turn or turn with a knife. Roll up, and serve very hot.

STUFFED SAVORY PANCAKES

Make the pancakes in the usual way, and when rolling them fill with one of the various stuffings: Puree of tomatoes, mushrooms fried in butter, cold meat chopped and bound together with a sauce, puree of vegetables, puree of fish well flavored, asparagus bound with white sauce, cheese bound with white sauce, oysters.

FRENCH PANCAKES

Two table-spoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 dessert-spoons butter, 2 table-spoons sugar.
Cream the butter and sugar, add one egg and beat well; then the other one, and beat again. Stir in the sifted flour, lastly the milk. Butter six deep saucers, half fill with the mixture. Bake in a quick oven 10 to 15 minutes, when they should be a golden brown on top. Turn out, spread jam on half. Fold over like an omelette. Serve at once.

BAKED SWEET BATTER PUDDING

Quantity of "flowing" batter, 3 table-spoons currants, grated rind of half lemon, 2 table-spoons sugar, 2 table-spoons margarine.
When the batter has stood for an hour sprinkle in the currants and lemon rind. Melt the margarine in the baking-dish, and when hot pour in the batter. Bake in the usual way. Serve very hot. Sprinkle it liberally with the sugar.

TOAD IN THE HOLE
Quantity of "flowing" batter, 1 lb. beef steak (minced or seasoned) or 1 lb. sausage-meat, 2 table-spoons dripping.

Melt the dripping in a baking-dish, pour in a sufficient batter to a depth of half an inch. Bake this layer first till just set. Sprinkle the meat over the cooked batter. Add salt and pepper if necessary, then pour over the rest of the batter to cover the meat. Return to a hot oven and finish cooking. Cut into squares. Serve very hot.

APPLE FRITTERS

Quantity of "coating" batter, apples, sugar, lemon, frying fat.
Make the batter in the usual way. Peel and core the apples and cut into thin

Ann Holds her Man



Don't envy the dazzling smiles of others

when film is removed your own teeth will delight you with their brilliance

9 times out of 10 it's not the teeth themselves but a sticky, stubborn coating that robs teeth of their beauty. When once removed, teeth gleam again with undiminished brilliance.

That coating on teeth is film. You can feel it with your tongue. Film forms constantly—rapidly.

In film are the acid-producing germs that cause decay . . . glued by film to teeth, where they attack enamel and destroy the parts beneath.

This film absorbs the stains from food—the stains from smoking. That's what makes teeth look dingy and unattractive. Thus removing film accomplishes two things—keeps teeth gleaming bright and helps prevent decayed tooth decay.

The approved way to remove film is with Peppermint—urged by dentists and used by four million people. Peppermint contains a special cleansing and polishing material—more effective in removing film—safer, and therefore safer. This discovery is contained in Peppermint

exclusively. That's why it is termed the "special film-removing" tooth paste.

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Two great drinks
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TO enjoy good health you MUST have proper sleep and rest. If you are being kept awake by pain or nervous unrest, take **NYAL ESTERIN** tablets. **NYAL ESTERIN** contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centers and brings natural sleep to the sleepless. **NYAL ESTERIN** contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. Take **NYAL ESTERIN** for sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, headaches, toothache and all forms of nerve pain. Your chemist sells **NYAL ESTERIN** tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.

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Bayer Aspirin Harmless, but it Must be Genuine.

Since Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, many imitations of this original genuine Aspirin are being sold, some as Aspirin and others are being loudly advertised under similar names, but unless you see the name Bayer on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 35 years as a harmless way to stop headaches.

When you suffer headache, from any cause, or you feel nervous, unstrung or excitable, be sure you take only genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets as directed in package, and relief will come without any bad reaction.

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HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favour of Other Men

Unless two plus of life juice flow daily from your liver into your blood, your road decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movement gets hard and constricted. You get yellow tinge, yellow skin, pimples, dull eyes, bad breath, bad hair, dizziness, diarrhoea, headache. You have become a bad-tempered, unpleasant-looking person who suffers from an offensive breath. You have lost your personal charm. Everybody wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, pills, laxative pills, or anything else to get rid of this poison that destroys your personal charm. They must do it, for they only move out the tail-end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the deadly poison. Constipation won't help at all.

Only a few flow of your life juice will stop this deadly poison in your bowels. The one mild vegetable medicine which starts a free flow of your life juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No colored (artificial) in Carter's. Only fine, mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to you now, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions today. Sold in two sizes, 12 and 24.

Before something just as good, for it must give, (green, leafy or gold) action. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for.

Help Kidneys

11 Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Cretinism, Nightmares, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the new discovery, Carter's (Blue-Box) Guaranteed to end your troubles in a day or money back. At all chemists.

FOR it had always been understood between them, though it had never actually been said, that when the new contract should be offered it should not be accepted; that would be the break; the end of the old life, the beginning of the new.

And now Robert said nothing, and his face looked rather white, aloof, and very stubborn.

Leonora made a pathetically brave venture. She said, trying to speak very naturally indeed:

"I—er—thought, you see—I mean I wondered if you'd advise me about it."

"Oh—rather—yes," Robert answered, and did not move.

The dresser came in; he escaped and made his way back to his accustomed stall.

Directly in front of him Cordover sat, with his eternal cigar.

Robert sat and hated him, hated every man who looked at Leonora, who had ever looked at her.

In the entrance Cordover rose; he halted beside Robert and said:

"Comm' out?" and waited.

In the bar he asked:

"Goin' to marry Nonie?"

Robert felt his lips shaking a little; he stared hard at Cordover, and said baldly: "Why?"

Cordover looked him over with that impersonal, measuring look a man gives to a horse he thinks of training; he removed his cigar, opened his lips as if to speak, then closed them again, turned and lounged away.

He cannoned into Duane's just outside Leonora's dressing-room; once, a lifetime nearly ago, he had known him, and had called Pokey's bluff.

He encouraged history to repeat itself. Besides, he had to teach Pokey a little lesson about that anonymous letter after all. "Is set blindly."

"You'll get into trouble, Duane, you little aspen, writin' those rotten letters about your girl."

Pokey's face lost no composure, but his color flickered.

"Not from me," Cordover continued amiably. "I'd merely break your face in, but from the police, y'know."

He walked into Leonora's dressing-room, and sat down on the dress-bucket again, and asked point blank:

SIX PENN'ORTH of ROMANCE

Continued from Page 38

"WELL get our seats. I'm expecting a nephew of mine to catch this train. Coming down to stay with us for a few weeks of his leave. He's on leave from India—a Gunner. I shall curse the young devil if he misses it! Means I shall have to hang about with the car waiting for him at the other end. Hello, there he is! Hey! Get a move on you young idiot!"

The train was just beginning to move as a burly young man came racing down the platform, hurried his suitcase in through the open carriage door and scrambled in after it, puffing and laughing.

"Sorry, Uncle Roger. I got in a traffic jam! Overslept myself a bit, too."

He stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed on Linda, sitting demurely in the corner, her eyes wide and astonished in a face that had suddenly gone pale.

"So I guessed," the colonel growled.

"Oh, Linda, let me introduce my nephew, Robin Laird, Miss Swanson, Robin. You'll be seeing a good deal of each other, you two young people. We and the rectory are neighbors. Robin, I wonder if one can get any coffee on this rotten train? I feel I need some. I'll go and investigate."

He went out and away down the corridor. Linda and Robin sat and stared at each other, open-mouthed, almost dumb.

"An—an officer on leave?" Linda managed to murmur at last. "And I thought you were a—dancing partner for hire—for sinner!" I wondered if I ought to—offer you a tip. I asked you to dance."

"A tector's daughter!" Robin said. "No wonder I spotted you a mile away—I mean your—your complexion and—the way you were different from every other girl in the place. But I thought you were a dancing partner, too! I wondered what on earth a girl like you could be doing in such a job. I nearly put off coming down here, so that I could go to the hall again to-night and dance with you again. Only I've run out of cash for the moment. And I didn't know what to do about buying a ticket or tipping you, either. What a pair of mugs we were!"

And suddenly they both began to giggle, to rock, to mop their streaming, wet eyes, speechless and scarlet in the face. Colonel Morris, retreating from an unsuccessful search for coffee, looked through the door and saw them, and a smile spread over his face.

"Bless my soul!" he thought. "That Linda child isn't so dull and prim as she looks! She and Master Robin seem to have found something to laugh about together already, anyhow."

As they stopped at last, feeling feeble and exhausted, Linda and Robin looked at each other and smiled, in a different way, shyly, radiantly. . . .

(Copyright)

"OH, Divine YOUTH!"

Continued from Page 40

"What's happened between you and young Waring?"

Leonora turned to him just like a child.

"Cordy, I don't know. I'd give my soul to know. I'm so frightened and so unhappy. Oh, Cordy, what is it? Do you know? If you do, for God's sake tell me."

"You bet I will," Cordover replied, and went and rediscovered Robert, and said:

"I s'pose you've had an anonymous letter about Nonie, eh? I had. But it's only a rag of paper, isn't it? She's unhappy; why don't you get on with the job, and marry her?"

"What the hell's it got to do with you?" Robert blazed at him.

"Ah, you have got some grit," Cordover commented. He laid a hard, cool hand on Robert's arm. "Under your fatigun modernity, I doubted it! Look here, the girl loves you, you love her, so what's the trouble?"

"I'm not answerable to you for my actions," Robert answered, stiffening again.

"I dunno," Cordover said reflectively. "I'm inclined to think you are. But for you she'd have married me. I want to marry her, you see. I've had a bit of experience. I'm unhampered by this modern outlook, which seems another word for ceaseless suspicion; I'd want to settle down with a wife I know's straight and be a sport. Nonie fits the bill. D'you mean to clear, or take your hurdles? That's all. And I s'pose it's downed on your super-polished mentality that that old scoundrel Duane wrote that letter you got?"

"How do you know?" Robert demanded roughly.

Cordover burst out laughing in his face. "Because I'm in real love with her, an' you're not," he said.

He waited for Leonora after the show.

Robert waited, too.

She came out at last, and in the draughty passageway she found both men. A ghost of a smile was on her lips, but none was in her eyes.

She waited, just looking at Cordover and Robert. Cordover spoke first; he said very slowly, his usually loud voice incredibly gentle: "He won't stay the

course, Nonie—Waring, I mean. He's had a letter, and it's biffed him. But if you want him I'll get him a job and I'll back him."

"Leonora," Robert said wildly, "all these old feels butting in—threatening, advising! I don't care. What's it matter? I was influenced—I was rotten for a bit. I'm clear now. I love you. I won't let you go, even if you want to. You're mine. We'll be poor, and we'll stick it because we'll have one another. Take me back—don't chuck me because I was a rotter over the letter." He put his hand out and caught both hers. "Try me—I'm not much; you can make me anything." There were tears in his voice, in his eyes.

"Ah, my darling, my darling," Leonora said, and freed a hand and pulled his head down to meet her kiss.

From the bleak yard, Cordover watched them, his teeth shut on his cigar.

"It worked," he said to himself.

He wondered, turning into the street, where he should go, and every place he thought of seemed lonelier than the last.

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Your Skin can be CLEARER...FRESHER...SMOOTHER

Protect it from
**BLOTCHES
BLACKHEADS
COARSE PORES**



Correct ROUGHNESS, OILINESS, SALLOWNESS

Germs and minute particles of dust are always attacking the pores of your skin, causing irritations which are liable to result in blemishes. Your face may look clear in the mirror, but you would be surprised if you could examine the pores clogged with microscopic foreign matter. The New Rexona Soap, medicated with Cadyl, keeps these pores clear and free. That's why it corrects blemished skins and, by really cleaning, protects those skins that look clear.



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Shampoo regularly with the New Rexona Soap. It thoroughly cleans and invigorates the scalp, giving your hair that silky radiance which only comes from perfect health.

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EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and soften.
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TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

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There is nothing more disfiguring than facial blemishes, they are so quickly noticed by other people. Appear from this, even slight flaws may become serious if left unchecked. If you suffer from any skin flaws, start using Rexona Soap.

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Specialists declare that the blending of Cadyl, the new compound of medications, with Rexona's other tonic properties, means a new protection for your skin. The first time you try this New Rexona Soap, the fresh feel of your skin will tell you that it must be doing good. . . . but only by constant use will you realise its ability not only to correct dull skins and prevent normal ones but to give you that clear, fresh skin which is the right of every woman.

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PER TABLET
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THE NEW Rexona
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You'll be, without doubt . . .

A VISION of Pink LOVELINESS

● If You Knit Yourself This Captivating Dressing Jacket!

AND please don't wait until winter comes to make it. Get the softest, most enchanting shade of pink 3-ply wool at the very first opportunity and discover how charming it is to drop your stitches—in the right places, of course! Enjoy, also, the novelty of introducing the quaint bell-stitch into this design.

WITH its new and unusual combination of bell-stitch and drop-stitch, its ribbed yoke and band, this dressing jacket will appeal to all lovers of dainty things. Then, again, the delicate pink satin bow and the caressing strip of swansdown around the throat tend to make it even more desirable.

The third of our exclusive series of knitwear, we feel sure our selection will find a host of admirers. . . . For this



SHOWING a section of the stitches used, taken from the actual photograph.

dressing jacket, apart from its fascinating appearance, its feather-weight cost—costs but a little to make.

There is only your time to be further

considered, but that will harvest you enduring charm.

And now for the directions.
Materials Required (to fit 34-inch bust): 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles, 1 pair No. 13 steel needles, 7 skeins of 3-ply wool, 1 yard ribbon, 8 yard swansdown, 4 press studs.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; rep, repeat; tog, together; dec, decrease; inc, increase.

THE BACK.

Cast on 100 sts. on No. 9 needles and K into back of cast on sts. work in a 2, 2, p, 2, rib for 3 inches, increasing to 102 sts. in last row. Then work in following pattern.

1st Row: * p, 3, cast on 10 sts, rep. from * to end, p, 3.

2nd Row: * k, 3, p, 10, rep. from * to end, k, 3.

3rd Row: * p, 3, k, 2, tog, k, 6, k, 2, tog, rep. from * to end, p, 3.

4th Row: * k, 3, p, 8, rep. from * to end, k, 3.

5th Row: * p, 3, k, 2, tog, k, 4, k, 2, tog, rep. from * to end, p, 3.

6th Row: * k, 3, p, 6, rep. from * to end, k, 3.

7th Row: * p, 3, k, 2, tog, k, 2, k, 2, tog, rep. from * to end, p, 3.

8th Row: * k, 3, p, 4, rep. from * to end, k, 3.

9th Row: * p, 3, k, 2, tog, k, 2, tog, rep. from * to end, p, 3.

10th Row: * k, 3, p, 2, rep. from * to end, k, 3.

11th Row: * p, 3, k, 2, tog, rep. from * to end, p, 3.

12th Row: K, 3, * p, 2 tog, k, 2, * rep. from * to end.

13th Row: P, 6 (cast on 10 sts, p, 15, 6 times, ending cast on 10 sts, p, 6).

14th Row: K, 6 (p, 10, k, 15), 6 times, ending p, 10, k, 6.

15th Row: P, 6 (k, 2 tog, k, 6, k, 2 tog, p, 15), 6 times, ending k, 2 tog, k, 6, k, 2 tog, p, 6.

16th Row: K, 6 (p, 8, k, 15), 6 times, ending p, 8, k, 6.

17th Row: P, 6 (k, 2 tog, k, 4, k, 2



Knitted in the palest pink 3-ply wool, in a combination of bell-stitch and drop-stitch, with a ribbed yoke, this design provides something new and unusual in dressing jackets. Swansdown, so caressing to the touch, and ribbon bow contribute to its wondrous charm.

The original is on display in the wool department (ground floor) at David Jones, for one week.

10, p, 15), 6 times, ending k, 2 tog, k, 4, k, 2 tog, p, 6.

18th Row: K, 6 (p, 6, k, 15), 6 times, ending p, 6, k, 6.

19th Row: P, 6 (k, 2 tog, k, 2, k, 2 tog, p, 15), 6 times, ending k, 2 tog, k, 2, k, 2 tog, p, 6.

20th Row: K, 6 (p, 4, k, 15), 6 times, ending p, 4, k, 6.

21st Row: P, 6 (k, 2 tog, k, 2 tog, p, 15), 6 times, ending k, 2 tog, k, 2 tog, p, 6.

22nd Row: K, 6 (p, 2, k, 15), 6 times, ending p, 2, k, 6.

23rd Row: P, 6 (k, 2 tog, p, 15), 6 times, ending k, 2 tog, p, 6.

24th Row: K, 6 (p, 2 tog, k, 4), 6 times, ending p, 2 tog, k, 4.

Work this pattern from 13th row four times more. For the last row of the last pattern substitute the following:

K, 6, * p, 2 tog, k, 6, drop 1 stitch and cast on 1 in its place, k, 7, * ending p, 2 tog, k, 5.

ARMHOLE.

Cast off 4 sts. and then knit in a ribbing of k, 1, p, 1, only knitting into the back of the knitted stitch to make a twisted rib, cast off 4 sts. for other armhole, and continue in ribbing for 51 inches.

THE SHOULDER.

Knit in ribbing for 32 sts. cast off 30 sts. knit the last 2 sts. on needle in ribbing for 9 more rows, cast off. Do other shoulder to correspond.

RIGHT FRONT.

Cast on 58 sts. on No. 9 needles and knit in ribbing of k, 2, p, 2 for 3 inches, on last row dec. to 57 sts. then work in pattern as for back, making 18 bells at waistline and 5 rows of bells up bodice. Do not forget to drop stitch on last row of last pattern.

ARMHOLE.

Cast off 4 sts. and work in ribbing to end of row, k, 2 tog. at beginning

HINTS TO KNITTERS

THERE are still many number of people who have never before attempted to knit, but who cannot resist the lovely designs showing this season. So for these beginners I think a few hints would be very acceptable.

To begin with, then, always knit a small piece to see if the tension is correct and whether you can understand the pattern, because it does not improve the wool to be constantly pulling it out.

Never make up any part of the garment without first pressing it to the required measurements.

Sew up your garment very neatly—you cannot be too careful in this regard, and the time taken will repay you for the finished look your garment will acquire.

of every 2nd row at neck end, until you have 32 sts. on needle; now work straight in ribbing until armhole measures as for back. Cast off. Do left front to correspond.

THE SLEEVE.

Cast on 100 sts. on No. 13 needles and knit in a ribbing of k, 2, p, 2 for 5 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as for back, making 33 bells across and 5 rows of bells up sleeve, last row of last pattern, k, 6.

(p, 2 tog, k, 6, drop 1 stitch and cast on 1 in its place, k, 7), * p, 2 tog, k, 5. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP.

Run dropped stitches down to top of first row of bells and secure. Press all edges with a damp cloth and sew up seams; sew 3 press studs at waistline and 1 at neck; sew on swansdown, and then sew on ribbon bow.

Embroider rosebuds at intervals across yoke.

There may be a doubt about his choice in drinks, but one glance at his shoes shows there is no doubt about his choice in shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shines for him!



Kiwi Polishes Protects and Preserves the Leather

KIWI

BLACK The Quality Boot Polish TAN

POLISH



POLISH

White Cleaner and Cream

TAN—All Shades

White Cleaner and Cream



This is the girl who used to have ugly HALF-CLEAN TEETH

How to make Teeth Shades Whiter.

Achieves results impossible before—Try it

Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this!

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEAN TEETH.

One Dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night . . . Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless agents that give

the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tartar—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

HALF-CLEAN TEETH LOOK UGLY. Start using KOLYNOS. At once your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

Sold by all chemists and stores. KOLYNOS lasts twice the usual time—because you use half as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE



It breathes the fragrance of romance . . .

Now, to-day, after 129 years, Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet is still the elusive perfume that every woman loves. Its haunting fragrance gives the final touch of perfection to Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, in its jade green lacework box. Here is a face powder which really clings—hour after hour—which protects your skin and makes it look much lovelier. Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is so exquisitely soft and fine—so fragrant and so good—that its moderate price will surprise you.

Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Face Powders



Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Cream or Compact), Perfume, Eau-de-Cologne, Talcum Powder, Shaving Powder, Brilliance (Liquid or Solid).

C.B. 35/3

HEAD TIED UP FOR RELIEF

Had Headaches for Days at a Time

Better After 6 Months of Kruschen

A woman's gratitude for the benefit she has received from Kruschen Salts induces her to write this letter:—

"Before taking Kruschen, I was troubled with rheumatic pains and headaches for days at a time. I would walk around with my head tied up to obtain relief, and in the mornings my limbs would be so stiff I could scarcely rise. Now my headaches are very rare, and I can rise in the mornings feeling refreshed. Incidentally, I may say that my weight has dropped from 12 st. to 9 st. 3 lbs. I was taking Kruschen for six months before I began to find it giving me any actual relief, but would not be without it now." (Mrs.) W. H. C.

Most headaches start when your internal machinery stops—when your organs of elimination go on strike and fail to keep the system free from waste. The result is a poisoned bloodstream.

There is nothing drastic about Kruschen: it works slowly but surely. For the six salts of Kruschen into your blood and the organs will be gently persuaded to function as Nature intended they should.



Restored to healthy action, they will ensure that every particle of clogging waste material is regularly and completely expelled. Kruschen brings lasting relief from headaches, dizziness, lassitude and depression, in the only possible way. That is, by removing the cause.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 110 different countries. In none of these countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Victorian Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

ON the white beach they assembled, beneath the shadow of a romantic group of palms, with the red-tailed booby birds wheeling and crying above them, and the reef, the reef that had ripped out the hearts of ships, torn souls from shrieking bodies, chanting its careless song away at sea. The Blacks and Buscott, and Eleanor and Charlie and Adeline, looked towards James Robinson, and waited. Lady Gilliland, standing beside him, seemed to expect an aide-de-camp and a crowd of guests almost immediately. . . .

James Robinson spoke. "Dear friends," he said, in his sonorous, beautiful voice. "We have been wonderfully blessed, and I hope that all of us are duly thankful for the mercies vouchsafed to us."

"Vouchsafed," thought Adeline. "It always sounds as if things were thrown at you, because God couldn't help it. How wicked I am!"

"We should be very, very thankful, when we remember how so many others who set out with us in good heart and joyful expectation, are now lying at the bottom of these seas."

Robinson was the soul of kindness. He had risked his life a dozen times in the wreck, to save those "others" of whom he spoke, but the pulp of his tongue betraying him into the phrases of the day, made him speak like a prophet of the Old Testament rejoicing in the downfall of Jehusites and Elvites.

"Now that we are safe, and hope to be rescued, we must order our lives suitably. Not in gluttony and drunkenness," he glanced at the mate, who had been foremost last night in tapping a barrel of beer—"not in chambering and wantonness"—and here he looked straight at Charlie, who kept his gaze coolly. Adeline, meanwhile, keeping her eyes down, was drawing patterns on the sand with the chisel-shaped toe of one small shoe. "But, I hope," he went on, breaking loose from his quotation, "like good Christians and sensible people. And to begin with, we must divide the essential duty of keeping up a signal fire, and keeping watch for passing ships."

He sketched a plan by which brushwood and branches would be available at all times, for keeping up a smoke. The men doing their share of wood gathering, the women feeding the fire.

"All that are in favor, hold up their hands." Hands went up, Black's and the mate's slowly.

"I shall require time for training," Black explained. "I have to run five miles daily, and I'll want to put up a set of hurdles, regulation size."

"You'll take your share of wooding and watering too, or I'll know why," Charlie suddenly interpolated.

The Reverend James went on. "Lady Gilliland will be in command of the women. I—unless anyone has anything to say against it—will assume command of the settlement in general."

The girls and Mrs. Black made a murmur of assent. Buscott, leaning up against a palm-trunk, and turning the quid in his cheek (he had found tobacco among the stores, and reverted to sailing-ship habits) said: "I don't mind; but if I'm to take orders from the reverend gent ashore, I vote he takes orders from me when there's any sea in it."

"That is not likely to occur," James told him.

"You never knew," was the mate's reply. Eleanor looked at him curiously, and completely expelled. Kruschen knew something and was keeping it to himself.

Robinson, far from any such idea, went on: "Food will be rationed, and distributed every morning; the ladies will take it in turn to cook. The camps will remain where they are, for safety, on the lee of the island. I hope that everyone will follow my wish as far as possible, by keeping himself or herself occupied with useful work; that is the best way to avoid vain repining, and to—"

he could not find the word he wanted, or finding it, did not like it; so he broke off on: "keep out of—mischievous. And now," dropping into lighter tone, "let everyone tell us the result of his or her observations this morning."

Eleanor unfolded her notebook, and read a brief essay describing fruits, birds, and flowers met with in the course of her walk. It followed the best traditions of "Sandford and Morton" and "Eyes and No Eyes"; it was entirely useless for any practical purpose.

It was generally applauded. Mrs. Black was then seen to be in tears. "She's got everything I got," the little woman complained. "It isn't fair; I saw most of them first."

Black told her to hold her tongue. "I noticed that the beach has a clear stretch of almost exactly four hundred and forty yards—quarter of a mile. I paced it," he explained. "It'll be invaluable."

"You can have it," Buscott told him. "I took note that the island's about sixty cables long, and maybe near as

broad, and this beach is the one that ships'll come by, if they do come, because why, it's clear of reefs. She," apparently meaning the island, "lies pointing nor-nor-east, as near as I can make it, and the sou'-east trades, that's due about now, will fair sweep the southern beach of her. Better," he said, "move to the beach that's windward now; ye might be glad of it."

Nobody minded Buscott. Adeline, called up as if she might have been in class, said timidly that she had seen a great deal of fruit, and could not remember anything else; she was not clever like Eleanor. Charlie said, begad, he was the stupidest of the whole lot of them, and didn't remember even that, but he thought it was an uncommon decent sort of place, taken by and large.

James Robinson, dropping his schoolmaster air, said: "Well, we're in for it, and we'll have to stand by one another and keep as jolly as we can. Like Mark Tapley," he explained.

"Was he in the first saloon," asked Charlie, with interest. Adeline looked him with her head. She was well up in Dickens, whom she secretly detested.

Lady Gilliland, dying for the afternoon dose to which she had become used on board ship, thought it time to break up the meeting. She admired James Robinson, his pale face with the faint glow in the cheeks, his reddish aureole of hair, and pointed suburn beard, so like the hair and beard of saints in stained-glass windows; she felt, rather than saw, the something fine in his character that won him forgiveness for every excess of priggishness or sermonizing; but she didn't propose to let him talk much longer.

"We're so obliged," she said, with a delicate smile. "We quite understand and now, you really must go and take a little rest. We can't afford to wear out our Director-General."

"Three cheers!" cried Charlie, clapping his hands. "Director—that's the ticket." And the ticket, therefore, it was. James was the Director of the island, named and addressed as such.

They melted away, to the tents, all but Buscott. The last that anyone saw of him was his high-shouldered, shell-backed figure, a black speck on the sands, steadily tramping towards the weather side of the island.

CHAPTER 5.

ELEANOR and Minnie Black, seated on a rock, were discussing life.

They had done their work for the day. More and more cases, barrels, bags of food, coming in from the wreck, had made the problem of food a simple one; the women chose and prepared whatever was least damaged by salt water, cooking after the fashion of savages, on hot stones and in pits heated by fires. The men carried wood, brought water from a stream, in tarpaulins and big shells. They broke open boxes, gathered fruit, and looked after signal fires, those fires that had hitherto brought no result. Wants were satisfied; the weather kept fine; the island was a dream of peace and beauty. Perfect happiness, in this paradise of the seas, should have resulted. That it did not was no doubt the fault of those flaws in human nature which made (so we are told) the original Paradise somewhat less than perfect.

Eleanor, drawing one foot to and fro on the ground, said: "But, Minnie, you don't want me to believe that the gentlemen are all deceivers."

Minnie, mildly, said: "No, love. You must know, however, that they're nearly all married."

"Yes, love. When a gentleman is over thirty—and I'm sure Mr. Buscott is thirty-five or more—he's very likely to be married, whether he says so or not. And if he's not—"

"Yes? If he's not—"

Please turn to Page 49



This simple secret gave me a
Beautiful Complexion

A startling new idea in face powders makes Poudre Tokalon cling to even a greasy skin four times as long as anything you have ever used. It is specially made by a secret process to give a dull chiffon-finish of rare natural beauty. Poudre Tokalon will not blow off, is not affected by perspiration, wind or rain. Does away with enlarged pores. No matter what you do, you can be sure that Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that will give you a marvellously beautiful natural complexion, day or night—absolutely without shine. Try a box to-day, 1/6 (including Sales Tax).

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a 30-day beauty course containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse de Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The course also contains Cream Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 4d in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, to P.O. Box 2070 S.S. (Dept. 230) Sydney, N.S.W.

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MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Varex" treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the start day. In fact, I have been working overtime all three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet, Ernest Reesley, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 2nd Floor, Dynacres Building, 424N George Street, Sydney.***

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, CL.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS
All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 133H, G.P.O., Sydney.
Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which piece was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unusable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



WW127A

CHARMINGLY YOUTHFUL
WW127A.—This youthful evening frock has the skirt cut on the cross. The shoulder trimming gives the effect of a cowl sleeve where it joins the boat-shaped neck. Material for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW128A

WW129A

WW130A

WW131A

IDEAL HOUSE FROCK
WW128A.—Here is the ideal house frock. Four-piece skirt is joined at the waist to a crossover blouse. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART MATRON
WW129A.—If you want something definitely smart for a matron, choose this model. The deep yoke provides the fastenings; under this the collar is threaded, forming a jabot effect. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 24 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

VERY NAUTICAL

WW130A.—A frock that will please the schoolgirl. It is a sporty model, with a sailor collar. Skirt favors boxpleats back and front. Pattern for girl 6 to 12 years. Material for 12 years: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WITH CONTRAST TOP

WW131A.—Some of the newest frocks for the schoolgirl are made with a contrast top. Neck is completed with a turn-down collar and bow which conceals the fastenings. Skirt is made with boxpleats back and front. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Our Free Pattern

WE have chosen for this week's free pattern one of the new autumn models. The high neck is relieved with a contrast collar cut with a slight flare. Skirt panel extends up under the belt, and has inverted pleats at the base.

Pattern is for a 34-inch bust.

Material: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



WW135A



WW132A

WW133A

WW134A

FOR YOUR COSTUME
WW134A.—Practical blouse to wear under your new autumn costume. The V-neck is adorned with pleated frilling. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

BABY'S LAYETTE
WW135A.—An ideal set for a baby's layette, which includes frock, petti-coat, nightdress, jacket, and bib. They are worked with an embroidered design. PAPER PATTERN of the complete set for 1/6.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of postage will be made for free patterns over one month old.—
SYDNEY—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 410X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BREMEN—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409Y, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 108A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
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Should you desire to call for our patterns, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on the next page.

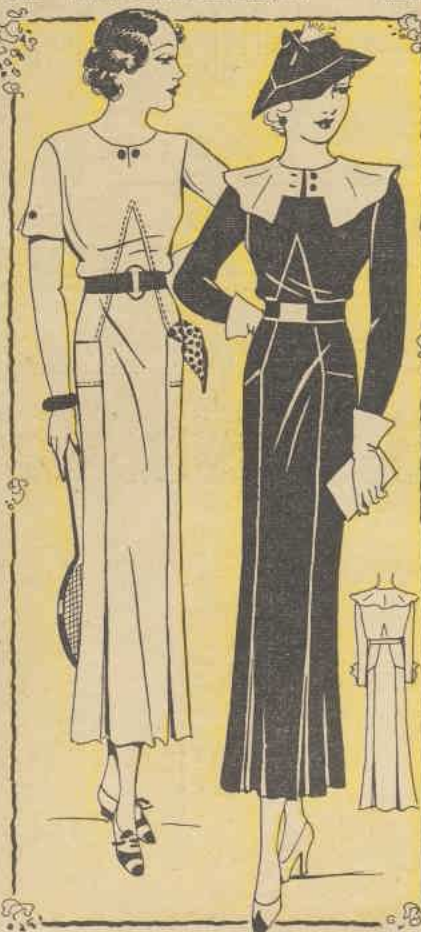
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name:

Address:

State:

Pattern Coupon, 2/3/35



Dearest Francine,
Thanks for the
lip. At the school dance the other
night the boys were round me like
flies round a honey pot and I
heard many whispered compliments
on my skin. That Caline Powder
Base is simply marvellous. It is
well worth the 1/3 it costs. I
don't have to worry about my nose
now. it never gets shiny - and I
always look fresh no matter
what I do. It's so handy to
have a foundation cream and
face powder in one. Of course I
cleanse my skin every night with
Caline Cream it certainly is a
wonderful rejuvenator.

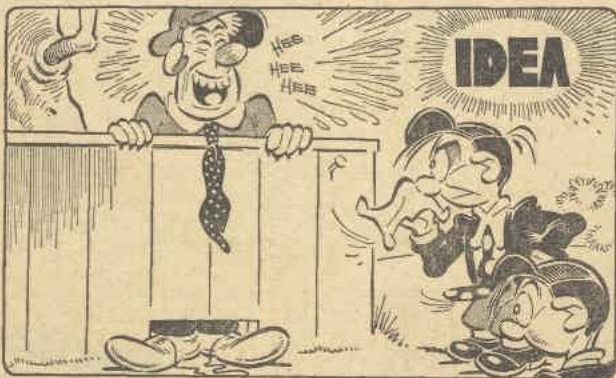
In Two Shades, Rachelle and
Maturelle - 1/3 tube. Use
Caline Cream at night to
Feed and Cleanse the skin.
Tube, 1/- Jar, 2/6 and 4/6.



TERRY and TEDDY

THE TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY BENGE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

FRED sat in a hammock in the shade of a weeping willow tree reading about the "Wild Cowboys of the North." Eagerly his eyes scanned the pages, and then, as he finished the last leaf, he carelessly threw the book on the ground. He then stretched his legs, lay in the hammock and prepared to go to sleep.

Scarcely had he closed his eyes before the sound of galloping hoofs made him sit bolt upright. Then, as he gazed, he saw a wild horse rushing along the street about twenty yards in front of him. As the horse would have to pass just near him, Fred lost no time. Already, he could see the frantic figure of a girl on its back. She was trying her utmost to bring the infuriated beast to a standstill, but so far it had been in vain for the horse just pounded away as before. In a moment Fred had jumped the fence that separated his home from the road and soon he was running alongside of the beast. Quickly, he grabbed the bridle. OR

BEST LETTER
THIS week a splendid letter came from DEATRICE MCKITTRICK, Throssal St., South Grafton, N.S.W., and was the best for the best letter. Address all letters and contributions to JILL BENGE, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W.

course, then, it was only a matter of seconds before the horse was standing quite still.

Naturally, the girl was very thankful, and as she looked at her horse, standing now quite still, she could hardly picture him as the angry beast of a few short minutes ago.

As Fred led the animal along the street, back towards Munkroom Grove, the two talked of many things.

Fred suggested that she rest a while at Munkroom Grove and that she have a cup of tea before she went home. She readily agreed to do this, and soon the two were inside the lounge-room sipping tea.

Wonderlust heard their voices and came in to see who was the little visitor there. Wonderlust, in his good-natured way, talked to her and immediately made her one of his many little friends.

He told her to come to Munkroom Grove as often as she wished for the would always be welcome. And, to be certain that she would call again, he said that he would take her home in his car and that her horse could stay in the paddock all night and that she could call next day and get him.

Wonderlust drove her home, and, of course, she visited Munkroom Grove a lot. Hardly a week went by without her coming either to see her rescuer, Fred, or her good friend, Wonderlust.

Jill's Letter

MY Dear Jacks and Jill—

Boys and girls often write to me to settle little arguments for them, and I am glad they do, because it is a good thing to ask outside advice if two friends can't agree on a certain subject.

I have known people to argue their heads off over a simple matter until one or both got very angry. That's very foolish, for you can't reason well if you go mad. If you have definite views about something, and you can't get the other person to agree, you won't improve matters by losing your head, will you?

Now, Jacks and Jill, the best thing to do in such a case is to seek the advice of someone who knows. Your friend will, perhaps, be convinced by the reply of a referee, and you will feel more satisfied yourself.

Don't, whatever you do, allow a simple argument to part you from a good friend.

Good-bye for the present.
Cheerily yours,
JILL

"Hand-Me-Downs"

By KEN WHYTE
It's awful being the youngest—you never get anything new, it's "hand this down to Tommy." I think that's mean, don't you?

Bill gets a brand new blazer, and Bill a new turn-out. I get all the hand-me-downs—It's enough to scream about.

Price of 5/- to KEN WHYTE (13), 174 George Bay Rd., Geelong, N.S.W.

Fairy Fun

By MARGARET LINCOLN

KITTY awoke to find the sun streaming in through the open bedroom window. The clear, cool sinking of the distant waterfall was wafted on the fresh spring breeze. The rustling of the mangoes, the creak of the bedstead, and the pleasant scent of the roses and wattle proclaimed a happy spring.

Suddenly, Kitty rose from the bed. She dressed in a flash of snowy white and tied her silver curls with a band of blue ribbon. Then she slipped on her new dress, the wicker doll, and, after kissing her in a stern voice to "keep yourself looking respectable," she ran down to have her breakfast.

Kitty felt very happy as she made her way down to the waterfall with rosemary bushes safely under her arm. She listened intently in the fear of the water and then a new sound attracted her attention. It sounded like many silver voices, and now and then a thought as if heard inside. Crossing softly along the top behind a tree and witnessing a wonderful sight.

A fairy queen was seated on a slender thorn in the midst of a large patch of wild violets and mandarin flowers. Facing her and seated round her while the orchestra played a magical music. Suddenly Kitty stepped on a twig and its beauty all the fairies vanished.

"That's quite a shame," said Kitty. "I was just about to see the fairies, weren't I?"

Price of 2/- to MARGARET LINCOLN (13), Marston, via Windsor, for this original story.

About Ourselves

BETTY STACEY, of Strathalbyn (S.A.), lives on a farm that covers 400 acres. GEORGE BROWN, of Malvern (Vic.), has recently suffered a severe illness but is now getting better. NOEL BUTLER, of Inverell (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter. COHNIE BARRY, of Wily, Croydon (Qld.), writes good verse.

LORNA SOMERVILLE, of Enna Creek, via Bourke (N.S.W.), hopes to see the harbor bridge one day. ENID BYRNE, of Argentin's Hill, via Bowraville (N.S.W.), lives on a farm. Where 35 cows are milked daily. ASHLEY BARNETT, of West Wyndham (N.S.W.), is fond of beautiful scenery. FAY ROBINSON, of Childers (Qld.), recently celebrated her birthday.

JACQUELINE PAYNE, of Mulwala (N.S.W.), is fond of writing compositions. THELMA HERBERT, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), likes jokes and puzzles. DOROTHY WILLS, of Woodward (N.S.W.), has lived for two years in Findlers Nest. EVELA GARD, of Penrith (N.S.W.), does clever sketches. AUDREY JORDAN, of West Hyde (N.S.W.), has a hen and seven little chickens for her pet. ALLAN GEORGE, of Kanuma (Vic.), recently raised the Golden Wonder and thought it very beautiful. JOYCE BROOKS, of Booraganna, via Wingham (N.S.W.), is very fond of living.

MARY WATERS, of Tottenham (N.S.W.), has a pet lamb. GRACE DAVIS, of Geelong (N.S.W.), is one of our newest members. NOELIA WALKER, of Chilton, writes an interesting letter. MAN LEWIS, of Palerang (N.S.W.), says that the people around her home go in for gardening and fruit-growing. JOYCE HAND, of West Kempsey (N.S.W.), writes an excellent letter. TRINE VOHLAND, of Trowamba (Qld.), is now 18 years old. MAXINE QUINN, of Prospect (S.A.), is 14 years of age and in the Intermediate grade at school. MARJORIE COLLINS, of Winesap, (Vic.), is fond of reading, and read some books during the holidays.

FOR FUN & FANCY

ANNE the cook was £3000 in the Irish Sweep. A reporter called to see her and asked her how did she know which number to pick.

"Oh, that was quite easy," Anne replied. "You see, I dreamt of five the five nights running, and five days are twenty-five, so I picked that number."

Price Card to JESSIE O'NEILL, Leichhardt St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

Kind Lady: And how would you like a nice shop?

Worst Tramp: That all depends, lady, is it lamb, pork, or wood?

Price Card to IRENE MARCH, Currier Rd., Brookvale, N.S.W.

Teacher: Where was the Edgemoor Church signed, Peter?

Peter: At the bottom, Miss.

Price Card to WINNIE SHEDDEN, 20 Sandan St., Hamilton, N.S.W.

Little Edie's Uncle Tom came to stay with the boy's family for a holiday, and Edie had to give up his bed to make room for him.

One morning at breakfast, Uncle Tom remarked, "I must thank the thoughtful person who put the glass of water by the bed, for I found it very refreshing when I woke up during the night."

Price Card to H. FAIRBANK, Bay 101, Morpeth, N.S.W.

Teacher: Yes, coffee comes from Brazil, now, Tommy, where does tea come from?

Tommy: I think that generally tea is from the little grove's at the corner.

Price Card to DORIS CONNOR, Strath, Mackay, Qld.



COLOR IN THIS PICTURE NICELY and send entry along no later than March 15. Price of 5/- will be given for the prettiest effort. Address entries to JILL BENGE, G.P.O. Sydney. Would the little artist kindly send name and address as a price of 5/- is waiting. Mark envelope "Fairy Winner," Children's section, Box 1534E, G.P.O., Sydney.

I have a red coat, a need in my throat, and a green walking stick. What am I?

Answer: A daffodil. Price Card to E. FAIRBANK, Bay 101, Morpeth, N.S.W.

Victorian Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 46

"WHY, love, then it must be because he doesn't want to marry. The gentlemen aren't like us. They do what they want and we do what we must."

Eleanor was silent for a moment, and then burst forth: "I wish—I wish I were a man!"

"Don't wish that, love; it isn't quite delicate." Minnie sat very upright, her small full bust confined in the high stays that she had never discarded, her little feet in their ribbon-tied, chisel-pointed shoes set close together. Eleanor, twisting her hands and beating her toes on the ground; Eleanor, big and handsome, full of life that made only for restlessness, courage that could find no outlet, looked at her and wondered. "How can you be so quiet?" she cried. "How can you not wish to be a man, and be able to do everything, ride astride and run in races, and travel about alone?"

Minnie said: "Young ladies are like you, love, till they marry, and then they are satisfied to make a nice gentleman happy, and then maybe God sends them little babies"—she sighed; God had been rather remiss about that where she was concerned—"and that's all they want."

"It's not all I'd want," Eleanor rebelliously declared. "And I dare say, if one knew, they're disappointed, often enough. Things disappoint you so." Her throat swelled; tears came into the big grey eyes. "Why, this island—" she went on. "Always, always, I've longed to see a desert island, and now I'm here, it's just like anywhere else, only for the trees and flowers, and for being hard-worked and uncomfortable. Minnie, Minnie, isn't there anything in the world that doesn't disappoint you?"

"My love, don't get excited," said the wife of Gerald Black. "Perhaps there are all kinds of islands, some of them quite different from this. And you know there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." She went on,

placidity. "If Mr. Buzacott isn't fixed after two weeks here, I dare say it's because he isn't a marrying gentleman."

Eleanor should have blushed at this point, and hid her face. She did neither, but looking out to sea, as if towards something very far off, said musingly: "I wonder if I am really fond of him, or is it only because there is nobody else?" And she said, again, "I wonder if out—out there, there isn't something for me?"

"Marriages are made in—" "No, they're not, and I don't mean that. Or," she went on, honestly, "I don't mean it altogether. I don't know what I mean, Minnie—but maybe the girls who are born long after me will know. They'll know what they want, and how to get it. I could almost fancy," she went on, with the grey eyes still fixed upon the far sea-line and a strangely prophetic look stealing over her face, "that they'll do wonderful things. They won't go—hungry—like me."

"My dear," said Minnie, making shocked little catlike noises, "I think you're almost—being indelicate."

"It's you who are; you've only got one idea. Maybe," she said, "the girls who come after us will have two, or three, or more. I wish to God," she said, "we could jump fifty or sixty years."

"Nineteen hundred and fifteen," Minnie said. "How strange it sounds! And maybe, Eleanor, it mightn't be quite so nice as you think."

"I don't care. In fifty or sixty years girls will be free; they'll have something else to do besides darning stockings and making puddings—and doing the flowers and writing the notes, and visiting the poor. And getting mar-

ried to some gentleman who maybe isn't what they wanted at all."

"Why, Eleanor?"

"I know. You're going to say that we're having adventures, wrecks, and desert islands, and so on, and that I haven't any notes to write, or— It's all the same. There's nothing for me. There wasn't for Mamma; I understand her now—oh, how I do understand! And as for Mr. Buzacott, if I had formed an attachment for him just because he was the only person I—I've informed it, and so you can tell anyone you like."

"I don't understand Mr. Buzacott," Minnie said with a slight frown.

"He's got something on his mind," Eleanor declared. "I don't know what it is. He's always walking about the windward beach, looking out, and he told Charlie Chaine the other day that it was all nonsense, or worse, keeping up those fires, and that if the old geezer—he meant Papa—had any sense, he'd douse the lot of them."

"My love—!"

"I'm only repeating. And he said the clam shells on the beach had been broken open, and that those bananas all standing together were just another sign."

"Of what?"

"I don't know, because he saw that I was listening, and he began to joke and carry on, as if he never meant anything."

"Did you hear any more?"

"He was saying something the other day about some gentleman called Hayes, and Charlie Chaine told him to shut his mouth—"You needn't say it." And I think he said something about a girl called Leonora. And

Charlie said: "God forbid she should come within a hundred miles." What do you think she can be like?"

"My love, when gentlemen are talking like that, it's always best not to listen. I've no doubt she is an exceedingly undesirable person."

Eleanor said: "I'm not so sure. They talked as if they didn't want her to come—really."

Minnie missed that implication. She said placidly: "We've had a nice talk, love, and I hope you'll remember what I said about not getting excited, and not talking as if you wished you were a gentleman. And if you'll come and help me to light the fire again, we can have some nice tea."

Eleanor sat on her feet; she tried hard to say: "Blast the nice tea," but it was forty years too soon; the sire of the mid-nineteenth century, even on a desert island refused to accept those sound-waves. Instead, she heard herself say meekly: "Thanks, Minnie. I'll come."

IN the weeks that had passed, James Robinson, Director had been made to suffer many things. He was troubled about Adeline. He was not easy about Eleanor. The selfishness of Black, who spent most of his time training and practising on the coral beach, shirking the wood and water work as much as possible, troubled him. It was one thing to make laws, and another to see them carried out; when you had no penalties, and no police, the best intentions did not carry far—as Robinson's not-yet-thought-of grandsons were to learn in the day of the League of Nations. Every morning and evening the little community met outside the tents for family prayers. Every Sunday James

Our Diet Hint

Oysters for Breakfast

By R. E. FIGGIS, Hon. Dietitian to the New Health Society.

OYSTERS have special values as articles of food. Particularly in their rich mineral content as a source of iron and copper (always needed in the daily diet) they stand high, but their special feature is their rich iodine content. Iodine we look upon as something to be applied to cuts and wounds, but it is even more important as a constituent of food. The thyroid gland soon shows signs of trouble if the iodine supply in the food is defective, but if some kind of fish is used, say, twice a week, the iodine supply should be fairly adequate. Oysters are specially useful as iodine suppliers, and visitors to the sea coast may indulge in an occasional oyster supper (or breakfast) with real advantage, taking in a store of necessary minerals in this way to meet a time of possible shortage later on.

Robinson held a service and preached a sermon. It ought to have been enough. But Adeline and Charles went about like an engaged couple (thank God it was no worse) with Charles' seal ring upon Adeline's finger. And that common man, Buzacott, had been paying attentions to Eleanor, which she had very kindly received. And the Blacks quarrelled at times; that is to say, Gerald was unkind to Minnie, and Minnie wept. And it took all the energy of himself and that splendid woman, Lady Gilliland, to keep the island chaperoned and policed.

Please turn to Page 50



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Victorian Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 49

SHE was splendid. Margaret — he brooded on the name. "Rare, pale Margaret," he called her, in his mind; though Lady Gilliland's pink and white skin was sadly sunken now, and her light brown hair was not that of a blonde. She was always so bright, so capable, so orderly, even here on a desert island, where order was scarce to be expected. The women's tent was a model of tidiness; the rude meals were set out decently and in order, upon a table of driftwood planks. The girls and Mrs. Black, following her example, dressed themselves always neatly. It was a pity that those sandy skirts and satins had to be used, but, after all, sin lay in intention only, and, as he had told Adeline, even this undesirable finery could be worn in the same spirit as calico and sackcloth.

He didn't think, though, that Addie was wearing it in any such spirit. Eleanor had never cared very much about clothes; there, he thought, she was her father's own daughter. But Addie—he could not call it anything else—simply flaunted. And how pretty, how very pretty, the naughty little witch looked in her mauves and magentas, her shot pinks and flounced and ruffled blues! The heart of James, unregenerately, swelled with pride when he looked at this child of his, although his head condemned her.

MARGARET GILLILAND chose sober purples, splendid oranges, from the dead woman's store, and in them looked like a beautiful August day; splendor of summertime at its height and crown, with just the faintest prophecy in the air of an autumn that, some day, would surely come.

Robinson liked that splendor. There was something about Margaret that answered swiftly, surely, to certain elements existing in himself, and in the things he most admired. Cathedral windows, with the sun behind; stately trees set in noble avenues; great music, pouring not too insistently, not too near, from organ galleries where the sunset flamed. The decency, the order, of a self-contained and dignified life. All this, and with it the philanthropic flame which burned in himself, which informed the whole of his life, and of which not a gleam had been handed on to his daughters.

In fine, Lady Gilliland seemed to him to be perfect.

It did not make him in any way more sympathetic to Addie and her unlucky passion. That was—as other people's passions always are—quite different. When he met her strolling with Charlie, in the red Pacific sunset, under the palms that flamed down with sensuous abandon towards the lagoon waters, as though, striving to cast themselves upon the cool breast of the sea—when he saw them sitting side by side, silent upon a rock, looking longingly out towards the horizon for a ship that would rescue them, set them free to wander among unobserving crowds again—he was seized with disapproval and dismay. Charles was his chief standby; he could not but admire Charles, the simple bravery, the continual good humors of the man; he was grateful to him for honoring his daughter, playing (as a later generation would have said) the game. But Charles, nevertheless, was a robber and if he, James Robinson, could ever have forgotten his cloth, it would have been an immense satisfaction to him to punch Charles Chaine on his handsome, aquiline nose.

This was trouble enough. Another trouble was the increasing unavailability of Buzacott, the mate who seemed to have something on his mind that made him, at times, almost surly. Now as Margaret—Lady Gilliland—said, there was nothing more important among castaways like themselves, than to keep up universal good humor; to smile whether you felt like it or not, greet everyone with a pleasant word, and never let yourself feel gloom or show it.

"She turns the place," complained Eleanor, secretly, to Addie, "into a perpetual party. You feel as if somebody would begin calling out in another minute: 'Miss Robinson's carriage stops the way.' Mrs. Black's carriage stops the way," and as if she was standing on the stairs somewhere, holding out her hand, and smiling and smiling! "But," said Adeline, looking distractingly pretty in a green frock with pink, with little lace-trimmed trousers peeping out, "but, Nell dear, there are no carriages—and, of course, no stairs!"

ELEANOR looked at her in a God-give-me-patience manner and silently walked away.

In the meantime, the Rev. James, troubled by certain passages he had overheard between Charles and Buzacott, was looking for the mate. If anything was going on of which he had not cognizance, it certainly ought to cease. Margaret Gilliland thought so. Margaret said that authority was authority, and their Director ought to

know everything. If there was any nonsense between Eleanor and Buzacott—and if Charles, that subversive person, should be encouraging it—well, he would talk to them!

He found Buzacott, as usual, pacing up and down the windward beach and taking not the smallest notice of Black, who, with red streaming face and panting chest, was practising sprints. Nobody, nowadays, did take much notice of Black, save his wife, who worshipped him as a devoted African worships his unkind, powerful ju-ju. Nobody understood him but herself; that was an axiom with Minnie. He was not kind to her; he never had loved her much. No matter. He was her great, muscular, powerful man who had won international championships, and been pictured by the Press, in smelly and unflattering yet honorable, woodcuts. He had won medals and medals; she had had a string of them made into a belt, and wore it with pride. Gerald liked her to wear it, because he couldn't wear them himself, much as he longed to do so; people like Charlie, with Crimean medals and ribbons, would have laughed.

Black was left tramping the sands with bare thick legs, and looking at his stop-watch. Robinson called Buzacott, and with him had a quiet



Do You Know?

That plaster of paris is derived from a mineral called gypsum. It is found in many parts of the world, but as a large part of Paris, France, happens to be built over whole beds of gypsum that city was the first to discover its use. Therefore small statuettes modelled from it were spoken of as being made of plaster of paris.

talk, under a huge, many-fruited breadfruit tree that overhung the lagoon.

WHEN he came back again to Lady Gilliland, who was waiting near the tent, he looked grave. "Did you make him talk?" she demanded crisply, frowning herself with a dry palm-leaf. It was her there, in mid-morning, even under the shade, even beside the spangled, cool lagoon.

"Indeed, yes." "And what did he say about her?" "About whom?"

"Eleanor, of course. It should not be permitted—" "Oh—Eleanor—things are not quite what we supposed. In fact, my dear," it slipped out somehow, and she didn't seem to notice—"we were talking of something else. Buzacott says that this island clearly belongs to someone, and is visited from time to time."

"What sort of people?" "We don't know. It might be—any kind of savages."

Lady Gilliland's fan bated not a stroke of the steady to and fro. "Unfortunate," she remarked. "Then again, it seems that a—very notorious blackbird, bucanier—whatever you like to call him—is in the habit of visiting these seas; it's supposed that he came to this island years ago, and carried off all its people, since when it's been uninhabited. Hayes is his name; they call him Bully Hayes."

"Never heard of him," Lady Gilliland said, still sharply frowning. "You wouldn't be likely to, but I believe he is notorious on this side of the world, quite a celebrity, a kind of sea bushranger. Well, he has a brig called the Leonora, and Buzacott swears that the other morning, very early, he saw from the top of the island a brig of about her tonnage passing in the distance."

"Why didn't he signal?" "He says, if the brig saw our three fires, and didn't respond, it must have been because the people on board were a bad lot."

"What does he advise?"

PARENTS! Your children's men at fare is important. Order Fairy Pin's Weekly for them—healthy, amusing, full of interest.

"He thinks that we ought to try and repair the boats." "And leave the island—and go out to sea?"

"Yes. To get into the track of regular shipping." "We were a long way off our course when the wreck occurred—you remember that mist that lasted for days—and Buzacott says we haven't a dog's chance of being found, unless by the sort of people we don't want to find us."

The fan was still. Lady Gilliland seemed to be thinking.

"My verdict is," she said, "that we stay. Or at least stay a few weeks more."

"I incline to that myself. But there's another difficulty. Buzacott has had the colossal impudence to ask me to marry him to Eleanor."

"What?" "He says that if we're going to stop on the island, there may be trouble of one kind or another, and if it comes, he wants to have a husband's right to look after her."

"Is he in love with her?"

"I—I really can't say. I suppose so. He spoke so curiously. He said: 'I'm not the class for your daughter, but there's no class here.'"

"There," said Lady Gilliland, "I totally disagree. Class is indestructible."

"He said: 'But I can offer her a sailor's heart, and a strong arm. And sir,' he said, 'you little know what games they can be up to in these parts, specially with such'—he used a word I can't repeat—as Bully Hayes about. Better let her have a husband to look after her.' I said that I hoped I could take care of my daughters myself, but he looked at me curiously, and said: 'One man to one woman, that's the best.' And I left him, and came here to talk it over."

Lady Gilliland did not immediately respond. Her face was strangely flushed. "I think," she said presently, "that Mr. Buzacott is too—what can one say—familiar." But she did not seem to be really displeased.

She went on: "And what does our little Eleanor think?"

Eleanor was neither little nor hers, but Robinson liked the phrase. He smiled.

"I will tell her," he said. "Buzacott seems to think that if we are to stay, there would be safety for Eleanor in such a measure. But I must confess—"

"It would be horrible to go out in open boats!"

"It would be undesirable for Eleanor to make a hasty or inferior match."

"I agree, I agree. James"—they were drifting into the use of Christian names—"James, class is class, and if we were anywhere else, I should undoubtedly say—"

She seemed to be agitated, the fan did to her feet. "But I cannot say it here. Let Eleanor marry if she wishes. We have been—"

she spoke with difficulty—"we have been happy here. Who knows what—"

"Just so," said the Vicar soothingly. The signs of emotion in Margaret Gilliland amazed him; he was not aware that they justified him also. "I'll speak to her. And my dear" (the words came trippingly now), "it was very nice of him to come to me first; not everyone, in these degenerate days, and on a desert island, where savages have lived, do live, perhaps—and as I may say to a married woman, temptation is in the very air—it may be well to avoid impropriety."

"Yes," said Lady Gilliland, suddenly recovering herself, picking up her fan before James could reach it, and sitting very erect. "Yes—by all means, let us avoid any suggestion of impropriety."

Eleanor, staring at Harry Buzacott and twisting her lace handkerchief between agitated fingers, said: "But—but—"

The chunky, shell-backed man in front of her met her disturbed look with a smile astonishingly sweet.

"Why, Eleanor," he said, "you needn't be afraid of me. I thought," he added, simply, "you liked me pretty well, for a rough cove such as I am."

"I thought you didn't," she told him. He had just asked her to marry him, explaining that her father had given his consent, and Eleanor couldn't make head or tail of it—of Harry Buzacott's feelings, which had seemed uncertain, up till now; of her own, which had been certain, and now were—what?

"I liked you right well," he told her. "You're a proper armful of love, you are, Eleanor, and many's the time on the ship I thought as much; but law! I knew I was a rough un, only fit to hand the ladies to their chairs, when I wasn't being watch, or misty bell among the crew. I never thought to come up to you like this, and ask you to marry me. I was for standing off and on, even here, till I—till I found out—"

He stopped, drew the back of his hand uncomfortably across his mouth. "Well, Eleanor, the long and the short of it is that there may be dirty weather ahead of us here in this island, and you'd be the better of a man of your own, a man who can stick by you day and night, fair weather and foul, if so be it's necessary. What'd you say, heart?"

To be continued

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BANISHED BACKACHE

"I suffered from severe pains in my back, and always felt tired out," states Mr. J.P. of West Tamworth. "I was badly handicapped and found it difficult to do my work at farming. Every time I bent down I felt pain was intolerable and it was very hard to straighten my back again. I was strongly recommended to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking the first bottle I felt an improvement and the attacks were not so severe. I have now taken four bottles of these pills and the pains in my back have completely vanished, and I feel very much better and stronger in every way. I can certainly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others suffering in a similar way."

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ENGLAND PREPARES for Visit of Women CRICKETERS

Australian Girls May Yet Play at Lords

By MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

The English women cricketers are now homeward bound, and with the reputation of not having lost one match in which they played during their visit to Australia and New Zealand.

That their visit is the forerunner of an interchange of visits between Australia and England is established and the English people are already speculating as to when and where the Australian team will play in England.

PAST records of women's matches are being unearthed, and suggestions are forthcoming as to the grounds that will probably be used for the three Test matches.

This year there is discussion in London as to whether a women's team will play at the Oval in a one-day match, and it is very likely to be held on June 15, when the English touring team, after returning from Australia, will play the Rest of England.

This all sounds very modern, but someone has just dug up an account of a women's cricket match from the "Monthly Magazine or British Register" of October, 1811. Here is an account of the way women played cricket in those days:

"A grand cricket match has been played this month, between eleven women of Surrey and eleven women of Hampshire, for 500 guineas. The contest was decided near Ball's Pond, Midsussex. The combatants were dressed in loose 'browsers' with short fringed petticoats descending to the knees, and light flannel waistcoats with sashes round the waist.

The performers were of all ages and sizes, from 14 years to upwards of 50, and were distinguished by colored rib-

bons. The weather being favorable on the second day much skill was displayed, but the palm was borne off by a Hampshire lass who made 41 before she was thrown out; at the conclusion of the day the first innings for Hampshire totalled 81, while that of Surrey was only 7. And after two days further contest it was decided in favor of Hampshire."

Then follows a list of the players, headed by Ann Baker, aged 60 years, then Charlotte and Hannahs and Sarahs and Martha. In fact, most of the "modern girls" 124 years ago seem to have been called Hannah.

So the English and Australian women who have been playing "Test" matches are really not showing us anything

Expert's Views

HOWEVER, Warren Bardsley, the great Test cricketer, after watching the matches in Australia, says: "I did not think it possible for women to play cricket of this class. This is real cricket."

Bruce Harris, the well-known cricket correspondent, suggests: "There is some prospect of an Australian women's team visiting England in 1936, but, as well as the financial question, there is the problem of grounds. In England very



MISS BETTY ARCHDALE, who so successfully captained the English women cricketers in Australia and New Zealand.

few county pitches have been made available for single days only. I suggest that, for business as well as friendly reasons, it would be worth the while of the men's county clubs to make room for the women's Test matches.

"They would be a bigger public draw than many a sleepy county fixture. Even tually, women cricket, hockey, and lacrosse players may combine in provid-

ing a central sports ground of their own.

"Meanwhile, the men ought to help them. It ought to be possible to secure Lords, Trent Bridge, and Old Trafford for three Test matches in 1936—England v. Australia. From some points of view they would be more enjoyable than the Test matches the men have played."

WOMEN Athletes' BIG PLANS!

THE New South Wales women athletes have all been training assiduously for their State championships which will take place at the Sports Ground on March 2, and at the Arlington Ground, Dulwich Hill, on March 9 and 16.

At the termination of this meeting the State selectors, Mrs. Magee, Miss C. Dahm and Mr. Alexander, will announce the team to participate in the Australian championships which will be held in Brisbane on April 24 and 27.

Of those who at the present time seem likely to be included in the team is Edie Robinson, holder of the Australian and State 100 yards record, and the State 220 yards record. Clarice Kennedy will be seen at her best in the hurdles. She is the present holder of the Australian and State records. She will also participate in the javelin and field games.

Cora Hannan's speciality is the shot and discus, of which she holds the Australian and State records. Lorna Carrington will defend the 880 yards and the 440 yards walk, of which she also holds the Australian and State records.

In the high jump and the broad jump entries there are several promising performers, but perhaps the most outstanding in the high jump is Enid Sault, who may win her way into the team.

The Australian women's athletic championships only take place every two years, consequently greater interest will be taken in winners of the various events in Brisbane, especially in view of the fact that the Olympic Games are due to take place again next year.

Should Tennis Players Go Abroad Each Year?

By JOAN HARTIGAN

"What is the necessity for sending a tennis team home each year in quest of the Davis Cup—would it not be better to send a team over every other year rather than incur the annual expenditure that is necessary for such a long trip abroad?"—is a question that has frequently been asked.

THERE is some doubt in the minds of the public that the heavy expense of sending a team abroad each year is hardly warranted.

On the other hand, among many tennis enthusiasts, it is accepted that the present practice of sending a team away each year is most desirable. Recently, in France, representatives from all the countries which will be represented in the Davis Cup matches this year met and discussed the advisability of having the matches played every two years instead of every year as is at present the rule. A motion to this effect was put to the meeting, but it was defeated, and the matches will continue to be played as formerly.

Overseas players are selected from countries with populations greatly in excess of that of Australia, while the number of players in those countries probably greatly exceeds those in Australia. They are engaged practically the whole year round in meeting other high-class players from various countries in competition matches and thus have every opportunity of bringing their game up to a high standard.

As I point out in my previous articles our first-class tennis players only chance of improving their game is by playing against players of at least equal calibre to themselves, or players of a higher standard. Is it possible for this desirable result to be achieved by the Australian players merely meeting one another? I should say "No!" An improvement in their play could only be effected by close contact with players on the other side of the world.

Another factor that cannot be overlooked is the interest and enthusiasm that is sustained in our own country by the doings of our players overseas.

The whole Australian tennis world follows closely the matches in which our players are engaged, and the success which they attain stimulates the game in this country.

One has only to look back, on Jack

Crawford's win in the final of the Singles Championship at Wimbledon in 1933, to realise the wave of enthusiasm that spread throughout the tennis world and amongst all the sport-loving people in Australia.

Good Effect

THIS win did not only result in a great deal of good for the game in this country, but it had a more far-reaching effect inasmuch as it brought the name of Australia prominently before practically every other nation. I do not think it would be saying too much that the success of our players in the various fields of sport has done more to advertise Australia than anything else. It would be a pity, therefore, if the Australian Lawn Tennis Association should at any time decide not to send tennis representatives abroad each year.

If a team were not sent abroad each year, I cannot help feeling that some of the interest would be taken from the game, and the same keenness would not be exhibited by the general public. When our players have the opportunity of meeting the champions of other countries they have a better chance of building up a high standard of tennis.

Competing against the international players at intervals of two years would, I think, spoil our chances of winning either the Davis Cup trophy or the world's championship in singles or doubles.

I realise, of course, that these trips abroad are largely a matter of finance, but, after all, it is the players who bring the money into the coffers of the association, and surely no better way could be found of spending this money than trying to improve the standard of tennis in Australia.

I am not in a position to state whether all our trips abroad have been financial successes, but even if this were not so the question of funds should not be the deciding factor.

It must be remembered that the players make very considerable sacrifices for sport, and for this reason alone they should be given every encouragement to win their way to the top of the tree.

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PALMER

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THE MAN HAMILTON

By VANCE PALMER

CHAPTER I.



"COME on, Miss Byrne! If we don't get along now . . . Oh, I say! You haven't gone to sleep, have you?" A sharp note of protest entered the boy's voice, rousing Nina from her state of delicious torpor. She had been lying face downwards in the grass, letting the scent and warmth of the earth soak

into her body, and half imagining she was a plant or tree in which the sap was rising. It was a favorite habit of hers to sprawl at ease like that, living almost entirely in her senses, but she could not indulge it freely within sight of the station, where there were so many eyes to watch her curiously. Eyes that already thought her a little strange! Here on the edge of the yellow plain it was different, for as soon as the stock-route gate was passed there was a feeling of complete freedom. Nothing but miles of grass, bleached by the past summer, and ragged clumps of mulga and sandalwood that appeared wherever the earth humped itself in a slight ridge! Now that the morning was well advanced there was a mellow heat in the air, and if the boy had not been there Nina would have liked to bathe in the shallow lagoon, frightening the wood-duck that played among the reeds and letting herself dry in the sun.

The boy wanted to do that, but she had stopped him, for he was just recovering from a cold, and she was afraid of the questions his mother would ask. It was accepted that Denis had a weak chest and must not be allowed to take any risks. A slender, lightly built boy of thirteen, he had an olive face and regular features, while the long lashes that drooped over his dark eyes gave him an indolent, attractive look; but the sardonic twist of his mouth hinted at precocity. An only child, he had heard too much talk about himself for his own good. There were healthy impulses in him, but they were flickering and wayward, showing themselves mainly in rebellion at the coddling to which he had always been subjected.

Nina rolled over on her side and watched him as he lounged on the grass, sketching on an opened envelope with a short stump of pencil. Her mind was drowsy and her shoulders tired, for the lean chestnut that was now tied to a sapling close by had been pulling all the way down, occasionally bolting for the timber when a dry twig suddenly snapped. She was a little frightened of the horse, though she would not admit it. There was a perversity in its mulish head and small, pig-like eyes, and while on its back she had a sense of being engaged in a combat. Rather than push on further, she would have preferred to lie there at ease, watching the golden plain over which a few turkeys hovered clumsily, and the swarms of finches that had made a bathing-pool of the muddy lagoon.

"Show me, Denis: what is it?" she said, reaching lazily for the drawing. "That's you," he said with a grin. "I couldn't draw your face because it was hidden in the grass."

"Oh, rot!" she protested. "I'm not so shapeless as all that."

"The back's a bit humped," he admitted, "but it's you all right. You always look dumpy in a riding-shirt."

"Dumpy?" she repeated. "What cheek! I'm nearly five feet four and I weigh hardly more than you do."

"Oh, you're not so bad as the other governess," he assured her cheerfully. "She used to sit on a horse like a sack of flour. Ten stone and rode fifteen."

It occurred to Nina, as she watched him swishing at the seeding grass with his riding-whip, that his sharp, incisive mind would never spare anybody but himself. When he was angry with her he never grew merely sulky, but stood watching her with curious, heavy-lidded eyes, as if he were probing for some secret weakness. He could even adopt the same attitude to his mother, who smothered him with affection.

"Draw something else," she said. "Draw the crooked gum leaning over the water-hole."

"No," he objected. "You don't get me like that. We're settled to go to the outstation, and it's three more miles."

"Well, let's take it easy," she responded, rising. "I don't believe you'd care if that chestnut broke my neck."

He laughed at this playful appeal to his sympathy. Through long experience of his mother, he had become proof against that sort of appeal. And he had no intention of taking it easy as long as his brown pony was reeling at the bit. When they were ambling along together he found a secret pleasure in letting his riding-whip lightly trail over the chestnut's haunches, in order to see how well the girl could keep her seat when it sprang suddenly forward. Several times she had to threaten to turn back unless he desisted, but her voice had no decisive sting in it. It was easy for him to distract her attention by playing on her sense of humor, and he did it with a casual familiarity.

Her whole relation to the boy was wrong. Nina felt, as she watched him ambling half a length ahead of her. She was twenty-four; he made her feel as if she was his own age, and only a girl at that. To gain authority over him she ought to have surrounded herself in an atmosphere of aloofness from the beginning. That would have been contrary to her impulses, though, and she couldn't have kept it up! She had no gift of impersonality. Never since she was a child had she been able to spend five minutes with any human being without trying to find out whether she was liked or not.

YET she was disconcerted by the way the boy saw through her. His dark, quizzical eyes seemed intent on stripping from her any veil of mystery she gathered round herself. Sometimes, when they were working on a hot morning in the little slab school-room at the back of the saddle-room, he would break out suddenly: "I say, Miss Byrne, let's chuck this for an hour or so while I have a swim. It's no use your pretending you want to sweat over these fractions. You've got a book to read."

And when she held out stubbornly he would retort: "I know what you're scared of. It's Mum. She hasn't got eyes in the back of her head, though. I can dodge down there by the windmill without anybody knowing."

A provoking boy! He would have been intolerable but for graces that were almost entirely physical, his black, wavy hair, for instance, that her fingers so often itched

to stroke, as if it were the fur of some wild animal. There really was something of the wild animal about him, in spite of his sophistication. His very thoughts moved panther-like through dark jungles.

Over the plain came the horse-teams, the high waggons piled with stores from the township nearly a hundred miles away. Large cakes of mud clung to the wheels and gave out a smell of wet earth, very refreshing after the dry breath of summer. The two men riding beside their teams had the color and scent of the earth about them, too. They took their pipes out of their mouths and gave Nina greetings as they passed, watching her with quiet, friendly eyes that had a glimmer of curiosity in them. She was stimulated by that frank, level stare. It seemed to spread warmth through her, like the caress of the sun on the nape of her neck.

"Jerry Wilcox and his brother," the boy said carelessly. "It'll be their last load before the winter rains. They've been held up nearly a fortnight on the blacksoil flats this time."

Right in front of them lay the timber, the boles of the brigalows looking black as jet under their silver foliage. A few cattle feeding on the outskirt glaned up with startled eyes and bolted for the scrub, the dry branches crackling under their feet. Everywhere the grass was long and yellow, like hay that had ripened on the stalk, and the ascending sun had not yet sucked the dew from the herbage that grew beneath its cover. To the right of them a faint mist hung over a reedy depression, separating from time to time into round balls like thistledown and drifting off into the clear air above.

The influence of the morning seemed to spread through the boy's blood.

"Here goes!" he said suddenly. "See those two logs there beside the track! I'm going to show you how this pony can jump."

Nina's sense of responsibility was awakened at once. Mrs. Burgoyne's strained, pale, anxious face floated before her mind in an aura of pale light.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Denis," she said peremptorily. "They're far too high."

"Oh, bunkum," he retorted easily. "Dey can clear that one beside the horse-yard at home, and it's six inches higher than these."

She laid her hand on his wrist, her instinct being to assert physical control over him.

"Look here, Denis," she said hotly. "If you play the fool now, I'll never come out with you again. Never!"

But he merely laughed and shook himself free.

"Oh, yes, you will," he taunted her. "You're always saying that. Let the chestnut have its head and it'll clear them like one o'clock."

He reared away, and she would have followed him, only exasperation had laid a sort of paralysis upon her. There were times when she wanted to shake Denis, so impossible did it seem to gain mastery over him in any other way. It was desperately hard to keep her hands off him and let him go; yet there was an odd, disorderly part of her mind that admired him most when he was defying her. It was as if the spirit of life in him was protesting against submission to a weak chest and a smothering maternal affection.

She watched him rise in the stirrups as the pony took the first leg, its rear hoofs striking sharply against the thick butt. The shock seemed to put the pony out of its stride, and when it reached the second leg it baulked, rose stiffly with its feet bunched together, and, completely misjudging the distance, came crashing down. Nina, her heart in her mouth, saw it stagger to its feet, and with a startled whinny gallop off into the timber, tripping over its bridle.

She was beside the boy in a moment, kneeling on the grass and looking into his white face. Yes, it was of his mother she was thinking, that brooding, intense woman who had asserted a dominance over her ever since she had come to the place. The boy seemed stunned by the fall and did not attempt to rise, lying on his side with his knees drawn up and his arm crumpled beneath him. To Nina his posture seemed painfully like that of some small, wounded animal.

"Badly hurt, Denis?" she said, putting her arm under his head. "Oh, Boy, why didn't you . . . ?"

"Don't," he replied, wincing. "It hurts!"

"What does?" she questioned. "Tell me."

"I don't know," he muttered drowsily. "My arm, I think. Just let me lie still awhile."

She fastened the chestnut to a sapling and then came back to him, hovering round him uncertainly. A feeling of helplessness possessed her. The pony had disappeared among the brigalows, and there was no sign of life on the wide horizon except for a sparrow-hawk wheeling in circles through the blue overhead. The boy had turned over on his side again, and was trying to assume control over the muscles of his face. In spite of the softness of his training he had a pride that kept him from showing the white feather.

"There's nothing much wrong," he said confusedly. "I've come worse croppers before. Often! Got thrown on the rails once, and had the back of my head opened up a treat. . . . Where's Daddy?"

"Gone racing through the timber," she told him. "I suppose it'll make for home later on."

"You'd better try to catch it," he said, frowning. "How'll we get home if you don't?"

She protested that there was no earthly chance of catching it now. It had had a fright and would never let her get near it even if she picked up its tracks.

"Anyhow, I can't leave you alone here," she added, plucking. "If they find it at the gate with the saddle on, they'll send down the buggy."

"That's just what I don't want," he said, with a sudden, furtive movement. "You know what Mum is. Fussing and thinking I'm killed every time anything happens. The whole place will be stirred up like a hornet's nest."

She calmed him and began to examine his arm, which was broken a few inches below the elbow. As she rolled up the sleeve of his shirt, the sight of the limp wrist, slightly out of line with the rest of the arm, gave her a shock. She had never noticed before how slender and undeveloped his limbs were; the arm seemed as if it could be easily snapped between her fingers. Yet now that the thing was done it looked as irreparable as a shattered vase.

"It's only seven miles home," said the boy, sitting up. "I could walk that easy, and it wouldn't take more than a couple of hours. Make some sort of sling for me, will you, Miss Byrne? We'll set out as soon as I've had a bit of a spell."

HE looked at his arm, and, after staring at it for a while in a fascinated way, went off into a faint. Nina caught his head in her lap and sat there perplexed and immobile, wondering why

such a simple situation left her at her wits' end. Out of the yellow plain beyond the timber was the reedy hollow over which a mist had lain; there might be water there, for she had seen the wood-duck fly up from it in pairs. But it was nearly a mile away, and she did not want to leave the boy for so long.

She was still hesitating when she heard a soft thud of hoofs behind her, and looking over her shoulder she saw a man riding out of the timber leading a horse. He was a tall man, dressed in a grey flannel shirt and corded breeches, and his felt hat, coming low down over his eyes, made his face look dark as that of a half-caste. At first Nina was so intent on making sure that the horse he was leading was the boy's pony, that she noticed nothing else. Then it flashed upon her that the man's face was also vaguely familiar.

CHAPTER 2

HE rode up with hardly a word of greeting and slipped from the saddle, fastening the two horses to a sapling. There was no curiosity or surprise on his face when he saw the boy lying on the grass, for apparently he had guessed what had happened, and took the circumstances for granted. He had the air of a man who lived in a self-contained world of his own, and seldom spoke. Nina had a feeling that he was no more aware of her than if she had been a stump or a tree. He bent down and took the boy's slim wrist between his thumb and fingers. "Looks like a simple fracture," he said, after a moment. "I'd better set it before he's moved."

He seemed to be communing with himself rather than talking to the girl. In spite of her relief at his appearance, Nina resented the quiet way in which he took charge of the situation. Not the slightest pretence of consulting her; indeed, his level, assured voice and the sober intensity of his eyes had the effect of effacing her altogether! She had an impulse to assert herself.

"I'll go and get some water, then," she said, rising.

"You'll find some in the canvas bag on my saddle," he told her, without turning his head.

As she went to get it she wondered where she had seen the stranger's face before. There was little that was remarkable about it, and yet it had remained very clearly in her memory, subtly associated with some mood or impression. He had grey, deep-set eyes, sensitive nostrils, and a small brown moustache that almost hid his tightly shut mouth, but the rather sombre cast of his features was relieved by a broad cleft chin, the dimple of which was partly hidden by a scar. The hallmark of some fractious young colt probably!

While unstrapping the canvas bag she noticed the fittings of the saddle with eyes that were keenly alive to details. The bridle was finely plaited from strips of thin greenhide, and the straps that held the oilskin and jackstay were plaited also, while every ring and stirrup was bright as polished silver. The heavy stock-saddle with its high curved knee-pads had the indefinable look of something made for one man and no other. Apparently he took a pride in the figure he cut on a horse! Or perhaps these things were merely evidence of the care men bestow on things they live by. She had seen Conlon, the overseer, spend nearly a week on carving a whip-handle.

"You're not a doctor?" she challenged, when she returned.

He was quietly whitening some sticks with a heavy clasp-knife. "No," he said. "I'm Hamilton—Hamilton of Euroa."

The name meant nothing to her. She thought it odd that he should announce it as if it were a title all men knew. Odd and a little aggressive!

"Then hadn't we better wait till we get a doctor from the township before we do anything?" she asked.

He did not answer for a while, and his silence seemed like a snub.

"You don't wait for doctors here," he said at last. "They don't grow on gooseberry bushes. . . . No limb I've ever set has had to be broken again."

It suggested a background of experience that gave her complete confidence. Evidently he knew what he was going. The boy had opened his eyes and was watching the operation with a dazed air of detachment, as if he knew the stranger and was quite ready to surrender his will to him. He had nothing to say, but there was a rather sulky droop about his mouth. The dreamy egotism of the injured had taken possession of him, and he was revealing in the fact that his broken limb would make him an object of interest for some weeks, at least.

"German Charlie's!" thought Nina, pursuing a dim memory to its source.

THE exact situation in which she had seen the stranger had flashed across her mind at that moment. It had been on the morning three months before, when she had been coming out in the coach, and the novelty of a new scene had made all her impressions fresh and vivid. After a miserable wet night at German Charlie's they had taken the road early, the horses plunging off at a canter through a damp, cheerless world on which the sun had not yet risen. Half a dozen people sat huddled in the rocking coach, their senses only partly awakened by the black acid coffee they had drunk by candlelight, and the mud of their truck covering their minds. At the creek they had come upon a smoky camp-fire, and a man in oilskins saddling up his shivering horse. There had been some joke about his preferring a wet camp to a "place" where he might meet women, but she had not caught the full drift of it. Only the memory of his eyes remained clear, looking at her over the back of the wet horse, and the smoky camp with its dripping figures had fixed itself in her mind as an image of desolation.

She watched the man now, as he arranged the splints on the boy's arm and bound them with his neckerchief, fascinated by the way he excluded everything from his attention but the work in hand. She no longer took this as a personal slight. It was so obviously a habit with him, as much a part of his character as the modulation of his voice and the neatness of his clothes. She noticed that his grey flannel shirt was not buttoned, but laced to the throat with a leather cord, and that the handle of the whip he had laid down was curved carefully out of girth. The very atmosphere of an entirely masculine world seemed to be concentrated in these two things. She could not help picking up the whip and feeling it with her fingers.

"One of those horses has pulled away," he said suddenly, without turning his head. "Do you think you could catch it before it clears out?"

It was as if he had an uncanny perception of what was going on behind his back. Some sixth sense that came from living alone! She saw that it was her own chestnut that had pulled away, for she had thrown the reins carelessly over a dead twig in her hurry. It snorted as she approached and seemed likely to stampede the others, but after a little manoeuvring she was able to grab the trailing bridle.

"You old rogue!" she said, pressing the velvet muzzle against her breast. "What new piece of mischief are you making ready for now?"

She was extraordinarily aware of herself; she hardly knew why. A pleasurable excitement was flowing through her veins, making her senses keen and acute. There

THE MAN HAMILTON

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

was even a stimulating tang in the herby aroma of the chestnut's breath, as it yawned in her face, showing the slivered bit.

When she came back, Denis was sitting up, looking proudly at his bandaged arm and cracking chummy jokes with his old self-assurance. He seemed to regard the slag that had been fastened round his neck as a badge of honor.

She stood uncertainly for awhile, watching Hamilton's turned back.

"What are we going to do now?" she asked at last.

"Barney Cavanagh will be along presently with the coach," said Hamilton, as if he had thought the matter out already.

"There's no need to wait," the boy put in. "The pony's there, and I can ride home. Once I'm in the saddle I'll be right. Home and dry on the pig's back."

"Better take things easy," Hamilton advised him. "The pony's had a fright and may try to get rid of you again. I've ridden home myself with a broken collar-bone, and I know what it means. Here's the coach now."

THE rumble of wheels became audible, and soon the coach hove in sight, swaying perilously in the rut left by the horse-teams as the leaders broke into a canter on the edge of the plain. There was a look of astonishment on the round, red face of the driver, as he saw the group. He reined up the horses with a flourish and sprang down from his seat.

"Another patient, Mr. Hamilton?" he said, looking at the boy. "Hallo, young fellow! What's the damage?"

Hamilton assured him that it was nothing serious.

"He wants to ride, but I won't let him," he said. "That's so, isn't it, Denis? Better give him a lift as far as Conondale, Barney."

There was a free-and-easy familiarity in the way he talked to the coach-driver that made a sharp contrast with his earlier stiffness. Obviously he was at home with men, the girl reflected. She noted, too, an odd respect, even a shyness in the way Cavanagh looked at him—Cavanagh, whose loose tongue was used to ridiculing everyone for the entertainment of his passengers! There was no one in the coach now except one solitary old lady who seemed to regard the incident as a happy break in a dull journey, and fussed over the boy maternally, arranging cushions for his head and covering him with a rug. For his part, he looked at her defiantly with heavy-lidded eyes, pleased at her anxiety yet determined not to be made a fool of in the presence of Cavanagh and the others.

As they stood watching the coach whirl away the man said reflectively:

"You could have gone with them and looked after the youngster. Why the devil didn't I think of it before! I could easily have led the two horses."

"It doesn't matter," said Nina quickly. "I'd rather ride. Which way are you going?"

"The same way as you."

"To Conondale?"

"Past the gates, anyhow."

He let his grey eyes fasten upon her for a moment, and it seemed to her that he was really looking at her for the first time. So great was the power of his direct gaze that she felt he had suddenly detached her from her surroundings. Picked her up as if she were some bright object in the grass, and subjected her to an intense scrutiny! But no; there was nothing inhuman about his stare. He seemed to have become aware at that moment that she was a woman, a creature of flesh and blood. Her sense of personality was restored. She felt the blood creep up her neck till it reached her forehead, and she knew by the queer warmth of coloring under his eyes that the same pleasurable

thrill was passing through him. For a moment they seemed to float entranced on a bright pool of silence, and then the man said abruptly:

"It's long after midday, and you can't have had anything to eat. Where did you intend to have lunch when you came out?"

"At the little out-station hut," she told him. "We often ride down there, on Saturdays, and boil our quarts. It's a sort of picnic-habit we've established. The boudary-rider generally leaves rations in the safe there."

"And to-day you didn't get so far?"

"No, Denis was mad for a jump at those logs. I couldn't hold him back. Once he gets an idea into that obstinate head of his . . . It doesn't matter, though. I'm not in the least bit hungry."

"We'll get along, then," he said, turning to the horses.

As they ambled together over the yellow plain that was now shimmering in the midday heat she found her companion's habit of silence spreading to herself, making her disinclined to talk. She was wrapped in an atmosphere of profound contentment, she did not know why. It was not mere drowsiness induced by the sun and the chirring of crickets in the long, yellow grass, for her mind was pleasantly active, busy with speculations about the man at her side.

Hamilton of Eural! He had pronounced the name with a certain emphasis, even with a hint of challenge, as if it stood for something. Yet what could it stand for, except perhaps a local reputation for fat cattle or well-bred horses? Now that she searched her memory she had a faint sense of having heard the name of the station before, generally in association with a lot of other names, some of them unpronounceable. Once, too, at the yards, she had heard the overseer say that a pen of strayed cattle had the Eural brand. But the name had no separate flavor or atmosphere for her. And Burgoyne, who usually gossiped about all his neighbors as he smoked his pipe on the verandah of an evening, had never mentioned Hamilton's name as far as she could remember.

She pictured a little shingle-roofed homestead hidden away in the mulga, with a square strip of cropped grass around it, and a windmill to pump water from the creek. There would be a pepperiera, trailing over the roof of the verandah, as she had seen in other places, and a few blacks hanging round the kitchen and the store. Then the eternal yards, with horses of all shapes and sizes, moving round restlessly in a haze of dust! But she had difficulty in fitting him into this background or any other she could visualise. The mulga itself was an unfamiliar world to her as yet, one clothed in mystery, especially at night. Men came riding out of it, talked a little, and then vanished into it again, leaving behind them a whiff of the same sense of strangeness that she remembered hovering over a girl at school whose parents lived in Java.

They continued on till they had overhauled the coach, and then settled down to an easy amble again. Hamilton rode half a length ahead, his long legs hanging down below the girths, and only the points of his toes touching the stirrups. She would have thought him plunged in a profound abyss of abstractions if he had not turned to her every now and then with some casual comment, generally on the flight of a bird, or the nature of a shrub or tree. He wasn't particularly reticent, she found; he merely left off talking when he had finished what he wanted to say. And he hadn't the least self-consciousness about being silent. She might have been a man whom he had known a long time. Yet when his steady glance rested on her eyes, she felt in him the same intense awareness of her presence as when he had first looked at her.

"Queer!" she thought. "He wakes up every now and then to find I'm a human being . . . or a woman, even! Yes, almost certainly a woman!"

She was used to men being aware of her as a woman; being rather too conditionally aware of it. The man at her side was different from most, though; his eyes were too absorbed to flutter round promiscuously. Every moment she expected him to break through the screen of quiet courtesy with some brusque and significant question, and she was a little piqued at his lack of curiosity. What did he know about her? Not even her name, probably. She had moved about very little since she had come to Conondale, which was a world in itself. There was no sign that he had the faintest interest in her, except for that occasional warm concentration of his eyes. They had passed the last gate with the coach, a couple of hundred yards ahead of them, and were already in sight of the pise homestead, that looked very white in its setting of green. A collection of low-roofed, rambling buildings, it stood on the edge of a rise, with a long, narrow garden sloping to the creek. Hamilton halted at the yards and let down the alprails, handing over the pony to a blackboy who was lounging by the fence.

"You're not coming in?" Nina asked in surprise as she watched him mount his horse again.

"To the house? No; the boy's all right. I've done everything I can."

"But you'll want something to eat," she protested.

"There's no hurry. I'll boil my quart at the first creek along the road."

Nina looked at him sharply.

"Are you always so independent as that? Mrs. Burgoyne will want to thank you."

A hint of humorous irony flitted through his eyes.

"Oh, no, I think not. She'll think my chummy setting will have deformed the boy's arm, and she won't be happy till it's reset by a real doctor. I'll find him and send him out, if he isn't too drunk for the journey. McEvoy's got his peculiarities, like the rest of us."

He raised his hat and cantered off, as if to avoid further argument. There was something so definite in his manner that she almost felt that a door had been closed in her face.

For a while she remained watching the easy rise and fall of his body to the horse's movement, till an impatient stamp of the foot and a nudging of the chestnut's nose at her shoulders recalled her to immediate realities. She braced herself for the unpleasant task of facing Denis's mother.

CHAPTER 3.

THE accident to the boy was not, after all, a very serious affair. Three days after it happened he was sitting up in his bed with a drawing-board on his knees, copying pictures of the Godolphin Barb from one of his father's horse-books. He had always been happy when he had a pencil in his hands, and he could see some weeks, at least, of uninterrupted leisure ahead of him. Any tendency he might have had to make much of the injury was killed at the outset by the elaborate attentions of his mother, who hovered about the room continually, charging it with an atmosphere of sentiment.

She had a dim feeling that her sympathy bored him, but that only made her more restless and exacting in her efforts to wring proofs of affection from him. She was acutely conscious that he never wanted to bury himself in his drawing when Nina Byrne came in to see him. Even when the girl was bullying him about his lateness, she seemed to do it in a way he liked! Often she heard laughter coming from the room when they were together, and it aroused an acute jealousy in her breast. What was there about the girl that made Denis relax like that? She could see nothing.

ing in her to account for men of all kinds liking her so, and yet it was undeniable that a change had come over the place since her arrival. Even Conlon, the overseer, was lifted out of his solemn preoccupation with his daily round while she was near, and talked with animation at meals. Conlon, whose mind was usually about as impressionable as a working bullock's!

A dark, intense woman, whose emotions ran in deep and narrow channels, Mrs. Burgoyne always carried about with her a sense of being thwarted in her natural desires and affections. There was beauty in her long, oval face, with its brown eyes and delicate features, but it was rarely lit up by any animation or interest in what was going on about her. Very early in life she had formed a conception of herself as a tragic figure, and was apt to seize on circumstances that would lend her aid in carrying out this part. There was her husband's failure, for instance. It was indisputable that he had failed. From being the owner of a comfortable little station near the coast, a sort of family estate handed down to him by his father, he had sunk to the position of manager for a syndicate—manager of this isolated place in the mallee, a hundred miles away from anywhere. And there was the added fact that his failure was due to lack of character. She had quite made up her mind about that! Even with a mortgage hanging over his head, he had surrendered to his love of mere sociability, and had made frequent journeys to town on the pretext of business in order to drink and gamble in mining shares with his friends.

Perhaps she would have forgiven him for the inevitable failure if he had not taken it so light-heartedly himself, facing the prospect of starting again in new surroundings as if he were a boy. That spirit of jolly seemed to belittle the sacrifice she herself was quite ready to make. They had been three years at Conondale, and never by word or act had he shown regret for the disaster that had made such a break in their lives. He was even enthusiastic about the new place, and was carried on this sparkling stream of energy from one plan to another, the building of a yard or the sinking of a dam. One hour of tragic realization would have satisfied her, but she had never received that tribute from him. Instead there had been nothing but this steady flow of high spirits, this inclination to make the best of a not very bad joke. She was driven back on her affection for Denis, and from her illusions about his future she drew a nourishment for the side of her nature her married life had starved.

Brooding over the accident, as she moved about the house, her mind continually returned to Nina Byrne and her relations with the boy. She could not help holding the governess responsible for the affair. For some time she had nursed a secret grudge against this girl, who was so forthcoming to every one but her, and every day she was more inclined to resent her casual attitude towards Denis, her way with men, and her habit of shutting herself up in her room for hours at a time. In truth she had suffered a bitter disappointment in the governess. Before her coming she had looked forward with eagerness to the prospect of having a companion, and had even built up a quite definite picture of her in her own mind. She would be a quiet, soft-voiced woman of about thirty-five, a little faded, perhaps, but sensitive and sympathetic, gently anxious to escape from the colorlessness of her own life into the fuller, richer lives of those around her. A confidant, in fact, in whose devoted eyes she could see herself enlarged and ennobled! Nina Byrne had proved to be anything but that. In spite of her quick laugh and her apparent impulsiveness there was an aloofness about her that made it hard to get on any terms of real intimacy with her. Very early in her career at Conondale she had forced them to accept the fact that her

room on the verandah was inviolable, a sanctuary into which she could withdraw whenever she liked.

"I think it was a mistake not to have got a tutor," said Mrs. Burgoyne, one night when she was talking to her husband about the accident. "Denis needs a man over him—some one he could respect. I suppose most boys do."

Burgoyne looked at her with his shrewd, twinkling eyes.

"A man he could respect? You'd search a long while before you find one for the money. All you'd get would be some boozey failure from the private schools, who was looking for a home where he could lay up and recover for a while."

She was piqued by his tone.

"How do you know what we'd get, Alec? There must be plenty of cultivated men who've come down in life and yet have got—well, character. We've never really looked for one."

"No, but Longman did," said her husband promptly. "He had a run of tutors over at Alton Downs—fat old chaps who spent all their spare time padding about the garden in their slippers. It used to give me the creeps when I went there."

HE knew quite well what was in his wife's mind. She had a personal grievance against the governess, and it came out frequently in odd little ways. Yet he did not remind her that six months before he had urged that they should get a tutor who could help him with the book-keeping, and had finally given way when she objected. She wanted the company of a woman, and he understood that, but he was altogether at a loss to account for her dislike of Nina Byrne. As lively a little girl as anyone could hope to run across! He was curious about her, even deeply attracted by her, but he somehow had an instinct to hide this from his wife. Vee had such an emotional way of regarding people that she would suspect him of being head over ears in love if he showed more than a passing interest in the girl. As if a man should pass the whole of his married life in blunders!

"Denis is so stubborn when he wants to do anything," she persisted now. "It would take a man to control him. That girl's too young to influence him, really—at any rate, in the right way."

Burgoyne looked with a secret amusement at his wife's pale face, so like a child's when she was brooding over something personal.

"You don't think she leads him astray, do you?" he quizzed.

"I think she's irresponsible," said Mrs. Burgoyne, with a touch of feeling. "She encourages Denis to show off—not deliberately, perhaps, but because of something that's just in her. Like her impulse to shut herself up in her room and smoke cigarettes. . . . They were probably racing together when the accident happened."

"Not a bit of it," he said flatly. "There's no reason to doubt what the boy said. He was jumping over a log after he'd been told not to. Just what any boy with a bit of spunk in him would do."

He was more emphatic than usual, and his wife persisted that no matter how the accident had occurred, it was proof of the fact that Miss Byrne couldn't control Denis.

"She hasn't got the necessary dignity, moral authority, or whatever you like to call it," she said gloomily. "I've seen them racing together on foot down by the creek before now, her hair all tumbling down. Her stockings, too, as like as not! How can she expect him to think anything of her when she acts as if she were about twelve?"

Burgoyne gave a characteristic shrug of the shoulders. He was on the point of retorting that there was plenty of proof that Miss Byrne had a more successful way with the boy than anyone else, but past experience made him keep silent. Their discus-

sions about Denis's training were liable to end in an atmosphere of tension, and that was what he was always anxious to avoid. Vee took everything so damned seriously! He was fond of the boy, but he did not see why he should be treated like a hothouse plant, and kept out of every draught. There was nothing unusual about him, physically or any other way.

But that was where the rub came! Vee thought he was specially sensitive, not like other boys, and had grandiose ideas about his future in one of the arts or professions. She was apt, when he made a fuss about anything, to talk about his temperament. Temperament, because he sometimes grew excited about a picture in a book, or lapsed into morosities when he was refused the shot-gun!

"Well, anyway, I don't see what we can do," he said finally. "You're not suggesting that we should let Miss Byrne go?"

"Oh, up!" his wife said drily. "It's just that . . . Why do you resent her being discussed?"

"Discussed?" he said with raised eyebrows.

She avoided the slight strain by saying quickly:

"You know what I mean, Alec. Denis's future matters more to me than anything else, and I can't help talking about it. I wish I could be as sure that everything was going right as you are."

It was the sort of evasion he was used to. Often she seemed to be on the point of throwing some taunt in his face, about his failure or his lack of stability, and then suddenly relapsed into a vague gentleness. He knew roughly the kind of thoughts that were passing through her mind, but was never very anxious to have them exposed. The harmony they had achieved was based on their habit of never approaching one another too closely.

CHAPTER 4.

ONE afternoon Nina, coming up from a bath in the chilly lagoon, saw Hamilton standing on the verandah outside the boy's bedroom, talking to Mrs. Burgoyne. A subtle thrill of recognition passed through her and she stopped for a while beneath the lemon-trees at the bottom of the garden. It was over a fortnight since the accident, and during that time she had heard nothing of Hamilton. For some reason or other, the Burgoyne's never mentioned his name, and this increased the slight mystery that had surrounded his figure in the beginning. So definite had been the impression he had made upon her that she had found herself thinking of him continually, remembering little things he had said and twisting a significance out of them. In the silence that surrounded the place the slightest phrase had reverberations, and Hamilton's voice had a ring about it, a sort of personal quality. Even his face remained sharply and clearly outlined in her mind.

She could only see it indistinctly now, for his figure was partly hidden by the screen of grape-vines. There seemed to be something uncertain, both in his own attitude and that of the woman. He was standing with his hat in his hand, tapping his riding-whip against his muddy leggings, while Mrs. Burgoyne leaned against the wall of the boy's room, and broke small, dead pieces off the grape-vine with restless fingers. Her head was averted, but there was a peculiar flushed look about her usually pale face, as if she were keyed up to some point of tension. What were they talking about? Most likely about the boy's accident, but there was nothing in that to create a feeling of strain. Nina, watching them, had a sense of something in the background.

"They're not on easy terms," she thought. "An old quarrel, perhaps. . . . or even a love affair."

The last possibility flashed upon her with a sudden, inexplicable fluttering of the heart. She did not want to meet them together, so she made her way along the bottom of the garden to where she could see Hamilton as he emerged from the gate by the butcher's shop. Before she had gone more than a few yards, though, he took his leave abruptly and went up the track toward the yards, where his saddled horse was waiting. It was creaked with dry mud and looked lean and leg-weary. Evidently its owner was just returning from a long journey.

When Nina came along by the veranda a little later, Mrs. Burgoyne said nothing at all about the visit. She had just discovered that the night horse had broken into the garden and destroyed her dahlias, and her figure, as she bent over the trampled bed, had a tragic droop about it. All misfortunes had an equal importance to her, the girl reflected, trying to enter into the spirit of her deep resentment against the person who had left the gate open. She was queerly afraid of Mrs. Burgoyne though she did not like to admit it. The woman was so easily moved by little things, and could become emotional about the upsetting of a vase or the breaking of a piece of kitchen crockery. She watched the curve of her graceful back as she filled in the earth around the dahlias, and thought how beautiful she could have been if the repose of her face had not been mysteriously marred by signs of a childish mobility. That evening, after dinner, when she lingered awhile on the veranda where Burgoyne was smoking, he interrupted some idle talk about the dog that lay at his feet to say irrelevantly:

"So you had visitors this afternoon?"

She was surprised at the quizzical jerkiness of his glance toward her as he asked the question. As if he were trying to take her off her guard!

"Mr. Hamilton was here for a while, I believe," she told him. "I didn't see him. Only a glimpse, that is just as he was going."

"Ah, I see!"

She waited for him to explain what he had seen. Although she was curious, she did not want to betray any interest in Hamilton. She liked Burgoyne, but their normal intercourse was tinged to a note of light banter, and she always had a sense of his bird-like, inquisitive eyes probing for her sensitive spots.

In the dusk of the veranda she watched his small round head as he sat huddled up in his canvas chair with his long legs crossed. She could almost feel his active brain at work, turning over the fact of Hamilton's visit like an ant with a grain of wheat.

"Hamilton's a queer fellow," he said at last. "Never troubles very much about his neighbors. Not as far as wanting to meet them socially, anyway. It takes a good deal to get him out of his shell."

"So I gathered," she said.

"You've met him?" he asked quickly.

"Only that day Denis was hurt," she said. "He rode with me as far as the gate. I didn't find out very much about him. Except that he was a very handy person to have around when there was a leg or arm broken."

"Oh, that's his training," said Burgoyne, knocking out his pipe. "He's done a couple of years at medicine, and he makes the most of it. Whenever a man around's sprained his wrist or a youngster's swallowed a two-inch nail, it's a case of wending for Hamilton. No wonder old McEvoy thinks he's a blackleg."

"A blackleg?" she repeated. "I should have thought . . . He doesn't seem anxious to take the bread out of anyone else's mouth."

Burgoyne chuckled as he shifted his long legs.

"Oh, Lord, no!" he said. "Hamilton's the sort of man who wouldn't take a mouthful of grass from the wrong side of a fence. Where money's concerned—

the fellow's got no sense of it at all in private dealings. I could tell you some of the most absurdly quixotic things he's done. There's such a thing as professional etiquette, though, and Hamilton sets a killing pace. You've seen old McEvoy, so you'll understand that he doesn't like people to get into the habit of waking him at midnight and bundling him into a buggy."

THERE was an amiability in his voice, as if he found pleasure in talking about Hamilton. It dislocated any idea Nina might have had that there was reason for jealousy between them. On the face of it such a suspicion seemed grotesque, but she remembered the slight tension there had been about Mrs. Burgoyne's figure that afternoon as she had stood with her face averted, plucking twigs from the grape-vine. As if she were filled with uneasiness from some secret cause!

"He told me he didn't practise for a living," she said.

"No more he does," Burgoyne assured her. "He just manages to be on top when he's wanted. And that's pretty often in a country like this where a man's always on the brink of a bad smash-up. . . . What else did he tell you about himself?"

She felt the probing of his small, curious eyes in the dusk. It was always the same when they talked about people as if he were trying to burrow inside her mind and find the reason for her judgments. She was happier when he was analyzing his horses and dogs, exploring their characters with his quick, observant mind and finding subtle differences no one else could see.

"Nothing I can remember," she parried. "He didn't talk about himself. You wouldn't expect him to, would you?"

"A man generally does when he's in the company of a pretty girl," he said facetiously.

It was the sort of remark she found disconcerting at least from him. It supported her constant fear that some day in the passage he would put his arm around her waist and attempt to kiss her. The worst of it was that if he did give way to such an impulse he would be quite incapable of understanding the quality of her resentment. Her only defence now was to say sardonically:

"Really? I've no experience of that."

But any desire to discuss Hamilton further was driven away by a realization that the piano had stopped and that a dim white figure was standing in the doorway of the sitting-room. It was Mrs. Burgoyne, looking pensively over the creek at the camp-fires of the blacks. She had a way of appearing silently at times as if she had flowed to the spot on some tide of vague curiosity and the long, loose robes she wore on an evening lent support to the illusion that she did not use her feet. With the light behind her she stood there silently, giving out, in spite of her stillness, an atmosphere of unrest.

"What a lovely night!" she said at last. "There's going to be a dew."

Nina resented these quiet appearances all the more because she knew that Burgoyne himself was not indifferent to them. They seemed to bring an uneasiness, even an element of furtiveness to his manner. When his wife was near, his voice took on a more resonant ring, and his words lost all interest and personal flavor; this although he was quite obviously devoted to her in his own way.

"What on earth's the woman afraid of?" thought Nina, watching the dim, self-conscious figure. "She really does seem afraid of something. . . . And it's not of me, surely."

But perhaps it was just that Mrs. Burgoyne was feeling lonely and outside of things! Her garden occupied her in the daytime, but at night it seemed as if a disturbing breath floated over to her from the dark masses of mulga across the creek.

There were the chants and camp-cries of the blacks, which were oddly out of harmony with the faded air, full of boudoir sentiment, that she lingered over in the little sitting-room, a stuffy room hung with cork-framed photographs and bullock's horns mounted in plush, very different from the rest of the rambling house that poured floods of light out through its open French doors!

IT was this consciousness of Mrs. Burgoyne's figure, hovering round like a moth, that drove Nina so often into the privacy of her own room. There she could sit on the canvas-chair near the window, with a pad on her knee, staring out into the dark and trying to give shape to the woolly stuff of her memories. But things she had wanted to write about once were far away. Back there on her brother's orange orchard, looking out over the coast, she had felt hot with a life she was eager to sort out and mould into form when she had the leisure. There was never any possibility of leisure at Martin's. From the time she woke in the morning the work of the orchard controlled her. Martin was making his way, and expected everyone about him to give their last ounce of energy to the place. There was the early breakfast, often eaten by candle-light, the long days of picking and packing fruit, and the endless preparation of meals for the men. A happy life, but filled with tasks that were stumbling to the mind and senses! The only times she felt quite free were the Sundays when she made her way out through the tracks in the scrub to the edge of the range, and looked over the tops of tall trees to the surf breaking on the beach nearly twenty miles away.

Sitting in the low chair at the window, she felt as acutely conscious of the other people in the house as if they had been fellow-passengers in a ship at sea. There was not a sound any of them made that failed to bring an image before her eyes. The tapping of Burgoyne's pipe on the edge of the verandah made her visualize his cat-like yawns as he rose and stretched his arms preparatory to going to bed; she could hear the creak of Conlon's chair in the office as he bent over the brand-book; his honey-colored moustaches drooping and his pale eyes blinking at the oil-lamp; along the verandah Mrs. Burgoyne was talking to Denis in low tones. Nina felt the pressure of a narrow intense life upon her. It stimulated her and absorbed most of her waking thoughts. She could not forget it, even in her reading.

AND then there was the solitary figure of Hamilton on the skyline, leading her imagination outwards into the impenetrable screen of mulga. The few things Burgoyne had told her about him had not allayed her curiosity, but had merely given it some food on which to feed. Strange how hard she found it to ask Mrs. Burgoyne about him! She had an instinct that the woman would twist a false significance out of her interest, and would brood over it in secret. Besides, what she wanted to know was hardly the mere facts of Hamilton's life which were probably ordinary enough. He bred cattle, and he had once had some medical training. Facts, she knew, had no positive shape, but altered in size and importance according to the eyes that looked at them. There was the matter of Burgoyne's failure, for instance. Mrs. Burgoyne always talked of it as if it were an overwhelming disaster, altering the direction of both their lives, but to him it was the merest incident, like the defeat of a horse he had once backed heavily.

Late one afternoon Nina was unsaddling her pony at the yards when she became aware that a man had ridden up and was watching her struggling with the buckles. She looked over her shoulder and saw it

was Hamilton. He did not dignify, but let his eyes stray to the lagoon, where Denis was sitting perched on a rock with one of the black boys, fishing for shrimps. Nina was flushed with tugging at the girls, and the greeting she gave Hamilton was confused. There was something disconcerting in the way he remained seated on his big horse, as though surveying everything around him from a detached height. "I dropped in to ask about the boy," he said, looking at Nina. "That little tumble doesn't seem to have left any after-effects, though. I see he's knocking round again the same as ever."

She assured him that Denis had forgotten all about the incident, wondering as she looked about her own helplessness that morning, why he did not get down from his horse. It was obvious that he had ridden over from his own place with the single purpose of asking about the boy. Eighteen miles at least.

She waited, with the light saddle on her arm, feeling that the words they exchanged had no relation to their thoughts. The fall of rain the week before, and speculations on the teamster's chances of getting through with the stores! He talked as if with only one part of his mind, yet when he looked at her in that direct way she felt that the whole batteries of his attention were trained upon her. Dark was falling over the night-paddock, and through the branches of the pepperina in the kitchen window a faint light flickered.

"You're going to stay for a meal, aren't you?" she asked. "There'll be a moon later on."

"Not for three hours or so," he said. "I'll be home before it rises."

She looked at him queerly. "They'll think it strange—your going off like that."

"Oh, no, they won't," he said with a jerky laugh. "They know me well enough by now."

There was just a trace of self-consciousness in his voice. It was the first time he had ever spoken as if there were anything peculiar about his habits or way of life. Before she realised it he had said goodbye to her and gone, riding off into the dusk at an easy amble with his eyes fixed straight ahead of him. Nina had an instinct that now there was no excuse for his visits he would never come near the place again. Whatever world he lived in was quite sufficient for him.

That night, when the lamps were lit, and the men gathered round the fire, she took a book of verse and disappeared to the cold, unlined room on the verandah. She had an idea from something Burgoyne had let fall that he had heard of Hamilton's visit and was anxious to discuss it. She could almost see the little humorous wrinkles gathering round his eyes in anticipation. And she had discovered in herself a growing disinclination to talk about Hamilton.

"Though there's no reason why," she told herself, looking at her image in the cracked glass and letting her hair fall over her shoulders.

CHAPTER 5.

ONE morning, a month later, Nina sat in the little slab but giving Denis his lesson on composition and feeling a relief in the thought that Mrs. Burgoyne had gone away for a couple of days to the township. It was extraordinary with what pleasure she had watched her drive off in the light buggy with one of the stockmen, looking slim and fragile in her grey dustcoat and flimsy hat. How did it come about, she wondered, that a woman so subdued and soft-voiced had power to put a restraint on all her actions, making her feel aggressive if she sang about the house or skipped on her way down to the schoolroom? And was it only imagination, or did other things feel the effect of Mrs. Burgoyne's spirit? Even the horses and dogs seemed to move with

more abandon when she had gone.

Denis was inattentive, and kept looking out of the open door to where the men were passing up to the yards with their saddles on their heads. The morning was bright but cold, and the dew lay heavy on the cropped grass of the night-paddock while patches of frost still remained on the lower levels by the creek that had not been touched by the ascending sun. A brazier made of a kerosene tin crackled in the bare room, but gave out very little heat.

"I can't write," said the boy. "My fingers are all cramped. . . . What's the name of the boat Napoleon was shipped off to St. Helena on?"

Nina, watching him, saw that his attention had become fixed on a flock of pearl and crimson galahs that were feeding on the green herbage near the saddle-room. She knew what was in his mind. If he had his shot-gun there, he could knock over at least three of the galahs with one barrel! Perhaps one or two more would be hit on the wing and he could rush over and screw their necks before they fluttered away. Something in the concentration of his eyes and the droop of his lower lip made her wonder if he hadn't an unusual break of cruelty lurking in him somewhere. Or were all boys like that, itching for the feel of a trigger beneath their fingers whenever they saw a bird move? She had noticed he was always eager to be up at the yards when there was a bullock being killed, ready to help the men peel off the warm hide.

"You're day-dreaming, Denis," she said, stretching out her feet toward the brazier. "Can't you get on with your work?"

"No," he muttered. "I don't know any more about Napoleon than will fill a page. Why don't you give me something I'm interested in?"

"So I would, if I could find out what it was," she said promptly. "How about describing a day in the life of a galah? Using your imagination and looking at things through his eyes."

He gave her a sophisticated look from beneath his heavy lashes, as if he dimly sensed a trap.

"Oh, that's too stiff," he protested. "I don't know what a bird thinks about. Don't want to know. And galahs—they're just vermin. Eating all the herbage out like rabbits."

She would have tried to appeal to his imagination, but there fell a shadow across the doorway, and looking up she saw Burgoyne standing there, tapping his riding-whip against his legging. A queer smile was playing about his face, as if he were uncertain about his right to intrude. Usually he did not come near the school-room. Although it was bare of anything that might give it a personal impress, it was looked upon as a place set apart from the ordinary workings of the station, and even the men had a trick of lowering their voices when they rode past. Burgoyne glanced round the slab walls now with a quizzical curiosity, as if he were seeing them for the first time.

"Sorry to interrupt you," he said diffidently. "But, well, this isn't a morning to be sweltering over books. Too brilliant altogether! What about giving Denis a holiday? Taking one yourself, too! I know he's breaking his heart to be out with the men."

A trace of compunction flitted through Nina's eyes as she looked at his tall, horny figure with its short body and long legs. He was obviously a little embarrassed. She could not help tracing this idea of a holiday to the fact that his wife had gone away that morning: it was the first time he had suggested such a thing. There rose before her mind an image of Mrs. Burgoyne looking back on the place with a sweeping glance as she drove away in the buggy.

"Just as you like," she said, gathering her books together. "It's for you to decide these things. Isn't that so?"

He glanced at her swiftly as if sus-

picious of some irony in her voice.

"Oh, no, not at all," he said hastily. "At least . . . well, yes, I'll decide this time, if you like. We'll all ride down to the camp together. Come on, boy! Boot and horse."

He seemed as full of the light, effervescent spirit of the day as the dog that bounded round his legs, trying to grab the riding-whip from his hands. Nina went up to the house to change her skirt. In the dining-room Mrs. Jerrold, the housekeeper, was down on her knees scrubbing the linoleum, a task she would not entrust to the half-bastard girl. A lean, tough-minded woman with an enormous capacity for work, she had taken the opportunity of her mistress's absence to turn the house inside out, so that the verandahs were stacked with chairs and the curtains had been stripped from the windows. Nina, looking at the familiar disorder of her own room, felt that it was the only part of the house that had been left intact. She gathered up a mass of books and papers and stowed it in the leather trunk.

"I'm going out for the day," she told Mrs. Jerrold. "Do you know if the men have enough lunch for me and Denis?" "Plenty," said the housekeeper, without looking up. "The girl cut extra. Mr. Burgoyne told me you were going out with him."

SOME of the blackboys had already mounted and were riding away when Nina arrived at the yards, their hobble-chains and quarts jangling sharply in the frosty air. The horses that remained circled round restlessly in a haze of dust, biting one another with ears laid back or making playful threats with their heels. In the round yard, a young colt stood saddled, its back hunched slightly and its tail pressed down hard, ready to buck as soon as a leg was thrown across it. The tingling freshness of the day pervaded man and beast, and they both shrank from the touch of cold iron.

In a little while their horses had been drafted out and they were passing through the rails to the stock-route gate. Condon and the boy rode ahead, the overseer's big figure towering over that of his young companion. From time to time he looked back to where Nina was ambling beside Burgoyne and his heavy face, with its long, drooping moustaches, seemed to express a vague satisfaction. He let the smoke curl upward from his pipe, and answered the boy's stream of questions laconically. He did not want to talk, but to listen to what those behind him were saying. Sitting loosely in the saddle he fixed his eyes on the edge of the plain, where a few straggling cattle were moving toward the timber. A silent man, there was never any telling what he thought, but in his slowly-moving mind and body there was stored a fund of energy that enabled him to leap into sudden, decisive action when the need arose.

"Take it easy," called out Burgoyne, as the boy spurred into a hand-gallop. "The others won't be down there with the cattle yet. No need to take it out of the horses. They'll have enough hard going before the day's out."

He was buoyant and talkative, and his horse danced beneath him with cat-like springiness. Nina watched him with critical eyes. Why was he so much more alive when his wife was out of the way? It seemed as if she laid a chill on his spirits, checking his exuberance. He was nearly fifty, yet he was essentially younger than she was, younger even than Denis in some ways. Or perhaps it was just that he was more simple. His talk ran on in a pleasant, bubbling stream, and his restless eyes flitted to the dogs, the horses ahead, the black duck that flew along the line of the creek. They always returned to her, though, with a slightly personal glow.

"There's Hamilton!" said Burgoyne suddenly. "He must have come over for his cattle. What the deuce can have jerked him out of his rut? This is the first time he hasn't been content to send a black-boy."

The mention of Hamilton's name brought a peculiar feeling to Nina, as if the world for a moment had dissolved in mist. She could see him sitting on his heels under a solitary box-tree, his reins looped over his arm and the brim of his felt hat bent down over his eyes. There was a perfect immobility about him as he sat there with his horse cropping the green herbage beside him, and his shadowed gaze fixed in calm contemplation on the timber at the edge of the plain. He might have been an image in wood or stone.

As they approached he straightened up, and returned Burgoyne's banter with defensive good humor. Nina was conscious that a glow came into her face when their eyes met, and that though most of Hamilton's words were addressed to the man, it was on her his mind was fixed. A pleasant sense of warmth suffused her as she slipped from her horse. She had a conviction he had known she was coming.

"But that's nonsense," she told herself. "I didn't even know myself. Besides, he's not the sort of man..."

It was absurd to believe that Hamilton had made the journey over on her account, but the assurance came from sources other than her reason. It gathered weight every time his keen glance returned from the horizon and rested on her eyes. She felt gay, buoyant, at harmony with the bright world about her. When she rushed after her gossamer that had blown away there was a queer lightness in her feet, and she was angry because Hamilton secured it before she did.

All that morning Nina was hardly aware of the passage of time. The cattle were drawn up in a mass, and the men formed a ring around them, the fat cattle and the unbranded calves being drafted out through the circle one by one. There was the crackling of whips, the soft thud of galloping hoofs, and the angry lowing of the bullocks that were jammed in the centre, making a forest of their tangled horns. On his big bay Conlon rode among them, his cool, grey eyes picking out the beast he wanted, and his horse forcing it out as though it divined the thought in its rider's mind. On the outskirts the other horses stood alert and motionless as cats, ready to race off without a touch of the spur and bring back any bullock that broke from the mob. The sun had reached the zenith and poured down a flood of pleasant heat. From the hoof-trampled earth rose a haze of dust and powdered grass that smarted in the nostrils.

Nina was out of breath after frequent gallops to the edge of the timber and was aware of the blood moving in every part of her body. She was not skilled in turning a beast that was racing at full speed, but whenever she failed she found Hamilton beside her, ready to bore in on the fugitive's shoulder and send it flying back. All morning there was hardly a word exchanged between them, but some secret means of communication seemed to have been established. The eyes of each noted every movement of the other and responded to it; their very horses acted in unison. It was as if in the stir and confusion of life about them, a current had been set flowing that carried them along together, merging their separate wills. Their thoughts were bodily impressions, like those of the mounts that danced beneath them.

"I'm living" was the refrain in Nina's mind. "This is life—movement... I'm glad I came."

She leant over to stroke the chestnut's glossy neck. She had long ceased to be

afraid of it, or to visualise herself lying thrown and crippled on the ground when it shied. Her pulses responded to the rhythm of its dancing movement; she felt one with it. Her body seemed light as air, no more a burden to the chestnut than its hide. And whenever there was a pause in the breathless galloping, her eyes tilted towards Hamilton, sitting loosely in the saddle as if he were dozing like his horse, yet ready to leap into action as soon as a bullock broke away.

Early in the afternoon, their work finished, they lay in the shade of the box-tree and ate their meal. The unwanted cattle had been driven off across the creek, and the stockmen took turns to guard the rest in little mobs on the edge of the plain.

A silence settled on everything, broken only by the chirring of crickets in the long grass. Even Burgoyne was too fatigued to keep up his usual flow of banter. He lay on his side, his dog stretched out at his feet, cutting up chunks of bread and beef with his clasp-knife and drinking scalding tea from his quart. From time to time he tossed scraps to the dog, looking at it with an amused puckering of the eyes as it slowly drew its body nearer. Nina, with her back against the tree and her feet tucked beneath her, watched Hamilton's profile and the back of his head. He was sprawling on the grass beside her, lazily blocking the passage of a train of ants with a straw. It occurred to her that it was the first time she had seen him with his hat off, and she noticed that his short, dark hair was greying round his ears. What had happened during the morning, she wondered, that had given her such a curious sense of intimacy with him. It was certainly nothing he had said.

The pleasant languor of her body and the silent dreaminess of the day made her feel at peace with the world. She did not want any movement to break the spell. The hobbled horses cropped quietly at the herbage that grew under cover of the long grass; a hawk hovered with poised wings in the blue above them; a flock of black ducks flew down the bend of the creek with a faint whirr. A hundred yards away, Denis, the one active member of the group, was experimenting with a stockwhip, trying to cut the tops off young bushes with the long lash. He threw it down at last and set off to join the men on the edge of the plain.

BURGoyNE, who had been watching him, sat up and began to cut some tobacco for his pipe, his eyes becoming restless and alert as he looked at Nina and Hamilton. He rolled the shreds between his palms, stuffed them in the blackened bowl and leaned over to take a coal from the fire.

"Pity you didn't bring Steve," he said to Hamilton. "He'd have enjoyed this. A great boy for the cattle-camp, Steve! All nerve and quickness."

Hamilton moved slightly, and a barely perceptible stiffness tightened his body and the lines of his face. It was as if he had been awakened from some dream.

"I did think of bringing him," he said. "He's got his own work to do, though. And we were mustering ourselves last week. Cleaning up some of the back paddocks."

There was silence for awhile. Nina leant over and took up a straw that Hamilton had dropped from his fingers.

"You haven't got a tutor for him yet?" asked Burgoyne.

"No," said his companion shortly. "I've given up the idea."

"Altogether?"

"Probably. It didn't seem quite feasible. And he certainly didn't take to the idea himself."

Burgoyne pressed down the glowing ash in his pipe with a calloused forefinger and his eyes twinkled amiably. It was as if he found a secret enjoyment in probing into his companion's affairs. An enjoy-

ment that was not lessened by his sense of being continually fended off.

"Oh, well!" he said. "There's not so much can be taught a boy, after all. Most of us pick up knowledge as we want it. Here a bit, and there a bit. Sufficient unto the day, you know."

Hamilton rose, and his silence seemed to end the possibility of any further discussion. The cattle were coming in from the edge of the plain, and the two men, sorting out their bridles and gear, went to catch their horses. Nina felt as if a tiny stone had been flung into the deep pool of her contentment, spreading disturbing ripples into every corner of her being. Curiosity had been aroused in her. She sat still, with her back against the tree, disinclined to stir till it was time to go home. Who was Steve? And why had Hamilton suddenly pulled himself together when Burgoyne spoke of him, as if the name had some tonic effect? She felt that the sense of intimacy with Hamilton, that had come to her that morning, was an illusion. What did she know about him, after all?

CHAPTER 5

A LITTLE later Hamilton, driving a handful of his own cattle in front of him, was making his way towards the Euron boundary. The sun was dropping down among the timber, and the level plain was bathed in a soft, mellow light, while a faint mist gathered in the hollows. From the moist earth that had been warmed by the heat of noon came heavy scents that hung in the air, drugging the senses. The cattle plodded along peacefully, a large, raw-boned bullock in the lead, and a few young calves bringing up the rear. They had been sobered by the day's hard galloping and showed no disposition to break for the timber, even though Hamilton was without a dog.

He rode slowly, letting the reins fall on his horse's neck, and his mind became steeped in an atmosphere of reflection. It was as though something within him had felt the germinating influence of the day and been quickened into life. A vaguely disquieting process! He was not used to being moved by influences that came from outside himself, forcing his imagination to send out shoots. After many years he had won a certain mastery over himself, and he did not let his thoughts stray into blind tracks. His destiny seemed clear and he had accepted it, not in a spirit of mere acquiescence but with the cheerful readiness of a man who finds the basis on which he is to build already laid out for him. Now he had a faint premonition that it was unstable, at least not quite so solid as he had imagined. He found himself looking back on the last portion of his life, as if it had been a dream.

"Fifteen years!" he thought. "It's a long time... And I haven't even been able to pay Arthur his last instalment yet."

It had never occurred to Hamilton that his life had been moulded by his own inflexible will. Things had happened to him, and he had made the best of them. What else could a man do? Although solitary he was not introspective, and his mind was always filled with concrete problems, the best position for a dam, or the value of a mob of store cattle that had been offered to him. His normal mood was one of sober happiness. He liked the long days in the saddle, the exacting routine of work among the cattle, and the general flow and character of the life about him. There was also his pride in the knowledge that when a rail-splitter cut himself with his axe or a stockman got smashed up by a horse, it was for him men rode first.

Yet his satisfaction in these things was not the basis of his life. That had been fixed by something that had happened fifteen years before, or rather by the attitude he had taken towards it. Ever since, his will had been almost unconsciously em-

played in suppressing doubts about whether he had taken the right track, for he knew there was a subtle destruction for him in self-questioning. What had happened could not be altered, but the life arising out of it could be shaped and controlled. A sufficient task for any man, but one that he had taken simply and inevitably, realising that it was death to go under! Death that was, to his essential self. He had seen men "go black," as they said, and it had been forced home on him that life did not hold much when pride and honor were taken away.

Riding on, he had almost reached the Europa fence when a dog came bounding out of the low timber, leaping up to touch his foot in the stirrup and giving short, excited barks. It was followed by a boy on a shaggy, wild-eyed pony. A slim, active boy who moved as if he were part of the hot-headed, little beast, beneath him! "Hallo!" said Hamilton, roused suddenly from his reverie. "I thought you'd be waiting somewhere about here. Who said you could ride that pony, eh?"

There was a sudden sharpness in his voice that was unusual. The boy gave him a sharp, penetrating look, as though to find out if he really were angry.

"No one," he admitted. "There wasn't anyone to ask. It's all right, though—it's quiet as a sheep. Look! I can twitch the crupper and it won't buck. Not even a pig-root! You'd think it'd been broken for months."

"Ah, you've been taking it out of the little beggar," said Hamilton, looking at the pony's sweating flanks. "If it had thrown you in the mulga, though, how would anyone have found you?"

"Not much fear of that," said the boy, laughing mischievously. "I took it down in the sand by the creek for a try-out. Like old Brady used to do when he got a horse he thought might sling him. . . . Is that all the cattle?"

"It's more than enough, isn't it?" quizzed Hamilton. "Our fences need looking after when so many can get out on to Conondale. We'll put them through the rails and then turn them adrift."

THE boy rode ahead to let down the rails, standing up in the stirrups and leaning over the pony's neck. There was a suggestion of the faun in his slight body with its easy grace, and in his swift glance that took in every movement about him. He might have been aware of a mysterious life in the bush around him no one else could hear. Mysterious, but friendly! There was no shadow in the bright, brown eyes that darted about with the restless avidity of a bird's. In feature he was curiously like Hamilton, but his skin was darker and smoother, and his whole frame made in a smaller mould: though fourteen, he was under-sized, and only his face, so firm in its outlines, told his age.

It told also, by its quick change of mood and expression, that his temperament was highly nervous. When his pony danced away from him as he tried to mount again he flew into a passion, and flayed it over the haunches with his switch.

"Steady!" called back Hamilton warningly.

He had often seen the blood flush the boy's olive temples like that, and it disturbed him, for it seemed something more than a display of temper. Something that one day might leap out of control and create havoc! So devoted was he to the boy, so keen was his delight in him, that he could not help brooding on his tendency to lose his head when anything upset him. Any other fault but that! These outbreaks of the boy's were like a sudden spurt of flame through a heap of smouldering leaves; what smoke and darkness did they rise from? The two rode for some distance in silence, and then Hamilton said lightly:

"Well, you didn't run wild to-day, I hope? You read all I set you?"

"A hundred pages," said the boy, still a little sulky. "It was duller than history or even mums. I don't like Scott. What's the good of reading what you don't like?"

It was a question they had argued before. Hamilton reminded him that there were muscles that needed training besides those in his arms and legs.

"When that's done you'll be better able to tell what you like and what you don't," he said. "What would you read if I gave you a perfectly free leg?"

"I wouldn't read anything," the boy said swiftly. "I'd go down with the blackboys to the big hole at the bottom of the night-paddock and have a good time."

A faint shadow passed over Hamilton's face, but he only laughed tolerantly.

"You see, then," he said, "it's not quite a question of one book or another. It's reading itself you dislike. Everyone's the same in the beginning. There are some things they have to be taught to like—taking other people's word for it they enjoy them in the end. You know how horses carry on when they're given artesian water. Won't touch it at first, and sulk till they're all tuckered up, but afterwards they'll go miles to get a drink of it."

He developed the argument at length as they ambled along, but somehow there was a lack of conviction in his voice. Weren't his illustrations a little specious, after all? And wasn't it futile to try and shape a boy's mind in a preconceived mould? Steve knew so definitely what interested him. His brain was quick and alert, and he had a natural expertness in anything that could be done with the fingers.

CASTING a sidelong glance at the boy, though, he saw that he need not worry about the burlesque effect of his words. Steve was not listening. With his bright eyes darting round him swiftly he was living in an intense little world of his own. A twig snapped in the timber and his pony leapt two feet ahead, but it did not shift him in his seat. He nursed it till it was quietened again, leaning forward to thrust his fingers in its mane.

"Old Dave's come back," he said, when his father stopped.

A flash of uneasy interest passed through Hamilton's eyes.

"He has?" he responded.

"Come back this afternoon," went on the boy. "I saw him on the other side of the creek taking the horses out of his covered cart when I was going for the milkers. The old grey mare he used to have, and a little bay colt—a new one. He seemed to have something wrong with his eyes."

"Hm," muttered Hamilton. "Another touch of blight, I suppose. Was there any one with him?"

"Not that I could see. There was a crowd from the camp round him, though. . . . And Dora's had pups in the saddle room. Two slaty-colored ones and a black-and-white like old Barb. You won't let Collett drown them this time, will you?"

"We'll see. He doesn't like too many dogs around the place. You could keep one of them, anyway."

His mind had fastened on the fact that old Dave had come back, and he did not hear the rest of the boy's careless chatter. He had never ceased to get a shock when he heard the old fellow's name on his son's lips, for he could not forget that the same blood ran in their veins. Did Steve remember that? Probably not. He did not want him to remember, and anyhow it was no use pretending that the tie, in itself, was a thing to respect.

They rode across the creek and up to the yards, where a couple of blackboys were standing idle by the rails. Although it was nearly dark, the lights had not been lit in the homestead, over which brooded a sombre stillness. A low, rambling build-

ing belonging to a past generation, it was surrounded by a brood of newly painted offices and outhouses that gave it a peculiar look of disharmony. The new and old did not seem to mingle, but remained distinct. Everywhere there was evidence of the same uneven growth and lack of a single design. The bare spaces round the kitchen were planted with young pepper-linas, enclosed with wire, and there was a neatness about the gravelled yard and the butcher's shop, but in the long strip of garden that ran to the creek the grass grew high and rank, and the paths were littered with broken trellises. It looked as if some definite will was making a running fight against sloth, and only partially succeeding.

On the corner of the veranda stood a woman in a mushroom hat and loose cotton dress, gazing across the creek in a spirit of indolent curiosity. Her figure was short and stoutish, the grace of youth having gone without leaving energy in its place. In the dark, broad-featured face there was no expression save that of empty amiability, and the brown eyes had the mild look seen in animals that have been tamed and domesticated a long time. An olive-skinned, placid-looking woman, whose blood moved as sluggishly as her thoughts! This was Hamilton's wife.

He saw her standing there in the dusk as he was taking the bridle from his horse, and for a while he remained rooted to the spot, as if struck by a strange paralysis. There was a terrible solidity about that dim white figure in the mushroom hat. He could not see her eyes, but he knew the expression in them; amiable and a little bemused. It was not the first time he had watched her gazing across the creek in that attitude of listless immobility, but just then he seemed to see her from a new angle. Something had loosened the fibres of his mind and given him a sense of detachment from his everyday surroundings. He wondered what she had been thinking about all these years as she stood looking out into the darkening mulga.

CHAPTER 7.

FIFTEEN years before, Hamilton had stood among the saplings by the creek on just such an evening, his senses under the spell of the silence that had fallen with the approach of dusk. It was a silence through which small sounds broke with a velvety softness, the whirr of a black duck's wing or the plop of a shag as it dropped like a stone into the water from some dead root. The falling light veiled the ragged edges of the mulga on the other side of the creek, smoothing out harsh outlines and giving depth of tone. Even the blacks' camp, where a few figures moved around the fires, was wrapped in quietness and the smoke ascended in spirals through the still air. It was as if such things as lived were neither more nor less articulate than the grass, the trees, and the softly breathing earth.

Hamilton was steeped in a profound tranquillity. He had just suffered a collapse after finishing his fourth year in medicine at the University, and had been ordered to leave his work for a long spell. Not a pleasant prospect, at first, for a young man as keen as he! The station that had once been his father's, and now was owned by his brother, was an ideal place to restore his lost health, and it was arranged that he should stay there for a year, helping in the work and putting his books behind him. He was inclined to rebel in the beginning. It would be a year of exile, an annoying interruption to his career, but his delight in the life had grown with his strength, and his professional ambitions had drifted over the skyline. Probably he would pick them up again and sharpen them to the proper point of keenness, but it did not really matter when! A year, more or less, was of no account.

What he was discovering with his lost health was a joy in the sensuous perception of things. He could lie for an hour on the sloping bank of the creek, watching the movement of a blackfellow fishing from a fallen log, or the varied colors on the bole of a gum-tree. This state of indolence seemed to nourish some neglected part of his being. He was particularly happy when, camping out with his brother, he lay wrapped in his blanket, looking up at the stars through the mesh of overhanging branches. There was the sense of human companionship, combined with a calm and untroubled contemplation of all that had stirred men's wonder since the beginning. Faint horse-bells came from the distance. The men lying around in the firelight talked in low voices; above were the stars swimming in a sea of darkness. This, he felt, was life in its natural fullness. It had seemed to him he had never raised his eyes and ears till then, for he had gone to town with his parents when he was eight, and his life had been a round of examinations, football matches, and noisy holidays at the seaside.

He stood now among the saplings with his towel in his hand, ready for a swim and yet loth to break the stillness. To him that alert hush had an almost visible beauty, like the sudden pose of a bird in high air. Up at the yard work was over for the day, and the men were coming down the track with their saddles on their heads and their dogs at their heels. A thick odor of roasting meat came over the creek mixed with that of damp, burning wood. Behind him at the house one of the men was chopping. Hamilton felt a harmony between all the homely sounds and scents he knew and the hush that lay tremulously silent around him; he was conscious of an exaltation that did not arise from any mere quickening of the blood.

Then suddenly he became aware of a discordant note—the low sound of some one sobbing. He moved along the bank of the creek in the direction it came from. At a spot opposite the blacks' camp where the saplings grew thick he caught a flutter of white, and as he drew nearer he saw a girl leaning against the trunk of a tree, her forehead resting on her arm. A slim girl, evidently quite mature, but like a child in her utter abandonment to the emotion of the passing moment. She did not seem to be one of the blacks from the camp, for her short sleeves showed an arm that looked white even in the dusk.

HAMILTON was amazed. The weeping girl looked almost like an apparition, for, excepting his sister Margaret, there was no white woman within thirty miles. His heart moved in response to the tragic droop of her shoulders.

"What's wrong?" he asked, going over to her. "Anyone been treating you badly?"

She looked at him in a shy, startled way and seemed on the point of slipping into the hush like a hunted animal. There was a beauty about her small, olive face, especially now when her slack mouth was tremulous and her liquid brown eyes softened with tears.

"It's my father," she told him jerkily. "This is the second time he's knocked me about. I didn't want to come here."

"Your father?" repeated Hamilton wonderingly. "Who's he?"

"They call him Old Dave," she told him. "You'd know him. He's been here lots of times, hanging round the camp."

Hamilton did not know him, though once he had seen him camping beside his covered cart at another station. An old hawker, white by race if not by color, he rarely mixed with anyone but the blacks, and was supposed to get a living by trafficking in opium.

"What made him angry with you?" he asked. "Drink?"

"No," she said. "He's quiet when he's drunk. It's just . . ."

The story she told Hamilton was jerky

and incoherent, and he had to fill it in with details he already knew. She had been working at a station lower down the creek, but her father would not leave her in peace. He was determined that she should marry Charlie, a half-caste stockman working at Euroa, to whom he had promised her when her mother died at the camp. So great a nuisance had he made himself at the other station that she had to leave and go with him. Then, when she refused to carry out the contract with Charlie, he had treated her brutally. She rolled up her sleeve to show Hamilton the bruise on her upper arm where he had struck her with a stick. That had been the evening before, when she had tried to run away from the camp.

"I don't belong there," she said, with a queer flash of pride. "I can't live like they do or eat what they eat. I'm not that sort of girl."

The young man's sense of chivalry was aroused. More than that, his instincts of decency were outraged. Standing there in the dim light, her body trembling beneath its loose cotton covering, the girl looked intimate and comprehensible, far removed from the dark, mysterious life of the camp across the creek. He shuddered as he glanced across and saw the old gins moving around their fires in the dusk. It was not that their ways were repulsive to him; he had often laid on the bare ground playing euchre with them round a greasy blanket; but he felt a girl was different from a man, not so near the earth. Even this girl, who must have known something of that life as a child! For all the slight thickness of her speech, there was a refinement about her. His eyes fell on the small wrist that looked round and childish.

"Don't you worry," he said. "No one's going to force you to do anything you don't want to do. I'll see to that. Come up to the house and have a talk with my sister. She'll be able to straighten things out."

"Now?" said the girl eagerly.

"Why not? You can't go back there."

He was not wrong in relying on Margaret. His sister was as sensitive as himself to any suggestion of brutality, especially when one of her own sex was the injured party; and at once she took the girl under her wing, promising to find her work in the house, and reinforcing her will which was inclined to be weak and wavering. A quiet, stately, beautiful woman of about thirty-five, Margaret acted on theories rather than sympathies. The idea of a girl marrying under compulsion was abhorrent to her, and she had often been outraged by the way the women at the camp surrendered to the wills of their men. In her clear, intense eyes there glowed a missionary spirit, and when she sallied over the creek to interview old Dave, she left that worthy subdued and speechless, if somewhat morose.

But she was hardly a confidant for the girl she was so willing to protect. From the first Lottie sensed a kind of rigid kindness, and retreated from it into depths of dazed silence. Margaret had the breath of another world about her, even when she was washing dishes in the kitchen or lading out flour and sugar at the store. It was not a social world so much as one of the spirit. Her clear, precise voice, that never slurred a syllable of the most casual sentence, seemed to vibrate through the girl and set her fumbling. Sometimes Hamilton would see her watching Margaret's straight, vigorous back with a sort of terror in her eyes and a trembling irresolution in her slim figure, as if she were tempted to fly back to the bush from which she had come.

HE understood the feeling well enough, for there were times when he almost went in awe of Margaret himself. There was a devoutness that railery could not touch, in the way she clung to her code of life—even Arthur's railery glanced off

her! It was taken for granted she had suffered some deep disappointment in early life that made her rigid, though neither of the brothers knew the nature of it. Nor did it account for the way she treated all lapses as if they were on the same moral level—she seemed equally bitter about the waste in the kitchen and opium-selling to the blacks. Hamilton knew that the girl found it easier to come to him with her confidences than to his sister. Sometimes in the evening, when he was smoking his pipe in the garden, he would catch a glimpse of white among the oleanders and feel her fluttering towards him as softly as a blown petal. Or sometimes she would stand hesitant among the shadows, poised and still, but ready to move towards him at the first sign of his approach.

IN the evenings, when she had finished her work, there was nothing for her to do, for she could not read and the kitchen was filled with men playing cards. Besides she always had an excuse for approaching him, some fresh little bit of news she wanted to tell. Charlie, the half-caste, had looked at her threateningly as he came through the kitchen, or her father had sent word, with one of the black girls that he would get her back, if he had to wait for years!

"And he'll wait right enough," she repeated. "He's that sort. One year or two—it don't matter to him. He thinks I belong to him just like his horse and cart."

Was she subtly trying to create in him a sense of responsibility towards her? Or was she really afraid of what would happen when he had gone? She seemed to live in a continual flutter of small excitements, and to have a particular dread of Charlie, a stout, good-humored fellow who was on a fencing job at the back of the run. When he came back to the station at the weekend she always had the look of a frightened bird in the presence of a snake. Her father had gone down the creek in his cart, but she was continually going to the kitchen door and glancing over to the camp, as if she expected him to appear again.

Hamilton did not think she had anything to fear from either of them, but he was too thoroughly under her spell to question the reality of her emotions. It was not merely the spell of her physical appeal, though when her olive face and mobile features were lit up with animation she had a beauty of her own frail and fugitive. It was the glamor that the circumstances of their meeting had thrown over her that counted most. Just then Hamilton was living at the very height of his being, and the most commonplace things seemed strange and wonderful to him. After a hard day in the saddle it was intoxicating to stroll among the oleanders with his pipe lit, looking up at the stars, or listening to the chants of the blacks across the creek. There was the glow of newly-won health in his blood. He was in love with the life about him.

And whatever was characteristic in it the girl shared by association. Unlike Margaret and most of the women he knew, she had grown out of this mysterious world that had so attracted him, and belonged to it wholly, so that she could hardly be separated from it in his mind. Perhaps she understood this intuitively. She had never stood in awe of him as she did of Arthur and his sister. Even from the beginning she seemed to have guessed that his nature was different from theirs, divining as a dumb animal does the qualities to which it can appeal. In a thousand little ways she emphasised her dependence. Her stammering confidences in the dusk were not more significant than the flying glances of her brown eyes when they met in the passage, or the way her hands were quick to anticipate anything he wanted in the house. She seemed intent on showing him to whom she belonged.

But beneath this surface current there were deeper and darker tides. As a boy Hamilton had felt a strange upheaval in his mind when, looking out into the shadowy mulga, he had heard a cry go up followed by a thud of naked feet in the dance. He was afraid and yet fascinated. The movements of figures round flickering fires, and the beatings of a hide-drum in rhythms that seemed older than the wind that sighed in the creek-gums! He wanted to go inside to the lamplight, and yet he stayed at the bottom of the garden, listening to the cries that floated over from the camp. The same compulsion was on him now when he looked into the dusky minge of the girl's eyes. It was inevitable that he should take what seemed to be so freely offered.

ONE morning, while riding with his brother, Hamilton said to him after a long spell of silence:

"What would happen, Arthur, if I told you I was going to marry Lottie? Chuck up my medical career, that is, and settle down?"

Arthur flashed a shrewd, comprehending look upon him.

"Is that the way it stands? . . . Nothing would happen, of course. Except that I'd probably run you off to a doctor and get him to find out the root of the trouble. Old McEvoy would be the handiest."

"I've made up my mind," said Hamilton quietly.

He had not, as a matter of fact. He knew that when Arthur turned his batteries of robust common sense upon him, taking him for and aft with the precision of a man who knew his weapons and his range. It was one thing taking a course for granted in the quiet hours of a sleepless night, and quite another supporting it with good, solid reasons in the face of attack. Hamilton had let this decision be formed for him automatically by conceptions of honor he had not made his own. Awakened suddenly to reality he had faced the only track that seemed to lie open to him, and such thought as he put into the matter had been little more than an emotional vibration. He was amazed to find how thoroughly Arthur's unsentimental attitude could confuse his mind and take the vim out of his will. On the face of it there did seem an absurdity in pretending that he owed the girl the rest of his life as a sort of compensation; she could get on quite well without it. As yet he had to discover himself.

It was Margaret whose unquenchable mind really settled the matter—Margaret, to whom all questions of conduct came even simpler than to Arthur! There was never any doubt on which side her sympathies lay when there was a woman in the case. After a couple of days in her room, during which she spoke to no one, she emerged with the air of a recluse who had made some tragic acceptance. She was quite prepared to sacrifice her family pride on the altar of her principles; in fact, she spoke as if the sacrifice had been already made. Even Arthur could not struggle for long against the atmosphere of solemn fatality with which she invested the situation. It was not like arguing with a man. Margaret, whose voice always maintained a specious air of calm, was really moved by obscure, emotional impulses. And his young brother, whom he had nearly brought to reason, had gone back in his tracks again and accepted her point of view.

"All right," Arthur said, as if washing his hands of the affair. "It's a personal matter, I suppose, and anyway it's your own funeral. . . . Except as far as the place is concerned, I can't live here after this, even if you decide to go somewhere else. We'll have to come to some arrangement."

The arrangement was made that Hamilton should take over the place, paying it

off in yearly instalments over a long period. It was his own proposal, and he fixed terms of interest favorable to Arthur. Even before this he had lost hold on his professional ambitions, and he was ready, even eager, to settle down to life on the station. It was the only sort of life he could imagine the girl sharing.

But if chance events rather than conscious purpose had shaped his life until then, the crisis had revealed him to himself and given him a mastery over his own will. At twenty-three he had arrived at full manhood. In the bottom of his heart he had few illusions about Lottie: they became fewer as the years went on. She was not the woman he would have chosen for a life-companion. Even the vitality that had given her charm was a flickering thing, blown into flame for a moment by excitement or fear, and then sinking down into a dull glow. After the boy was born, she ceased to have any interest in her personal appearance, or, indeed, in the man who had married her. A slow, creeping torpor seemed to have taken possession of her mind, spreading from the roots up.

There remained for Hamilton the world of men, and his own standards of what was a decent life. Other men in a like position, he knew, had gone down. He was determined that he would not. It was a matter of making no easy compromises.

CHAPTER 3

"So that's about the strength of the situation," said Burgoyne, after giving Nina an outline of Hamilton's story. "It isn't nice to see a man so completely cut off from his neighbors, but what can you do? I've tried to get Hamilton to come over here more than once—even laid traps for him. No good, though! The afternoon he rode over to see Denis was the first time he'd ever been under our roof."

He was standing with his back to the fire, watching Nina, who was sitting in a low chair, with her chin in her hands. She was leaning forward staring into the coals so that he should not see her face, but she could feel his eyes in the top of her head. Friendly enough eyes, but too inquisitive! He had started talking about Hamilton as they were riding home, and little by little he had built up the facts of his life. At the end of the evening meal he was still talking about him, doubling back on his tracks and twisting a significance from some incident or other. She had wanted to go to her room so that she could lie down on the bed and think, but she was held there by a sort of stupor, listening to Burgoyne's voice running on and on.

"Why hadn't he told her all this before?" she asked herself. There had been plenty of opportunities to discuss Hamilton, or at any rate to throw a little light on the obscurity that had surrounded him. Perhaps he had waited till he found out for himself that she was interested! Or perhaps he had merely been tempted to talk because of his wife's absence! Now that the housekeeper had cleared away the tea things they were alone together for the boy had gone to bed early, and Conlon was laboriously engaged with some correspondence in the office. At Burgoyne's feet a black-and-white cattle-dog whined in its sleep, shifting its position uneasily as if it were heeling calves in its dreams.

"What can you do?" repeated Burgoyne, bending down to throw another piece of wood on the fire. "Hamilton ought to be jerked out of his rut and forced to see more of his neighbors. It would do him all the good in the world. He seems to have made it a rule, though, not to live on social terms with anyone who won't accept his wife. More crankiness, of course! He wouldn't really want to go about with her."

Nina raised her head.

"Why?" Is she so impossible?"

"Oh, well," said Burgoyne, with a dry chuckle. "Most people would think so and you can't imagine her getting much pleasure from mixing with the women around. She's got nothing to grumble at anyway: there would be plenty of women ready to drive over and look after her if she was ill and needed it."

It flashed across Nina's mind that Mrs. Burgoyne would not be one of them. She realised now why the woman had seemed so self-conscious when talking to Hamilton on the verandah that afternoon. She realised also why she had not spoken about the visit. In her eyes Hamilton would be a man who had lost caste. His very presence in the place would make her uneasy, especially after what he had done for the boy.

Yet Burgoyne was talking on, as if Hamilton's isolation was mere cantankerousness on his part.

"You've seen his wife," Nina said suddenly. "What is she like?"

"Like?" he repeated. "They say she was pretty once. You can almost believe it."

"That doesn't describe her very fully," said Nina. "Prettiness can disappear and leave such different things behind."

"In this case it's left—well, not much—anything," said Burgoyne. "I've been there for meals a few times and it was like having a ghost at the table. A good-natured, amiable sort of ghost! Hamilton, evidently given up trying to bring her into the conversation. The talk just goes on as if she wasn't there. I've been in places where there were white women not much different, but in their case you would believe they were thinking of something of their own—probably something in the kitchen. No one could guess what Hamilton's wife thinks, though. She just sits there and smiles like an image made of wood."

He went on to tell with a chuckle of one wet evening he had spent at the place when Hamilton was away. It was just after he had come to the district and apparently Hamilton's wife had mistaken him for the itinerant teacher, for their names happened to be alike. All evening, until Hamilton came in from the back of the run, she entertained him by bringing out piles of the boy's copy books from a cupboard, standing like a statue, and watching his face as he turned over the leaves. Seeing Nina's eyes fixed on him in something the same way, Burgoyne felt he was failing to bring out the full humor of the story; he concluded it lamely with a hint of apology.

"Hamilton's the sort of man who can stand having any number of jokes against him," he said. "He's got enough dignity of his own for that. Too much really when it comes to dealing with matters of money—selling cattle, and so on. He can be infernally fastidious. You'd guess that, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose I would," she admitted.

"But you haven't speculated about him very much?" he quizzed, looking at her directly with his small, screwed-up eyes.

He had become suddenly personal, as if impatient to find out what she really was thinking about. There was nothing in her voice or her face to tell him how deeply she was interested.

"I've often wondered how he spent his time," she said.

"How do we all spend it?" he said. "Life's full of little things. I've never been in a place yet where I couldn't find amusement in watching what was going on around me. Hamilton plays chess, I believe, and he's taught the boy to play. That's one way he has of keeping his brains from rusting. Then there's his books. Medical books, of course. He's got a room full of them."

There was very little of the surface of Hamilton's life he had not explored, gathering little bits of information here and there from those who knew him. The man had held an attraction for him ever since he had come there—a queer, impersonal attraction, very different from the ordinary affection that drew him towards his horses and dogs. For simple as Hamilton seemed, Burgoyne was aware of a complexity in him, that increased the deeper he probed. He would have liked to listen while Hamilton was talking to himself as he sometimes seemed to do when he was riding past the house with his hat pressed over his eyes.

But, skirmish around as subtly as he was able, he could gain no hint of whether the girl shared his interest in Hamilton. Not a hint! She sat quite still gazing into the fire, as though drugged with the physical exertion of the day, and the steady warmth of the crackling wood. He watched the lines of her rounded back and the way her hair rested in a knob on the nape of her neck. There had been times that day, when, looking at them together, he suspected that a current had been set moving in her. In Hamilton, too! The fellow had seemed much more alive than ever before—as if all his faculties had been suddenly braced to meet something. While he had sat on his horse, watching Conlon move idly about among the cattle, Burgoyne had let his mind play idly with the possibilities of the situation.

"Ah, well!" he thought now. "She knows all there is to know. If she falls in love with him after this, it'll be with her eyes open."

He yawned behind his hand, the muscles standing out on his lean throat. It was a long while since he had talked so much, and he had forgotten how tired he was. Conlon came in from the office, his eyes heavy with sleep, and began to speculate on the number of calves to be branded in the morning as he cut a pipeful of tobacco from his plug. There was a monotony in his slow voice, and Nina took the opportunity of slipping off to her room.

"Good night," Burgoyne called after her. "We'll make another day of it soon. Get up before sunrise next time."

SHE laughed mechanically, hearing his voice run on and on in her ears as she undressed. There was a pleasant tiredness in her shoulders as she lifted her arms to take down her hair. As for her mind, it felt curiously numbed. She had had that sensation all the evening as she sat staring into the fire listening to Burgoyne talk and letting the breaking coals make pictures for her. Some protective instinct had been at work, weaving a fine covering of wool around her imagination and dulling everything but the physical impressions that had been stored up during the day. It was at work still as she stood at the window, drinking in the scent of the oleanders and looking out over the strip of tangled garden to the cropped night-paddock beyond that sloped to the lagoon.

There was a late moon. It hung in the branches of the tall gum-tree at the bottom of the slope that seemed as if they had been wrought of metal. A tracery of shadows fell on the frosty grass where the pony night-horse was feeding, and from the damp earth came a breath of cold. On the other side of the creek, where the thick mistle made a patch of darkness, a fire flickered for a moment and died down, and there floated over the shrill voice of some blackfellow expostulating with his dog. Then the world froze into silence again, and from an opening in the branches of the tall gum-tree light fell as softly on the short grass as spreading snow. Hearing Conlon's heavy tread on the gravel, as he made his way across to the men's quarters, Nina slipped quietly into bed.

Not until that afternoon had she known how fully she had allowed herself to become

absorbed in Hamilton; the revelation had come when Burgoyne, looking at her sideways as they ambled home, had asked her whether she would like to ride over some day and meet Hamilton's wife. If the abruptness of the question had been meant to make her unawares, it had achieved its effect. Only by marshalling all her powers of self-control had she been able to answer lightly that she would wait till Hamilton asked her himself. A sense of shock had spread through her, extending in waves to every corner of her being. It was useless to assure herself that she had taken for granted Hamilton had a wife of some kind or another; from the very beginning she had thought of him as a solitary figure. Yet the effort to hide her confusion from Burgoyne's eyes had given her an inner poise, so that she could talk of him later as if he were a strange person over the edge of the horizon.

It was all unreal, this background that Burgoyne had created for her. It became a blur when she tried to think about it. The images that passed through her mind were formed by some rhythm in her blood, something that had been set in motion by the dancing lightness of her horse beneath her, the soft thud of hoofs in her ears, and the tangled sea of horns before her eyes. Her body, though tired, was alive, and repeated every movement of the day. She saw again the golden plain covered with tall barley-grass and the black boles of the brigalow on its western edge. In the centre the cattle surged around in a packed mass, and there was a ripple of excitement when a bullock broke from the mob. Pulling its head free, her horse leapt beneath her, and together they raced after the flying beast that was making for the timber. A rush of air in her half-opened mouth, and the feel of yielding leather between her knees! But when she ran wide she was aware of Hamilton beside her, heading the bullock and forcing it round. They were galloping stride for stride as they rode back.

Over and over, her mind, hovering on the edge of sleep, repeated this process, as though it were some tune that had got into her blood. She felt her body light as air between the sheets. Occasionally she saw the top of Hamilton's head and his foreheaded face as he sprawled under the box-tree, and she had an odd assurance that he was there because he knew she was coming. He turned round and, as their eyes met, a thrill passed through her. What she had heard later did not affect her in the least. Her drowsy mind and body were repeating their sensations of the morning, and everything was harmonious, governed by the beat of unshod hoofs on turf soft as thistledown.

When she awoke in the morning the sun was shining in through the window, and the rest of the house was already stirring, a clatter of plates coming from the kitchen. For awhile Nina lay still, wondering what had cast the slight shadow over her mind that made the morning seem sadder than usual. A vague shadow that spread over the sky! She felt that if she thought hard enough she could find the cause for it in something that had happened or was going to happen. Yet it was Saturday, her free day! And Mrs. Burgoyne would not be back till Monday at the earliest. These things ought to have brought her a sense of release, but instead she felt inert and oppressed, not inclined to make the effort to go down for a bathe in the lagoon by the windmill.

As she sat up, looking out of the window, it came upon her that the reason for her depression lay in the facts she had heard about Hamilton's life the night before. Had they been going round and round in her brain while she slept? She tried to imagine Hamilton's wife waiting for him as he rode back with the cattle, and this look on her face as she watched him over the evening meal. A fat, amiable ghost, Burgoyne had said. For Nina there seemed

to lurk something sinister beneath the amiability. Why had he been so weak as to mortgage his future to a woman like that? Was there really a weakness in him, after all, in spite of the outlines of his face and the quiet restraint of his movements? She felt a faint grudge against him now for the way he had let her be attracted to him; there had been no doubt about his response. Life was, somehow, greyer and meaner than she had thought it once! The rhythm had gone out of her blood.

CHAPTER 2.

BUT for Nina it was easier to make the resolve than to keep it. Her imagination, like Burgoyne's, had always found most of its pleasures in playing around people that aroused its interest. It was not difficult to shut Hamilton out of her thoughts during the hours of daylight, when there were numberless little things to occupy her, but when darkness gathered round the place his figure seemed to emerge from its obscurity and become enlarged against the sky. There was an air of silence about him that was only increased by the fact that she could remember almost all he had ever said. What had he said, after all? Matter-of-fact things, mostly. Although his voice had a personal quality, she had never heard him make a comment that showed the way he looked at life.

She was coming up from the slab hut one afternoon with Denis when she saw an old man hanging round the store with an empty sugar-bag, his movements oddly suggesting those of a restless fowl shut in the wrong yard. Apparently he was trying to rouse Mrs. Jeyroid, who for once was having an afternoon nap. The boy stared at him for a moment, and then gave a little chuckle.

"Hullo! Old Dave's come up the creek again," he said.

The name was vaguely familiar to Nina, but for the moment she could not remember why.

"Old Dave!" she repeated. "Who's that?" "Don't know old Dave?" said the boy. "Oh, he's a pearl. Comes up the creek every year when he thinks the blacks have a bit of money and clears them out. You never knew such a lot of muck as he hawks about—steel knives made of hoop-iron and tobacco you can smell a mile off when the blacks smoke it. He's Steve's grandfather."

"What Steve?" "Steve Hamilton. Doesn't he kid himself because he's connected with Euroa, too? Tells every one they want him to live there, but he won't. They all say the old waster would have been locked up before this, only for Mr. Hamilton."

At dinner that night Mrs. Burgoyne said to her husband with a faint note of annoyance:

"I see that old fellow's back. Why do you let him stay, Alce? He's no right to camp anywhere inside the stock-route gate."

Burgoyne, busy with his food, waved the matter off lightly.

"What's the good of bothering? Live and let live. He'll be gone in a day or two."

But this easy response only made his wife more tenacious. It was as if the emotional spring in her had become suddenly troubled, and was ready to vibrate.

"He won't be gone till he's done his usual share of mischief," she said. "Why is he there at all? Not to make a few stillings selling pocket-knives and tinware. It's opium he lives on."

"We've no proof of 'hat," said Burgoyne. Conlon muttered in his heavy way that it wouldn't be easy to get proof, either.

"I've put it to some of the boys quietly when they were camping out with me," he said, "but do you think they'd talk?" Not a word. They'd get cut up before they'd give him away."

Denis, who had been listening with a curious knowing look, joined in the conversation. The last time after old Dave had gone, he had noticed some of the men lying around the camp with a sick look, all yellow about the eyes. The girls, too! And hadn't Jerry, when they were out herding weaners, come in ten miles on foot to see the hawker, getting back just before sunrise?

"Nothing but opium would make Jerry walk a mile," he said with a grin.

CHAPTER 10

THE weekly rides to the out-station hut, which had been interrupted by the boy's accident, were resumed as the winter drew on. There was nothing particularly inviting about the hut as a goal. It was a little galvanised-iron building on a ridge in the mulga with yards attached, and was only used by the boundary-rider on his journeys round the fences, or by the men when there were weaners to be herded. Usually, though, they could depend on finding a supply of tea and sugar there, and Nina could lie on the bunk reading while the boy fished for cod in one of the holes below. She took a keen delight in these little outings. A sense of release always came to her as soon as the stock-route gates were left behind. Release from what? She often wondered. Too close a scrutiny, perhaps, from eyes that were limited in their range? Life at the homestead always seemed a little crowded and self-conscious, as if the partitions between the rooms were un-
bearably thin and people were constantly overhearing one another's thoughts. Out there in the mulga was the free indifference of a lean, sketchy landscape and ragged trees. One could sprawl and dream; that was what Nina wanted.

As they were riding down one morning, though, Denis said suddenly:

"Euroa's striking a bore just near our boundary-fence. The horse-teams went up with a lot of the tackle a fortnight ago. What about riding over and having a look at it?"

Nina hesitated.

"What is there to see?"

"Oh, lots," was the reply. "They'll have the derrick up, and most likely they'll have started drilling. It's not far off the track. Not more than four or five miles, anyway."

"That means cutting across country," she objected, "and where'll we find water? I can't go without a drink."

"Oh, don't be a nark, Miss Byrne," he coaxed her. "There'll be water at the bore. . . . And you want to see it as much as I do."

His heavy, long-lashed eyes had divined something in her face he could play upon. It was exasperating, that clairvoyant power in him! It was instinctive, deeper than his understanding. And there was no defending herself against it. What had leapt into her mind when the name of Euroa was mentioned? The thought that she might see Hamilton. Unknowingly, he had dragged it out into the daylight, forcing her to admit it to herself. Well, it would be hypocrisy to hide it, anyway! She did want to see Hamilton. It was a month since the night Burgoyne had talked to her about it, and the silence had gradually drawn round him again like the deepening of dusk. Even Burgoyne seemed to have forgotten him. His restless, active mind was always teeming with immediate projects—borses to be branded or cattle to be bought. It was not often that reflection led him outwards, beyond the confines of the place.

And Nina had given him no excuse for talking about Hamilton. There was nothing she wanted to discuss. The figure that had come to life in the background of her mind had gathered its own atmosphere around it.

"Are you sure you can find the way?" she asked the boy.

"We can follow the tracks of the horse-teams," he told her.

"But that would take us miles around," she protested. "Right past the homestead."

"No fear," he assured her jauntily. "They'll cut across to the fence. . . . Look! You can see where they branch off."

They rode on together in silence, along a rough, uncleared track that was formed by heavy wheel-marks in the soft earth. At the fence the wires had been cut, and a couple of barked saplings fitted in for rails. They were on Euroa now. To Nina it felt curiously like a foreign soil, though there was no difference in the bare ridges and tangled mulga that ran on either side of the fence. Lean, hungry country with not a beast in sight! Now that he had got his own way the boy was amiable, and ambled by Nina's side, leaning over to run his fingers through her pony's mane. There was a charm about him, she felt, but a feminine one. Even the movements of his mind were feminine, darting about from one point to another by pure intuition.

"There's the bore!" he said suddenly, as a tall derrick reared itself above the timber. A few minutes later they had emerged into a clearing where half a dozen tents were grouped round a galvanised iron galley. There was the air of a military encampment about the place. Timber had been felled and men were busy building a structure around the derrick; sweating figures in singlets and dungarees clambered about the crazy scaffolding screwing in bolts, and their absorption seemed the more intense because of the silence of the bush around. Although the morning had been sharp, a shimmer of heat hovered about the camp now, and the loose white soil of the ridge had been crumbled into dust by the feet of men and horses. From the track on the other side came a team of bullocks, winding like a snake through the timber, a large tank swaying insecurely on the dray. The clang of iron sounded from a little bush shed near the galley.

"They're up to their eyes in work," thought Nina. "Why did I let him bring me here?"

She had an impulse to turn round and ride off, but Denis had spurred his pony over to the little shed from which the clang of iron came.

It was Hamilton hammering out a piece of metal on the anvil that had been set up on a sawn stump. So deeply was he engrossed in his work that he did not see Nina and the boy till they were beside him. His face was red from the fire and his eyes held its glow; even when he turned his mind seemed to be echoing with the clank of iron on the anvil. Again Nina was conscious of the impersonal power of his absorption in the thing in hand. His eyes had the same withdrawn look as when he had bent over Denis on the morning they had first met, and he did not seem in the least surprised at her visit. She could not tell whether he was glad to see her or not. She could not even tell how completely he remembered her. As she slipped from her horse she apologised stiffly for interrupting him.

"Oh, don't worry about that," he returned casually.

It was only amusing myself while the blacksmith's away. He had to go back to the township for some tools that didn't come. They'll be knocking off for dinner in a little while, anyhow."

He took her horse and tied it to a sapling in the shade. In spite of the formal courtesy of his manner there was a perfectness about his movements.

"Steve's over there with the driller," he said, turning to the boy. "He can't have noticed you ride up. Ask him to show you the new rifle he got for his birthday. He's hardly let it out of his hands for the last week."

Nina was looking at the tall derrick. She felt scattered, and a little remote from her surroundings.

"Queer how surprising that looks, towering over the mulga?" she said. "Unpleasant, too! As if some giant spider has been at work."

"They won't be starting drilling for a few days," Hamilton said, as if he had no heard her. "There's been some hitch. I takes more time than you reckon on to assemble the plant."

"And you're camped out here with them?"

"Only till they get going. My own work keeps my hands full."

He was friendly, but preoccupied, and she felt she had lost contact with him. There was none of that subtle excitement in his voice she had been conscious of when they had met before. His eyes had the dull glow of the fire; the clink of the anvil was ringing in his brain. Perhaps she had unknowingly withdrawn, too; even while she talked with him she was thinking of the woman he had married, of the old hawker, of some of Burgoyne's comments. Did he guess she had heard his story? He did not seem to have any curiosity in the matter. He was unconscious and completely in possession of himself.

"That's your son, isn't it?" she said, looking to where the two boys were coming toward the galley.

"Yes, Steve," he assented. "You won't mind having something to eat with us. Here are the men coming off work now."

Again that aloof, impersonal quality in his tone! Even when he looked at her she felt that his eyes were lacking in concentration. His talk, too, came only from the surface of his mind.

The meal was over at last, and the men, dipping their plates and pannikins in a bucket at the door, slipped off to their tents for a smoke. Hamilton looked at Nina.

"Come along the ridge and I'll show you where the drains will run when there's a flow. That is, if there really is a flow."

NOT once had he called her by her name. She wondered if he remembered it. It did not matter, she felt, as they walked along together through the midday heat. Her pique at his casual reception had passed. She did not want to be aware of herself, nor did she want him to be aware of her. It was strangely stimulating, this unconscious comradeship of men, who cared about one another, but not too much. Through the open flaps of their tents she could see them lying in their bunks, reading and smoking, dropping a word to one another now and again. It was not indifference, she felt, their sprawling unconcern: it was an attitude of mind that came natural to them. In a spirit of tolerance they were ready to withhold their curiosity—from her or from the man in the next bunk.

"Dad!" called out a boyish voice from the blacksmith's shed. "You haven't got any more cartridges, have you?"

"How many do you want?"

"Just enough to do a little potting at a tree."

"Look in the little box under my bunk, then. There may be a few left."

For the first time Nina looked at the boy who made the query. It was only in this quick exchange of words that she realised in her inner being that he was Hamilton's son. The little hatless figure moved down the slope towards the tent at a run. There was a dancing lightness about him, almost a radiance. He took at a quick bound a heap of mulga rails in his path.

"Steve's excited at having a mate," said Hamilton, watching the direction of Nina's eyes. "No wonder, poor little beggar! He hasn't seen anyone his own size for nearly a year."

"Why doesn't he come over to Conondale sometimes?" asked Nina quickly.

Hamilton's eyes were abstracted.

"Yea, perhaps he might. . . . Look how

the country falls away down there. This is the highest spot on the whole run. That's why I wanted to bow here, in spite of the risk of not getting a flow."

She sat down on a log, overlooking the ridges that overlapped one another in folds of sombre green.

"Why don't you let him come over to Conondale?" she persisted. "A boy wants company."

"I suppose so," he admitted. "You don't think I keep him tied up, do you?"

"Not altogether. You're not fond of company, yourself, though."

"Now? What makes you think that?"

"The way you live."

He looked at her directly, the veil off his eyes for a moment.

"You know something of how I'm situated?"

"A little."

"Well?"

There was nothing in the query that called for an answer: it was flat and decisive. Yet she did not feel that he was slamming a door in her face; at the most he was making no effort to open it wider. And in his very abruptness there was a sense of intimacy. He sat down on the log beside her and looked out over the ridges, as if it were all one to him whether they talked or remained silent. There was a repose, that was not mere lethargy in his big figure and dark, abstracted eyes. He seemed to be drinking in the atmosphere of the tawny spaces below in which all detail was lost in a flood of sunlight: it was as if the vital part of him was lying, drowning and placid, in some corner of his being.

NINA had a restless impulse to rouse him. "People say that you're keeping yourself shut up," she said.

"Who do?" he asked. "The Burgoyne?"

"They're the only people I know," she told him.

"Yet I move about more than Burgoyne himself," he said. "There's hardly a camp of fencers or dam-sinkers within a hundred miles that I haven't slept in at one time or another. They know I'm ready to come when I'm called. I don't think anyone could accuse me of being a hermit."

"You go where anyone needs you," said Nina. "If they didn't..."

A queer smile played about his lips, lighting up his face.

"There's not much to be speculating about that. People have a habit of needing me. Even you yourself."

"That was an accident."

"Well—accidents happen. And more frequently here than in most places. You don't think I'm in danger of being left too much to myself?"

She was silent for a while.

"Not if you're happy in the life," she said at last.

"Happy?" he repeated.

"Aren't you?" she said, looking at him.

"I don't know," he said, a shadow coming suddenly to his eyes. "It's not a question that's worth asking, is it? Yes, I suppose I am, if it comes to that. It's one kind of life, and a pretty good one, too. If I had another I'd like to practise medicine—not track round after patients, but experiment. That was the thing that attracted me in the beginning, and I still can get an excitement out of following other men's researches. . . . But a man can't have two lives. I'm satisfied with mine."

He did not talk as if he were the victim of his destiny. There was not a trace of self-pity about his tone. Probably, Nina reflected, he was telling the simple truth when he said he found the life he was leading a pretty good one. It was sounding his energies freely, and if one part of him was being stunted he hardly knew it. . . . met his glance as he asked her casually if she would come over again when they started drilling. It was level and

frank—almost frank! There was an inner veil of separateness that it seemed a habit of years to keep down. However open he might be, there remained something he would not give away.

The heavy silence of early afternoon was being ripped and torn asunder by the sound of a rifle in the timber below the derrick. The bullock-driver came past with his team, trailing his long lash in the dust behind him, the empty body of the wagon creaking and straining. He let his eyes rest on Nina and Hamilton for a moment, and then looked deliberately away; yet there was something more revealing in that swift movement than if he had stared curiously. Hamilton sprang to his feet suddenly, almost as if he were shaking himself free from a spell.

"Let's go down the hill and see what the boys are doing," he said.

CHAPTER II.

THAT evening Nina was disinclined to say anything about her visit to the bore, but Denis was flushed and excited, eager to talk. At the evening meal he took charge of the conversation, rambling on about the number of men at work on Euros and the time they would take to strike water. Things Steve Hamilton had told him bulked largely in his account of the day. He had met Steve twice before and had rather despised him. Wasn't Steve old Dave's grandson, and hadn't he a yellow streak in his blood? Yet, for some reason or other, he was ready to forget that now in his enthusiasm for his friend's knowledge of machinery and skill with the rifle.

Steve's going to camp out with the men every week-end till they strike the big flow," he said. "I wish I had a free leg like that."

His mother listened to him with a slightly flushed face, saying very little. Obviously she was not pleased at his meeting with Hamilton's son, but she forbore to show it in any direct way. That afternoon she had nearly put her hand on a snake when she was weeding at the bottom of the garden, and a trace of the shock it had given her still remained in her eyes. As she helped herself to salad from the bowl she seemed to be seeing again that jet-black form slipping off into the grass. Burgoyne, on the other hand, was curious about the bore, and a little piqued that Hamilton should have said nothing to him about it. Piqued, too, that another man should be doing what he wanted to do himself! Ever since he had come to Conondale he had wanted to sink a bore at the back of the run, but the syndicate would not listen to his advice.

"Hamilton must be well on his feet," he said. "This'll cost him two thousand, if it costs a penny. A nice little gamble!" The overseer muttered quietly that it was worth it.

"Besides Hamilton can afford it," he added. "He must have sent nearly five hundred fats on the road since the beginning of the year."

They were still talking about Hamilton when they went out on the veranda to smoke. Nina heard their voices rumbling on and on as she sat writing letters in her own room. In the sitting-room Denis was playing German whist with his mother, and from time to time Mrs. Burgoyne interrupted his chatter about the game to ask some question about Steve. What age was the boy? Who had suggested their going to the bore? To Nina it was if Hamilton's figure, till now a shadow on her own skyline, had come nearer till it overshadowed the house. Her own thoughts about him melted vaguely into this general sense of his presence. At one time she was seeing him through Mrs. Burgoyne's eyes, at another through Conlon's. When she went to sleep it was to dream of a tall derrick, rising out of the mullin, a derrick that, oddly enough, had the head and face of Hamilton.

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon she went down to the lagoon to sketch, but instead she lay on her back looking at the two pelicans in the water and the faint row of bubbles left by a platypus in the shadows near the bank. A profound emptiness possessed her. She could neither read nor trace the outlines of the trees on the opposite bank with her pencil. It was always like that on Sunday afternoons, she told herself, watching the pelicans, moving along with absurd dignity over the slate-colored water. As long as there was a movement of men about the yards and a clatter in the kitchen, the place had reality and significance, but when they stopped there was emptiness everywhere. In the brain, and in the stretches of sun-drenched mulga around! Life quite definitely flowed away, so that even the dogs, basking by the saddle-room looked as if an evil enchantment had fallen upon them. There was no peace for Nina in that deep stillness. It left a void, the ache of isolation.

"Isolated from what?" she asked, turning on herself mockingly. "I've had letters this morning from every one I care two straws about. And there's no place I'd sooner be than here."

But yet when she lay back and shut her eyes she was conscious again of this disturbing void. It was like looking down the dark lanes of infinity between the stars. Through the fig-trees at the bottom of the garden came a long graceful figure in a blue bathrobe, hesitating at the gate with a desultory movement and looking up the bed of the lagoon. It was Mrs. Burgoyne coming down for a bath. There was a slight self-consciousness in her face when she saw Nina lying in the grass, her dress rucked up over her knees.

"Sketching?" she asked, "or just dreaming?"

Her voice had a faint irony that made Nina bristle, but her intention was friendly. Nina, glancing up at her, recognised that. In spite of her physical grace there was a slight awkwardness about the woman that made it hard for her to relax and be simple. She was lonely. Her romantic optimism made it certain she always would be.

"I've been reading till I'm stupid," she said, "and when I stopped for half a moment I'd hear the voice of that cattle-buyer on the verandah. Racing and prices of stock! Why do these men always come on Sundays when one needs a rest? . . . Has Denis been down here?"

"No," said Nina, sitting up. "I haven't seen him."

"He took the shotgun and went down the creek," explained his mother. "I don't know why I let him have it. You can't lift up a paper without reading about the most frightful accidents with firearms. He always keeps me on edge while he's away."

She sat down beside Nina on the grass, gathering up her long, slim legs under her bath-robe. There was a look of vague unrest on her face in spite of the lethargy of her heavy-lidded eyes. Though she had come down for a swim she did not seem anxious to go into the water, but sat plucking the dry blades of grass as if she wanted to talk. Nina could not help feeling uncomfortable in her company. Her experience of those friendly little advances on the part of Mrs. Burgoyne was that they only occurred when the woman wanted to find out something about her. Who her friends were in town, and why she had come to Conondale as a governess! A stiffness always entered her spirit when she saw one of these probing questions trembling on Mrs. Burgoyne's lips, and she became dry and uncommunicative.

There was a barrier between the two women that kept them continually aloof, even when they were talking with apparent easiness. Nina felt that Mrs. Burgoyne's curiosity, unlike her husband's, was personal and one-sided. The woman almost

exacted confidences, but she hadn't the least intention of giving them! And she was never interested in anything for its own sake. When she brought the conversation round from Denis to Steve Hamilton, and later on to his father, Nina was conscious of being put on the defensive. Was it merely fancy, or had Mrs. Burgoyne a tentative and exploring instinct in her talk about Hamilton?

"How unspeakably horrid it all is!" she was saying, letting her eyes wander over the water. "Sordid, somehow! When we came here first I thought he'd be such a good neighbor. One who'd make you feel you weren't out of from life! We had to stay a night at that wretched coach-house, and he'd been held up by the rain, too; I couldn't help being attracted by him as soon as he came in to dinner. There really is such a thing as breeding! Then afterwards when I heard about that woman . . ."

Her shoulders moved slightly under their light cotton covering, as though to express an acute physical revulsion. Her gesture roused Nina.

"There may be something about the woman besides her color," she said. "You've never met her?"

Mrs. Burgoyne admitted that she had not, that she had no desire to meet her. "One had to draw the line somewhere," she said, "even here. And when it comes to recognising a woman like that . . . it's as much as I can do to talk with decent politeness to the man himself now. He hasn't merely made a mess of his own life; he's dragged others down."

THERE was an obscure bitterness in her voice that seemed inappropriate. Nina could not help saying with a touch of obstinacy that she failed to see how Hamilton had made a mess of his life.

"Lots of men marry stupid or inadequate women. And he seems to have just gone on and built up a life for himself. Created something out of nothing really."

Mrs. Burgoyne looked at her curiously for a moment from under her long lashes, as if trying to decide whether she was being wilfully perverse.

"You really think that?" she said. "He hasn't gone down, anyway," responded Nina. "Most other men would in his place. Thrown up the sponge and let everything slide."

"Oh, the place is prosperous enough. I believe," admitted Mrs. Burgoyne dryly. "Well!" said Nina challengingly, "the place isn't that the outward and visible sign? If he hasn't let that crumble . . ."

Unconsciously in her own mind she was trying to separate Hamilton's figure from the dark shadow in the background. The one was real to her; the other was not. But in the heat of the moment a flush had come into her cheeks and a slight aggressiveness into her voice. Her companion flashed a swift look at her.

"You admire him?" she said. "Don't you?" hurried the girl. "His pluck, anyway. I think he's kept alive."

"Alive?" repeated her companion, with faint irony. "Is there such a lot in that?" "Most of us don't find it so easy," said Nina quietly. "We're deadened a little by everything that happens to us. Lots of successful men become boring and self-satisfied at Hamilton's age."

Mrs. Burgoyne sat up and gathered her flimsy covering around her.

"I don't know what you call being alive," she said shortly. "Hamilton always seems to me like a ghost. A rather depressing one to think about! If he isn't self-satisfied it's because he's got good reason not to be."

Her lips hardly seemed to move, but there was a decisiveness in her voice that closed the subject. She threw off her wrap and went down to the water, standing on the edge and looking over at the other bank with a peculiar fixed scrutiny. Up

the bed of the creek came Denis, swinging a couple of wild ducks triumphantly, and Nina gathered her things together and went with him to the house. She was angry at herself at having betrayed something that was coming to life within her. A word was enough for Mrs. Burgoyne. She could feel the effect of what had been said spreading through the woman's mind as she moved lazily through the water; from now on she would have to guard herself more closely than ever against those brooding eyes.

"Why did I let myself talk?" she asked herself, listening with only one ear to the boy's chatter. "Something's gone out of me . . . Virtue!"

It was near the end of the week when, sitting with Denis in the schoolroom, she heard voices from the little horse-yard break through the torpor of the afternoon. There had been no sound since lunch, for all the men were out at the back of the run except Burgoyne, who had been having his siesta on the verandah, and a deep drowsiness had fallen on the whole place. Denis, glad of any relief from the effort of composition, glanced out through a crack in the walls.

"It's Hamilton!" he announced. "He's come over with a pack-horse. I wonder what he's after now."

Was there a mischievous gleam in those dark, precocious eyes of his? She wasn't quite sure. The doubt kept her attention fixed on her book for the time being, and when she raised her eyes and let them stray out of the window, Hamilton was talking to Burgoyne under the pepper-tree near the butcher's shop. At the sight of his tall, upstanding figure the blood burned behind her eyes, and she felt a queer tightness at the breast. She glanced surreptitiously at her watch. It would be half an hour before she could let the boy out, and then they would probably be having afternoon-tea on the verandah. She saw Hamilton turn his head as she came through the gate, and Mrs. Burgoyne's quick glance, could she face them all together?

"You could spell galloped with two 'p's and only one 'l,'" she said mechanically, glancing over the boy's shoulder.

There was the faintest vibration in her voice, and he lifted his head with a queer, searching look. Those indolent eyes of his, she felt, were undisturbable.

"What in the wind, now?" they seemed to say. "Your hand's trembling."

When she had summoned enough self-control to glance out of the window again, Hamilton was coming down the track with a heavy bag over his shoulder, Burgoyne carrying another at his side. The two men were engrossed in conversation and neither of them looked towards the schoolroom. She could hear Hamilton's abrupt, rather absent-minded replies to his companion's comments as he fastened the bags on the pack-saddle. In his dark, preoccupied face there did not seem to be the faintest awareness of her presence. When she emerged a little later, humiliated in some secret part of her being, he was riding down the track toward the stock-route gate, his pack-horse trotting ahead of him.

CHAPTER 12.

HAMILTON had ridden over to Conondale to procure a supply of fresh beef for the men at the bore. That, at any rate, had been the ostensible purpose of his visit. For the past ten days he had been camped out with the men, and had persuaded himself that it was easier for once, to buy beef from his neighbor than to kill a beast himself. Besides, the drifter had been worried by the loss of a large sugar, and had speculated on the chances of Burgoyne having one. It would take at least a week before the missing implement could be procured from the township.

But Hamilton knew in his inner heart that there was something specious in his

reasons for making the journey to Conondale. One of the men could have gone just as well. For some time he had been aware of subterranean movements and tremors that disturbed the smooth surface of his days, and made him wonder if his life was as solidly based as he thought. He found himself stopping in the middle of a job and staring out into the mists of the silence. Just as he had stood years before on the bank of the creek in the twilight when he was in the full flush of his recovered health and the sensuous world was opening out tremulously before him! What was he expecting to hear? Nothing really. Yet there were times when he almost imagined himself aware of the crumbling of an illusory world around him.

THE very contact with the other men at the bore had helped to unsettle him, for it was a long time since he had been used to such a happy casual living. In their careless talk round the salley-table at night there was a breath of the wind that wandered unfettered over a thousand miles from the Gulf. Life was fluid with them; they spent a few months in one place at the longest. Hamilton had no love of change for its own sake, but he felt the influence of this crowd of men who had no fixed roots. Half-unconsciously he was aware of the horizon around him lifting. He was not yet forty, younger in body than most men of his years, and quite capable of building up another life if possessed by a purpose that absorbed his whole mind.

Yet so firmly had he disciplined his imagination that the very thought seemed a disloyalty. Not exactly to the woman he had made his wife; his personal relations with her had long ceased to have any meaning; but to the purpose he had set out with when he married her and the effort he had made. In the last few years he had never let his eyes rest very long on a woman's face. That side of his life, he had assured himself, was closed. It was only now that he found it was not, and he was exasperated that the memory of a slim, white throat and the vibration of a voice should have power to keep him awake at nights. Was another crisis looming ahead of him? Was he still liable to be driven off his course by wayward impulses of the blood?

"Burgoyne's got some idea in his head," he thought, as he ambled along behind the pack-horse. "What the devil does the fellow mean?"

It had been nothing more than the flicker of an eyelid, an intonation of the voice when Burgoyne had suggested his staying for the evening, but it had pierced his sensitiveness. Almost as if the fellow had divined the object of his visit and was chuckling to himself secretly!

"I know what's dragged you out of your shell," the little twinkling eyes had seemed to say. "Women again! Well, she'll be out in half an hour or so and you'll see her."

It had made him turn abruptly to ride back. There was something uncanny in the thought that Burgoyne should be able to read what was only a shadowy half-intention in the back of his mind. Uncanny and a little humiliating! He liked Burgoyne well enough, but he could not conquer a long-standing contempt for the fellow. There was a touch of the old woman about him. Talkative about his own affairs, and curious, in a furtive sort of way, about other people's! To Hamilton, who had an instinct for respecting other people's privacies, there was an offensiveness in Burgoyne's habit of asking intimate questions suddenly with a slight scriwing-up of the eyes. A man had no defence against that kind of thing except to close down like an oyster.

He jogged along through the straggling timber, feeling curiously exasperated and

out of sorts with himself. It had been a foolish impulse to make the journey, a more foolish one still to let himself be turned back because of a gleam in Burgoyne's eyes. He was not a boy, to go mooning after a woman and flushing when anyone noticed his presence. Perhaps it was his seclusion that had created this stir and confusion in him. If he had been more casual with women all along, there would have been less chance of this girl getting such a hold over his imagination now!

Near a small dam where the road turned off to the bare he caught a glimpse of a covered cart, and the sight of it just then roused a peculiar emotion in him. He could feel a dark thunder-cloud gathering on the horizon of his mind, swelling and shutting out the sun. Lurid little flashes of light played across it. So unusual was this rising of passion within him, so definitely associated with the appearance of one man, that he could almost stand aside and regard it externally. An outbreak of forces beyond his control!

THE old hawker was standing with his back to him, washing down the shoulder of a horse that was suffering from collar-gall, and something in the aspect of his fugitive camp, with the harness strewn about and the lean dog nosing round the fire, struck Hamilton as more permanent than the mulga around. He could never get away from the shadow this man cast. It was a creeping shadow that sometimes spread over his mind even while he was asleep.

"Well?" he said, reining up beside him.

"Where are you bound for now?" The old man turned round and gave him a look that was at once insolent and cringing. A dark shade of leather covered his right eye and made his face seem twisted and awry.

"It don't matter, does it?" he evaded. "There's no one to worry whether I go north or south. I'm the Wandering Jew, here to-day and gone to-morrow. My home's wherever I happen to camp for the night."

Hamilton sat still on his horse. He had a queer feeling that the man before him was not a creature of flesh and blood. There was the hysterical mobility of his face; all kinds of varying passions seemed to flow through it and change it. At one time it was brutal and sordid; at another remote and grotesque. Even his voice altered according to the mood of the moment.

"I thought your home was down at Connebar," he said abruptly. "If you've got any sense you'll make back to it. You're not doing any good here."

"Good!" repeated the old man sardonically. "What are you thinking about—your good or mine? I'm not worrying. There's generally a bit of grass to be picked up somewhere, no matter how dry the country is. I always manage to have something in my pot."

Hamilton's eyes shot a dark glance at him.

"That's easy to believe. You manage to scavenge where other men wouldn't. That can't last much longer, though. It isn't for your own sake you've been given a free leg by the stations around, and you know it. Why don't you go back to your store and settle down?"

The old man looked at him for awhile in silence, a queer, toothless smile twitching his mouth behind the white beard.

"You'd like to get rid of me, wouldn't you?" he said.

"That's plain enough. I should think." Hamilton admitted quietly. "I've never made any bones about it. But don't make any mistake, Dave, you won't get anything out of me by hanging around. There aren't any pigeons to pluck about here."

"You'd like to shut me up," went on the

old man. "Keep me in a cage with a little birdseed and water. . . . Oh, I've seen it. Old Dave ain't a finch or a canary, though. No, nor nothing like one. There's a bit of the hawk about him, even now when he's lost most of his feathers. Akbar can stay in the cage as long as he pays good rent for it. I'm going to live me own way, like I've always done."

He went rambling on, scattered in his talk, but concentrated in the sharp, malicious glance of his single eye. In his bony frame there was an extraordinary confidence in his power. Hamilton sat on his horse with a face like stone, wondering why he felt such physical repugnance for the man. Even his horses and his dog did not seem like other people's. They were shabbier, more shapeless, smeared over in some way with the traces of a mean domestication.

"Where are you bound for now?" he repeated, with a sudden decisiveness. "I want to know."

There was something in his tone and the direct glance of his eyes that pulled the old man together.

"To the bore," he confessed. "There's a crowd of men there, ain't there?"

"There is," said Hamilton, "but they don't want anything you've got. You're not going there, anyhow. I'll be camped there for the next few days, and you can take this as a hint that you're warned off."

"All right," said the old man with a queer smile. "I'll change me mind and go on to the station. I've a fancy I want a bit of a spell and a chance to lie up for awhile. You can't keep me from me own flesh and blood. I'll stick to them like the bark of a tree as long as I'm above ground."

His voice, generally so smooth and conciliatory, had a triumphant ring in it, as if he knew perfectly well where his power lay and took pleasure in asserting it at the right time. He turned his back on Hamilton and went on washing down the horse's shoulder with a slow, carving movement. There was a peculiar exasperation in the indifference of that turned back, and the sombre rage in Hamilton's soul was increased by the recognition that his own shirt and trousers hung on the hawker's skinny frame. It was as if the old vagabond had established a contact so close and subtle that it touched every part of his life.

"Look here, Dave," he said, with ominous quietness. "I've been easy-going and given you everything you wanted, but don't trade too much on that. There's a limit. If I liked to raise a hand, I could bundle you off to a place where you wouldn't be able to trouble me or anyone else here for a good long time. Take my tip and clear out of this part of the country while the roads are open. You've a good business down at Connebar—if you let it get into the hands of a gang of Mahomedans there won't be any use in coming whining to me for the money to set you on your feet again. You can die by the side of the track before I'll give you any help."

He turned his horse and rode away abruptly, trying to still the passion that flowed through him in waves. It was the first time for years that he had let the old man rouse him, and the encounter filled him with secret humiliation. Why couldn't he have passed by the hawker's camp in silence? What instinct had led him to try and clear the fellow out of the way now, when he had tolerated his erratic visits for so long? It was absurd to think he could keep him tied to his store down there at Connebar, standing behind a counter and talking about the weather to such customers as wandered in. To float round like a piece of clinging weed in a back-water was so obviously his destiny.

"Poor old devil!" thought Hamilton. "I've let him get on my mind. Brooded over that skinny figure of his till it's become something monstrous."

He began to burrow deeper into his own

mind. Had some obscure sense of frustration been working in him all along, and was it his instinct to make this old man the scapegoat for his own weakness? He had not been conscious of such a feeling, except on rare occasions when he lay awake in the night, but there were abysses in his life he had always shrunk from exploring. The gulf that lay between him and Lottie! He wanted to believe that during those later years they had been held together by a mild affection. There were times, though, when watching her half-smiling face across the table he felt a sudden, fierce loathing for his own body. A passion that rose from dark depths and seemed to annihilate him utterly!

That night when the evening meal was over and the men were smoking or playing cards round the galley-table, Steve said to him in the curious abashed way he always referred to his grandfather:

"Old Dave was here this afternoon while you were away. Looking for a place to camp he said he was. One of his horses was cracked, though, and he wanted to know if you'd a half-draught at the station he could run in his cart."

Hamilton sat on a log, his unlit pipe between his fingers, surrendering to the emotional under-current that carried him along. He thought of old Dave rolled in his blanket beside the dam, of the look on Steve's face when he drew the knife from his pocket, of the twinkle in Burgoyne's eyes that afternoon. He thought of his past life. Why did it seem, when he looked back on it, so much like a dream from which he was awakening? A pleasant enough dream, with busy outlines filled with faces that were indistinct and streaked with a few lurid flashes of light! From the first moment he had looked directly into Nina Byrne's eyes he had been aware of a strange quickening in him that spread through his blood, sharpening his vision and giving the small movements of life around him a new significance. He had a sense of only having been half-alive before. But was it merely because she was a woman that she produced this ferment in him?

"I've been through it all before," he told himself. "A man hasn't got two lives. . . . And it's always been neck or nothing with me."

It was only his will that spoke, though. His imagination and senses were not to be subdued. This flow of fresh life in him, he could not help being aware, was different from the passion that had overwhelmed him in youth, when his blood had been full of vague impulses and desires. It was a response to something definite in one woman, and one alone. Did she realise what was trembling into being every time their eyes met? He was not sure. . . .

CHAPTER 13.

ONE morning, over a week later, Hamilton rode out from the homestead with a definite sense of buoyancy and expectation in his heart that was sharpened by the spring sunlight and the tang of frost in the air. For some days all his thoughts had been occupied with getting a mob of cattle on the road. There had been long hours in the saddle, mastering and cutting-out, and nights when he fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, so that he had had no time for those reflections that threatened to divide his will. The cattle had left at dawn, stringing out over the barley-grass plain beyond the yards, and Steve had gone with them as far as the first camp. But what was more important, Old Dave had taken the track too, with a new horse and an intention of lying up in hospital as soon as he reached Connebar. The disappearance of that loaded cart over the skyline always made Hamilton feel as if a fresh wind had sprung up and was blowing across his mind. "I could have sent another hundred on the road," Hamilton was thinking.

At the homestead, except when Steve was about, his senses seemed muffled in a peculiar way, as though he had a veil over his eyes and cotton-wool in his ears. Now he was alert to every bird that moved, every twig that snapped in the timber. It was Saturday. He felt in his very blood an assurance that Nina would ride over to the bore. He could see her slipping from her horse, her face flushed and her dark hair tumbling over her eyes, looking at him in a half-abashed, half-defiant way, as though to say:

"I've come. Didn't you know I would?"

Yet there had been nothing to create this definite expectation in his mind. Nothing but the few lines she had written, offering to lend him such books as she had! When he had first read the note, the casual words had carried no overtones for him; they had seemed a mere friendly gesture. How was it that they had since spread reverberations through him, quickening him with life? He was reminded of the way she had looked at him the last time she had taken leave of him. The conviction had been carried home to him then, that something was trembling into being in the hearts of both of them. And these few words seemed a whisper that she knew what was happening, and was not afraid!

But when he reached the bore he was exasperated to find only one horse in the little yard near the galley and the slim figure of a boy standing with his hands in his pockets, watching the blacksmith at work. Hamilton had a sense of being thwarted. The whole clearing had an astonishing aspect of energy and concentration that made him feel an intruder. Boring had just begun, and the clatter of the walking-beam and the steady plunk of the drill sounded out aggressively, as though determined to beat their rhythm into the minds of the men around. Hamilton was standing talking to the driller, and watching the liquid mud come up in the sand-pump when he became aware of young Burgoyne beside him.

"Well?" he said carelessly. "You've come alone, eh?"

The boy grinned uncertainly. "Yes, from the turn-off. Me and Miss Byrne had a row."

"A row?" guessed Hamilton. "She got it into her head she didn't want to come," explained the boy. "Yet she'd been keen enough on it when we started out. Women never know what they want to do for two minutes together. I can look after myself, anyway."

A PERVERSE light came to his dark eyes, as though the memory of some scuffle had been aroused. He flicked a pebble at a playful cattle-pup that was hovering near.

"So I should guess," said Hamilton, watching the cloud on his face. "But remember that broken arm. I mightn't be able to set it so neatly again. . . . Steve didn't come out to-day. He's away with the cattle."

The boy muttered that it was just Steve's luck.

"They'd never let me go on the road like that," he said with a sulky envy.

"Oh, it's only for the night," Hamilton told him. "He'll be back in the morning."

He was wondering what sudden impulse had made Nina decide not to come to the bore. Was she disinclined to meet him again? Or had her will wavered at the last moment?

He was a man of forty, tied to the life he had created around him, with his destiny clearly marked out, and nothing to offer. If she fell in love with him, she must do it with both her eyes open. Probably it would be better for both of them to keep apart; there were some contacts that in the very nature of things were doomed to bring disaster!

Suddenly he became aware of an iron-

roofed hut in the clearing and the whinny of a horse in the round yard at the back. Almost at the same moment he recognised with a flutter of the pulses Nina's orange saddle-cloth making a vivid spot of color on the rails. At once the falsity of what he had tried to persuade himself was his own attitude was driven home to him. It was no use pretending that he was unwilling to make a movement toward her. She had tried to avoid him and he had followed, tracking her down to this little hut in the clearing! He was pursuing her as relentlessly as if his sole aim were to batter down her resistance. The sense of having tried to humbug himself was so acute that he had an impulse to turn his horse round and ride back into the timber. He was in no mood to meet her. The unsteadiness of his voice, the very look in his eyes, would surely betray him! But before he knew it he had slipped from the saddle and thrown the reins over a post. His blood was acting for him, not his reason. Conscious of tumult within him he made his way toward the door.

CHAPTER 14.

NINA was lying on the bunk near the window, with her shoes off and one arm crossed over her face. At the sound of Hamilton's footstep she turned her head, but for a moment a paralysis seemed to be laid upon her and she remained watching him with wide-open eyes as if in doubt whether his figure had not been evoked by her own thoughts. Then she sprang to her feet, dazed and unsteady. One of her cheeks was red from being pressed against the pillow, and her hair was coming down over her eyes. For Hamilton the air was charged with emotion. He knew that the girl's blood was beating in time with his own; the knowledge was carried with a swift rush to his heart.

"This isn't fair," he thought. "I've taken her unawares."

But it was only a shadowy flicker of misgiving at the back of his mind. Her very stillness drew him towards her, and he was hardly conscious of having moved till he felt his hand touch her shoulder. The soft passivity of her body sent a warm mist sweeping across his brain. She seemed strangely small in her stocking feet, with all that made her separate and distinct gone out of her. He was aware of the wild fluttering of her heart under his hand, but the rest of her was so limp and yielding that it seemed as if all the life in her had flowed for the time being into his own blood.

She disengaged herself at last and sank down on a form by the side of the bunk, her chin in her hands. The life was flowing back to her face, but she seemed bewildered, as if she did not know what had happened. Hamilton stood rooted to the floor, the clamor stilled in his blood, and a faint compunction rising to the surface of his mind; now that he had revealed himself there was no drawing back! The girl looked crumpled and overwhelmed. There was a droop about her vigorous back, and her eyes were perplexed and unhappy. He was profoundly moved, and his first impulse was to take her in his arms again and pour out passionate protestations of his love, but a distrust of his own emotion held him back.

"You're angry with me?" he said questioningly.

She was silent for a while. Then her lips moved, and she said indistinctly:

"No. Why should I be?"

"Most people would give you the reason quickly enough," he said. "As things are . . . I haven't any right."

He stopped, conscious of something empty and unreal in the phrase. Nina had raised her head and was looking at him with steady eyes, as if she were determined to strip all subtleties from her mind, at whatever cost. There was an effect of

utter sincerity in her unflinching gaze. Hamilton felt that it challenged his own.

"I knew all that," she said.

"And it doesn't count with you?"

"If it had I could have avoided seeing you again. That would have been simple enough."

"Then you foresaw this?"

"I suppose so. It's no use pretending. I've never found it easy to hoodwink myself for very long."

There was a wavering smile on her lips. Hamilton felt that her frankness was tinged by an irony that was directed against herself. He was touched by the emotion that vibrated in her voice, touched by the profound stillness of her body in the dim light. There came to him a conviction that she was more simple and straightforward than he was. He had a sense of having hidden from himself.

"I can't say that," he confessed. "Sometimes I find it deadly easy. Even when coming here. . . . If I'd been honest with myself I'd have turned back. You were trying to get away from me."

A flicker of incredulity passed through her eyes as she looked up.

"It?" she repeated.

"You quarrelled with that boy because he wanted to come out to the bore," Hamilton said. "I got that much out of him. Wasn't it because you were trying to avoid me?"

"Partly," she admitted. "At least I didn't want to meet you before all those men."

"Only that?"

"If there was any other reason it was because I didn't want to give myself away."

"I don't care now."

Hamilton felt his heart dip in a peculiar way, but his body remained rigid, and his brain kept its poise. The very touch of recklessness in her voice laid a restraint upon him. Did she realise the full meaning of her avowal? He was conscious of all the things that hemmed in his life within definite boundaries—the woman he had married, Steve, the old hawk, all the paraphernalia of his working days. Conscious, too, of the weight of passion her direct glance roused in him. This couldn't be a light affair for either of them. It would mean neck or nothing, as he had told himself in the very beginning. Whenever she spoke he was aware of something being liberated in him, powers that had been sleeping stirring slowly into life. He could never persuade himself again that her appeal had been solely to his senses.

"I don't want you to throw yourself away on me," he said stubbornly. "My life's half over. Besides, I'm fixed, rooted. . . . Have you looked ahead?"

"No," she admitted. "I can't. Have you?"

"In a way—yes."

She stood up and felt for her shoes. There was nothing decisive in the action, but Hamilton had a sense of life flowing away from him. He watched Nina's profile as she took up her velveteen hat and pinned it on, her eyes bemused and withdrawn. Her fingers fumbled with the pins in the dim light.

"When you came I was planning to go away," she said. "Nothing definite. My head was muddled, and I was half asleep. I never can see a week ahead. Never."

The changed note in her voice made the pulses hammer again in Hamilton's ears. He caught her and strained her to him till his forehead was pressing against hers, but though there was tenderness as well as passion in his embrace he felt her rigid and unyielding. The movement of her blood was still away from him.

"You know I want you, Nina?" he demanded.

She did not answer. A heavy dumbness seemed to have taken possession of her. He could not tell what thoughts were passing through her hidden mind.

"You know it's for your sake I've tried to look ahead," he repeated jerkily. "The very touch of your body . . . I feel broken—wasted."

Her body relaxed for a moment and then stiffened again.

"Don't . . . Yes, I understand that. . . There's someone coming. It's Denis."

It was not Denis. It was Conlon, coming in to dump a coil of wire, with which he had been mending the fences on the southern boundary. He slipped from his horse at the door and entered the hut casually, a queer astonishment coming to his eyes when he saw the two figures in the dusky light. Hamilton had not moved. He stood in the middle of the floor, his face withdrawn and set, as though he were unwilling to make the slightest effort to bridge over the awkwardness of the situation. As though he were incapable, rather! There was a queer pride in him that took charge of his will at times, stiffening his muscles and covering his face with a mask. The overseer looked from him to Nina, who was putting on her hat.

"I saw your horses," he explained. "I thought one of them was young Denis's. My eyes must be going back on me. When a man like me comes to making a bloomer about a horse . . ."

He laughed uneasily, perfectly aware of the tension in the air around him, yet striving to seem indifferent to it. With clumsy movements he began stowing the wire under a table in the corner. Even his big, curved back and his sunburnt neck had a self-consciousness about them. Nina moved to the door with slow, casual steps and looked out.

"Denis went on to the bore," she said absently. "Are you going back now?"

The overseer straightened his back. "Yes: it was only to dump the wire I dropped in here."

"Then I'll ride back with you. If you don't mind."

Hamilton was amazed at the control of her voice and the change that had come over her. When she looked at the big overseer there was a friendly directness in her eyes, as if she had been waiting for him all along. Was the emotional storm through which they had passed a little thing to her, he wondered? He could only keep his own pose by remaining dumb and wooden. When Conlon made a light remark to him about the bore, he answered in a voice that seemed to belong to someone else.

CHAPTER 15.

THAT evening Nina was standing at the gate of the garden that led to the lagoon, when Denis came down the path. There was an embarrassment in the way he drifted towards her, stopping now and again to flick at the petals of an oleander. Coming home a couple of hours before, they had overtaken him half a mile below the station, and he had been morose and defiant, hardly answering the overseer's questions about the bore. It had been a dull day for him, after all. None of the men had taken any notice of him, and whenever he moved he had a feeling of being in their way. He missed the companionship of Steve, and besides he was acutely jealous of the other boy's trip with the cattle.

But there was a softness about him that made it difficult for him to keep tactful for long. Nina's quietness gave him an uneasy fear that he had gone over the edge, and he was anxious to placate her. Coming behind her, he put his arm boyishly around her waist.

"You're not going to make a row about that?" he said.

"About what?" she asked abruptly.

"My giving you cheek and going off. I was dead anxious to see young Steve, and he wasn't there, anyway. If you make a row they'll come down on me hard, and I'm tied up enough as it is."

With a jerky laugh Nina confessed that she had no intention whatever of making a row.

"Why did you think I would?" she asked.

"The look on your face at dinner," he told her. "I was watching you."

"You were?"

"Trust me to guess what's going on in your mind," he said slyly. "Anyone could tell something had happened."

Her heart gave an uneasy movement.

"Nonsense," she said. "I wasn't talking. If that's what you mean. There were plenty of others to do that, though."

"No, it wasn't just the way you kept quiet," he persisted. "You had something bottled up. I know."

She looked at his smooth, waxen face with its pencilled brows and its searching eyes that were never quite simple. He had let go her waist and was standing with one foot on the bar of the gate, his hands in his pockets. In the moonlight he seemed strangely mature, with his clear outlines and his air of being perfectly in possession of himself. What was he trying to get out of her?

"I don't keep things bottled up," she said. "You know that. I let you go your own way to-day, but—well, next time."

"Oh, that's all right," he said easily. "I won't go off the handle again. Honest, I won't. . . Come in, and have a game of crib."

"Not now," she said. "I want to stay out here for a while."

"Oh, come on," he persuaded her. "What's the good of mooning here alone? It's about my only free night, and there's no one will have a game."

Nina felt an amused resentment at the boyish bullying of his tone, but she let him draw her back to the house. She was restless, not fully in command of her will. The moonlit night had the breath of the coming summer in it; there was a feeling of moths in the garden, and strange scents released on the warm air. All the doors and windows were open, and in the front room she could see Mrs. Burgoyne sitting on the piano stool talking to one of the visitors, a lively, boyish-looking surveyor with a florid face and fair, curly hair. It was this young man who dominated the conversation at dinner, holding forth on missions and some recent exploits of his own in Papua. He lounged now with one leg over the arm of a leather chair, half-intoxicated with the sound of his own voice and the attention the woman was bestowing on him. Mrs. Burgoyne was dressed in a white frock, with a starry hibiscus at the shoulder, and looked girlish and attractive as she sat with her arm resting on the keys of the piano. The sort of woman whose brooding concentration might turn a young man's head if he could believe it was focused on him!

"He'll be home now," Nina thought, as the boy cut the cards. "Three hours! He'll have finished dinner and gone off to smoke pipes."

"That chap's knocked about a lot," said the boy suddenly, shifting the pegs on the board. "Everywhere from Samoa to Broome. I'd like to be a surveyor."

"Why?" she asked absently.

"They don't have to stick in one place," said the boy. "They can get jobs anywhere. I'd hate to be tied to a cattle-station. Young Steve says Euroa's good enough for him, but that's the black blood in him talking. I guess. You know his mother came from the camp?"

Nina answered with a touch of sharpness that she didn't know anything of the sort.

"From all I've heard she's nearly as white as you are," she added. "Anyway, if Steve's a friend of yours you've no right to talk about him like that."

"Like what?" he said in surprise. "I wasn't chucking off at him. Steve's all right."

The curtains that shut off the hall rustled and Mrs. Burgoyne came into the room, followed at a little distance by the young surveyor. She was flushed and animated, but a caressing look came to her eyes when she saw Denis.

"So this is where you are!" she said, standing behind the chair, and letting her hand rest on his shoulder.

There was a languid droop in her voice that made even her maternal affection seem a pose. The boy fidgeted uneasily and concentrated his attention on the cards. He did not want to be patted, especially in front of the young surveyor, who impressed him as being everything that was robust and adventurous.

"It's yours," he said to Nina, reaching for the cards. "This is a pussy game, anyhow. What about a hand at euchre nap, all joining in?"

"Not for long then," said his mother, rumpling his hair with a faint movement of her hand. "You're tired, Denis. You ought to be in bed."

Nina looked at her flushed face as she sat down and spread her hands on the cloth. There were two spots of color on her cheeks, and her eyes had a bemused glow in them. Obviously she was excited by the young surveyor's presence, but though she was ready to dally on the edge of a flirtation she would never go very far. It was merely the atmosphere of gallantry and sentiment that stirred her! A hint of rebellion against her own lack of independence lit up Nina's mind when she reflected on this. Why had she been so afraid of Mrs. Burgoyne's eyes probing into her privacies? She did not really care what the woman thought of her.

LATER that evening, when the house was still, she slipped out of her room and went into the garden, which was filled with a soft flood of moonlight.

Drifting through the gate at the bottom of the garden, she found herself on the banks of the lagoon that was like a wide lake now that its banks were hidden with shadows. There was no dew, and the grass was dry and electric. Not a sound broke the silence, except the quiet splash of water against the sides of an old punt that lay moored at the foot of the windmill, and in the hush Nina was conscious of the stir and tumult within her. What had happened that afternoon that now seemed so far away? Hamilton had told her he loved her, and she had let him see what was in her own heart! Was there anything to regret in that? That couldn't be! It had all come with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, but she had responded truly to her deepest impulses. She would have despised herself if she had wavered or hidden behind a screen.

"I can't go back now," she told herself. "I don't want to."

She thought of that other woman whose image she had always found it so hard to conjure up, and whose life had so little reality for her. Were they ever likely to meet? And was she robbing her of anything that was rightfully hers?

"She's dead to him," she assured herself. "She has been for years. . . . She hadn't anything to give him, even in the beginning."

All the following week she moved about in a happy but insecure dream, vaguely awaiting a letter from Hamilton. It was unreasonable, she assured herself, for how could it come? The weekly mail would not arrive till Saturday, and there was no way of sending a message across to her without giving an excuse for comment. Hamilton had an even more acute sense than she had of there being eyes and ears everywhere. He would be scrupulous in not doing anything that might make the situation difficult for her.

Nevertheless, her thoughts were colored by an absurd expectancy that had nothing to do with reason. In the afternoon, when she waited reading in the schoolroom after Denis had gone, she had, at the back of her mind, a hope of hearing footsteps and finding a note slipped beneath the door. Or when she went later on for a bathe in

the lower lagoon below the yards, she had a vision of Hamilton's form emerging from the undergrowth. She stopped, hushed and breathless, staring into the still bush that was flooded with mellow sunlight. No sound; not even the snapping of a twig! Had he no way of communicating with her, and proving that when he said he loved her he had spoken with his whole heart? Or had he been paralyzed by indecision, leaving upon her the burden of advancing or drawing back? It was not merely that she wanted reassurance, but in contrast with the rhythmic beat of her own pulses it seemed as if a lethargic silence had fallen upon the outer world. Upon Hamilton, too! Even when Burgoyne and the family were chattering at the table she felt that their voices were faint, floating over to her from across a gulf. And sometimes when she looked out of the windows of the schoolroom a sense of awful deadness came from the tin roofs of the homestead buildings and the bare stretch of horse-paddock baking in the midday heat. As if nothing wonderful had happened or could happen!

One thing that was fixed in her mind was that she would not see Hamilton again until she received a sign from him. She did not want to have the eyes of other people on them when they met, even those of Denis. Besides, what if Hamilton's movement towards her had been only a flickering impulse after all, an impulse he regretted? She would give him the fullest freedom to turn back. During the nights when she lay awake she repeated this vow to herself as if it gave her control over her will.

But when on the Saturday morning she suggested to Denis that they should ride up the creek for a change, he told her he had arranged to go fishing with one of the blackboys.

"You don't mind, do you?" he said, looking at her queerly.

She assured him that she did not.

"Why should I?" she asked.

"I thought that after what happened last time..." he began confusedly. "You needn't stay at home, though. You can have a loan of my pony, if you like. It walks better than yours."

Later on, when she was riding down the track towards the out-station hut, it occurred to her with a flicker of irony that she had made up her mind to go the other way. Almost without her knowing it, something had deflected her will: what did it matter, though, she reflected. Between her and Hamilton there could be no question of pride now. She could not pass another week without seeing him, or at least giving him a chance to meet her alone. All her vague impulses were gathered up in the strong desire to hear his voice again and to draw assurance from the look in his eyes.

Under a tree, where the track turned off to the bore, Hamilton was waiting, beside his saddled horse, his body rigid and his eyes fixed on her approaching figure with a steady scrutiny. She was not surprised. At the back of her mind all along there had been a firm conviction that he would be there, looking up the track in just that way.

CHAPTER 16

THE summer came that year with only the hint of an intervening spring. It was as if the seasons had changed at a breath, and the early-rising sun each morning looked down on a world that had not been refreshed by dew. A parched and lustreless world! By day, warm winds that seemed to have wandered from the very heart of the continent blew over the horse-paddocks, bleaching the long grass and withering up the herbage that grew under its cover. Even the garden had a dry and dusty look and only the pink oleanders flourished. Mrs. Burgoyne, who hated the heat and wilted under it nearly as badly as her annuals, talked with a wistful bitterness of the sea. Even when she

was allent, weeding at the bottom of the garden in her gloves and her big sun-hat, she seemed to be dreaming of long rollers creaming into foam and cool, deep channels of water cutting through the sand. It was two years since she had been away.

"Why not make up your mind and go?" said Burgoyne a little impatiently when she spoke of it. "There are half a dozen places where you'd find friends. A month or so would set you up for the rest of the summer."

"I can't afford to go away now," she said definitely.

"Afford it?" Burgoyne repeated, with raised eyebrows. "Good Lord, we're not so hard-up as all that. Vee! Anyway, money's round and is meant to go round. If you don't worry about it, it's got a knack of panning out right."

She answered with a slight impatience that it wasn't merely a matter of money.

"Do you think I'd go away, and leave Denis and that girl alone here?" she asked.

"Oh, is that it?" he said, looking at her curiously. "They can take care of themselves, surely. I'll bet Miss Byrne wouldn't mind."

His wife admitted drily that perhaps she wouldn't. Some people had no regard for appearances or anything else.

"But that doesn't make me feel any freer," she added. "I'm not so confident as you are that she can take care of herself, let alone Denis."

There was the familiar note of intensity in her voice that always made Burgoyne shiver off and talk of something else. He had a suspicion that Vee was jealous of Nina Byrne, though he could not understand why. Perhaps it was partly because the girl did not feel the heat! Feel it? She seemed to revel in it. When she came into breakfast after her bath she always looked as cool as a cucumber, and there was a spring in her step as she moved about the place. It was almost as if the warm, dry winds fed her vitality and drew all the languor from her blood. He was aware of a new, eager life in her.

But he was glad that Vee did not accept his suggestion of a holiday to the coast, for he wanted a chance to get away himself. The beginning of summer always produced a slight restlessness in him. He had heard of cattle going cheerily on stations at the head of the river because of the lightness of the winter rains, and as he had plenty of grass himself at the back of the run it was a good time to buy. The company had always been against his stocking heavily. He could persuade them this time they had suffered from overcaution, now that he had feed going to waste and a large number of fat cattle sent on the road.

The stations, even the syndicate ones, kept open door, and he never found it hard to get a bed for the night or a change of horses. Then there were the women! He was not a Don Juan, but a little bit of badinage with a pretty girl over a bar could light up a long day for him. Even the sight of one! Sometimes he rode for hours over the Mitchell grass plains with nothing in his mind but the image of the buxom daughter of the hotel-keeper bending over the pump in the backyard, or carrying water to the kitchen. Life was made up of light, fugitive appeals to the mind or the senses! It was delightful when a man could watch it like a flickering movement across a screen.

Left alone, the two women found themselves forced into one another's company. There was not even the presence of the overseer to relieve the tension, for he was engaged in building a new yard at the back of the run and was rarely at home except at week-ends.

A curious exasperation tormented Mrs. Burgoyne when she watched her companion moving about the house or listened to her singing quietly in her room as she dressed. An exasperation that tinged most of her thoughts during her waking hours! What was there to give the girl that sense of

ease and serenity? Life must be empty enough for her, surely, with the men away and nothing to do with her leisure but read or write letters! Her exasperation was none the less acute for being touched by a hankering to become more intimate with the girl, to pour into her ears all her vague ambitions for Denis's future and receive her confidences in return. But she was withheld by something self-sufficient in Nina, something that thrust her back. She could feel it, definite but unobtainable, whenever they talked together. Once when she found Nina reading under the fig-tree at the bottom of the garden, she stopped in a tentative way and looked over her shoulder.

"Balsac?" she said, though the name meant nothing to her. "I wish I could bury myself in books like you do. I can't. Once I could read all night, but now novels only make me restless—inclined to wish I was somewhere else."

THERE was a wistfulness in her voice. Nina stopped reading and looked out over the flat night-paddock to the deserted yards, but not as if she saw the meagre outlines in front of her. She was living in a world of her own, and the other woman's emotion only came to her faintly. Life was rich! She was tasting its fullness. Every morning broke with a new sense of wonder, and when she went down through the garden to bathe in the lagoon she had always the same feeling of quiet rapture. Four or five days till she would meet her lover! The secret knowledge was securely shut in her heart, and there was never any feverishness about the period of waiting.

"Where would you like to be?" she asked abstractedly.

"Oh, I don't know," replied her companion. "In some place where it's not quite so dusty and monotonous. This continual feeling that life's dribbling away."

When I was a girl I was a little spoilt, I suppose. There were so many interesting things and people around me that I was never thrown back on myself."

It was not quite true. If her early life had been crowded, it was mainly with the thin dreams of a romantic imagination. When she looked back, in her more sincere moments, it seemed as if she had been thrown back on herself ever since she was a child. The only daughter of a bank-manager in a quiet country town, she had been hungry for companionship, and yet had been denied it by all sorts of accidents. The death of her mother, her father's unwillingness to let her go to school like other girls, the nature of their position in the town—all these things had combined to isolate her.

Yet there really had been highly colored spots that she could look back on as landmarks of a golden age; they were the occasional short holidays she had spent at the stations around. It was rich, settled country, and there was a spaciousness about the life that flowed through those old homesteads, where people had money and the leisure to enjoy it. Danes on verandahs hung with Chinese lanterns, and long rides through grassy paddocks by running water! It was at one of these places she had first met Burgoyne. How well she remembered those days before she was sure he loved her! There was the afternoon, for instance, when she had stood breathless at the booths with the other women while the yearly steeplechase was being run, and had seen the silver strip she had sewn on Alec's jacket come flashing out in the lead. And the long row on the lagoon in the evening, with voices coming faintly from the lighted verandah! He was ten years older than she was, but there was youth in his whimsical eyes and little figure—a youth that seemed to hold the promise of eternal sentiment and light romance. When she evoked that girlish vision of him, she felt that there had been

a betrayal somewhere, and a secret fund of bitterness accumulated in her breast.

It was upon Denis rather than her husband that she built her hopes for the future now. He had become the centre of her brooding affection, and whatever conversation she and Nina Byrne had together always drifted towards him in the end. She could not help being eager to know what the girl thought of Denis, of his cleverness as well as his character. Yet she drew no definite satisfaction from these desultory talks. Nina Byrne was direct and not very sympathetic; it was obvious that she didn't think the boy at all unusual, and had an idea he was being spoiled.

"Why don't you let him go out more with the men?" she asked. "During the week-ends, anyway. Just now he's eating his heart out for a chance to camp out with Conlon."

"Really," said Mrs. Burgoyne incredulously. "I can't think that Conlon would be very lively company for any boy."

"It's the idea of the thing," persisted Nina. "Besides, it can't be good for him to be shut up just with us. What's a woman's meat?" He feels that Steve Hamilton gets more freedom than he does."

Mrs. Burgoyne was on the point of asking why Denis should compare himself with a boy like that, but before she could frame the question with sufficient irony, Nina had veered off to something else. There was a touch of abruptness in her manner, and before long she rose and left the room. It was always the same, Mrs. Burgoyne felt. She wasn't really interested in the boy, and was bored by any attempt to discuss his future. For her he was only the means through which she earned her living.

Sometimes she watched them playing cribbage or an evening, and Denis's excited chatter awakened pangs of jealousy within her. A light shone in his dark eyes always when he had lured the governess from her room, and he seemed anxious to hold her attention with his little jokes and extravagances. Yet Nina Byrne never exerted herself to please him or went out of her way to placate him when he was seized by one of his sulky fits. She took the affection he gave her as if it were the most natural thing in the world and could be held lightly. Why couldn't she achieve such easy relations with him, his mother wondered as she sat hovering over the piano after they had both gone to their rooms? He was her son.

It seemed as if he were growing away from her, and would continue to do so unless she placed him in another atmosphere than the one that surrounded him now. And she had a fixed resolve that, no matter what ideas Alec might have about his future, he should be something other than a cattleman. If only she could have full control over him so that she might influence his thoughts and tastes! She saw herself living in a little flat in town, with a balcony overlooking the river, and Denis bringing his friends home in the evenings. Friends whose interests she shared! There would be music, laughter, and a general movement of young people coming and going. She saw her own face transformed and smiling, a little detached perhaps, but radiating the spirit of maternal devotion.

It was only when the boy brought up the question of camping out with Conlon that the significance of what Nina Byrne had said about Steve Hamilton's freedom dawned on her. She returned to the subject again one afternoon when they were having tea on the verandah. Denis had been truant, and taking the gun had gone off down the creek without leave to shoot ducks. There was a mutter of thunder in the air, and Nina, leaning back in her canvas chair, was looking tired and preoccupied.

"You were talking about that boy at Hamilton's," said Mrs. Burgoyne abruptly. "How do you know what freedom he gets?"

There was an abruptness in the question that took Nina unawares. She answered that she knew very little except what Denis had told her: he naturally compared his own life with that of the only boy he came in contact with. For a moment the eyes of the two women met, but Nina's were direct and steady. It was Mrs. Burgoyne who turned away to where the night-horse was hovering round the gate.

"It's natural for Denis to feel cramped here," she said. "If I had my way..." A suspicion, faint and insidious, was hovering about the outskirts of her mind. She had no reason to believe that Nina had met Hamilton more than once or twice; yet now when she was searching about for some clue to the girl's serene self-absorption every hint seemed like a revelation.

She remembered Alec jesting once about the possibility of Hamilton losing his head the first time a pretty woman came across his path. That was just after the accident to Denis. And the girl herself had talked of him as if he appealed to her imagination, at least.

But she had too little food for her speculations to let them occupy her for very long. She fell back on her dreams of the flat in town. If Alec could only be made to realise that the boy was wasting his time pottering about with a governess, and that her own life there had no meaning!

CHAPTER 17.

"O H, that wonderful rain!" said Mrs. Burgoyne, coming in from the garden a few mornings later. "It's changed everything. I could have gone on working for hours. Scents rising up from the earth and making you wish you were all nose."

Mrs. Burgoyne dropped a red rose beside Nina's plate and sat down, strumming with her fingers upon the table. But when she suggested that they should all ride over to the bore at Eureka, coming home in the cool of the afternoon, she found that the idea was received coldly. Denis had risen late, and sleep was heavy in his eyes. He had been kept awake by the thunder, and had lit his candle and lain reading half the night.

"I feel as if I'd been cooped up for weeks," said Mrs. Burgoyne with restless animation. "What do they call that sensation of walls and ceilings closing in on you that some people get? Claustrophobia, isn't it? I believe I have it badly. Besides I want to see what they're doing at the bore."

Behind her wish to take advantage of the bright morning there was a desire to find out whether anything really was going on between Nina Byrne and Hamilton. At present her suspicions were of the vaguest kind. She had a sense of moving through a muffled world where sounds came only faintly to her ears, and where a film was stretched over her eyes. Was it possible they were meeting secretly? She had nothing to support her intuition except a trifling incident that had occurred a few evenings before, when Denis had come home with a slight mark under his eye. He had fobbed off her questions a little sullenly, but at last when saying good night in his room she had ferreted from him the admission that he had had a brush with Steve Hamilton.

"It wasn't anything worth talking about," he hedged. "Just a bit of a scrap that was all over in two minutes. We made it up before I left."

"But what was it all about?" she insisted.

"I don't know. We'd been pelting stones at a tree. He's got a temper like a tiger cat's and he fires up at the slightest word. What's the use of worrying over it, though? I've owned up that it was my fault as much as his."

His mother said dryly that she thought Mrs. Byrne might have stopped the squabble before it came to blows.

"She's responsible for anything that happens when you go out together," she added.

"We don't," he said.

"Don't what?"

"Go out together. She's not such a fool as to try and mother me. Besides, she gets enough of me all the week. As soon as we're outside the stock-route gate she goes her way and I go mine."

Then had followed searching questions and rather sullen answers. Hamilton had not been at the bore on the day of the fight. Steve had said he had gone off earlier in the morning. What did it matter whether he was coming back that night or not? Steve didn't need any looking after! He broke off suddenly, looking at her with a steady, remorseless scrutiny that made her feel she had exhausted his affection and that his heavy-lidded eyes were looking coldly into her secret depths.

"Why do you ask me all this, Mother? Anyone would think you wanted to keep me wrapped up in cotton wool every minute of the day. Or is it Miss Byrne you're getting at?"

An obscure spirit of loyalty always made him rally to the defence of Miss Byrne if he suspected any slight was placed upon her. It was tantalising to his mother, for it seemed to rise from some instinct of perversity. Ever since he was a child he had been attracted to those people who were most careless about his regard.

They rode out over the barley-grass plain, the boy ambling on ahead and rousing the wild turkeys from their cover and the two women bringing up the rear.

"Why don't I go out more often with Denis?" Mrs. Burgoyne was thinking. "He and that girl—they share everything together. No wonder he's attached to her. And how much prettier she looks in the saddle than moving about the house!"

She looked superb in the saddle herself, and knew it. The cut of her blue riding costume suited her long, graceful lines, and as she rode she saw an image of herself with a straight back and erect head softened by masses of brown hair. The day was sparkling, yet without heat, a light breeze blowing in their faces and making a shimmering movement in the tall grasses of the plain; all the little gulgals and hollows held water, and cattle were scattered in small bunches around them. So clear was the air that the boles of the brigalows half a mile away stood out with sharp distinctness, and where the sun caught them the leaves took on the brightness of silver. Altogether it looked a clean and rain-washed world.

IT was nearly noon when they reached the bore, and half a dozen men were standing around, ready to go on shift when the whistle blew. From a tin shed near the engine Hamilton emerged, his flannel shirt open at the throat, and his trousers splattered with the wet clay that had come up in the sand-pump. Even his hands were grimy with oil from the engine, and runnels of sweat had left streaks on his face. For a moment his dark eyes rested on Nina, and then flashed to her companion, half-questioningly. It was not easy to tell whether he was pleased or annoyed by the interruption. While Mrs. Burgoyne, a little uncertain and confused, was making profuse apologies for coming, he stood poised and mute, watching her with a distant politeness. It was as though he was wondering both why she had come and why she should take the trouble to explain.

"Don't worry on my account," he assured her. "My time isn't the slightest importance here. I'm only pottering round for pure diversion, lending a hand here and there. It's a change to work at a job where some one else is in charge."

Mrs. Burgoyne gave him a searching look.

"But you've made this your headquarters for the time being, haven't you?"
"Oh, no," he told her. "I only come out occasionally when there's nothing particular to do at home."

"At the week-ends?" she suggested.
"Sometimes at the week-ends."
Their eyes met for a moment, but it was Mrs. Burgoyne's that fluttered away first. She felt she would get nothing out of Hamilton.

He introduced them to the second driller, a small, nuggety man of few words, and showed them over the machinery. They had sunk nearly nine hundred feet, Hamilton explained, but did not expect to tap the real flow until they reached two thousand. There was a sober matter-of-factness in his voice as he went into details, as if he expected them to be interested and was absorbed in the work himself, yet all his remarks were addressed to Mrs. Burgoyne. She had a sense of being engaged in a duel with him. It was not implicit in their words, or even in their eyes, but her very senses told her he was aware she had come to find out something and was on his guard. Why did he refrain from following the girl with his eyes when she hurried quickly toward one of the horses that had pulled away? She was sure he noticed every movement Nina Byrne made.

Yes, whenever her glance rested on his dark profile she had a feeling of being thwarted. There was nothing to give her the conviction she expected from seeing the two of them together. Even his defensiveness was a new role for him. She had noted it the first time they had met, though it took the form of a courtesy more deliberate than he showed to most people. It was as if he recognised that a profound antagonism must exist between them in the nature of things. An antagonism of which she herself was conscious, and one that was none the less acute for the attraction he had for her physically! It was puzzling to her when she reflected on it, and a little disturbing. She had never for a moment conceived the possibility of falling in love with him, and yet she was stirred to an emotional resentment at the thought of his having married that other woman. Still more at the idea of being drawn toward Nina Byrne!

THEY had lunch on the grassy slopes of the ridge getting hot water from the engine, and Hamilton went to his tent to change his working clothes. Nina lay down on her back in the shade with her arm over her eyes. She had a headache, she confessed; it had been brewing all the morning. Now that the sun had risen to its full height a steaming heat came from the ground, and there was a slight shimmer in the air. The thud, thud of the heavy drill hammering at the solid rock hundreds of feet below sounded out with a depressing iteration that numbed the senses.

"Why not go home?" said the boy, casting a sidelong glance at Nina's prone figure. "The men don't like having a lot of strangers hanging around while they're at work. We've seen all there is to see."

His mother, following the direction of his eyes, gave a sign of assent.

"Just as you like. But why are you always so restless, Denis? This is the first day I've been out with you for months. And I hate riding in the heat. . . . There's no need to be so fearfully considerate of the men."

Something in her voice made Nina sit up erect.

"None at all," she said briskly. "There's nothing particular to go back for. We'd better wait for the cool."

A chance had come over her. There was a slight flush in her cheeks and a peculiar reckless look in her eyes. It was as though she had reacted against the necessity for subterfuge, and was ready to challenge the other woman to find out all she could.

When Hamilton came back, washed and shaved, she opened up conversation with him lightly, rallying him about the difference a shave made to his appearance and the time he spent before the glass. For the first time that morning he seemed confused and self-conscious. There was an audacity in some of the things Nina said to him that brought a bewildered look to his eyes.

"Come and see the view from the end of the ridge," he broke off suddenly. "It's the highest spot for miles round about, though that's not saying much, I'll admit."

It was to Mrs. Burgoyne he spoke, but she answered him with a queer, strained smile.

"No, thanks. I'll stay here in the shade, if you don't mind. Somehow I only want to lie still and dream to-day. You young people go."

Denis, after a moment's hesitation, threw himself down on the grass at her feet.

"I'll stay, too, I guess. Two's company. Besides, I'm dog-tired."

A minute later, though, he had clambered up again and wandered off to look at the bullock-driver unloading one of his tanks. Left to herself Mrs. Burgoyne lay on her side and watched the pair walking along the ridge, fully a yard apart, their eyes unwaveringly fixed on some object ahead of them. Never for a moment did they turn toward one another, and they hardly seemed to talking even, yet it was as if something of which they were both aware wrapped them round and made their very bodies move in harmony. A transfiguring glow! They stopped for a moment to look at the wide vista beneath them, and then sauntered on. Once they were lost to sight by a fold in the ridges, but when they emerged they were still the same distance apart, looking straight ahead.

"He comes here to get away from that other woman," she was thinking. "No wonder! He must hate the very way she moves about the house. What a life!"

But it was really her own life she was brooding upon. Wasn't it nearly as futile as Hamilton's? Alas and she had lost any interest they ever had in one another. It was just as well to discard all illusions and admit that openly. He talked to Nina Byrne, or even to the overseer, with more gusto than he did to her, and he never looked at her for more than a moment at a time. Every particle of passion had dried up in him.

And Denis? Would she ever get any return for the deep affection she had lavished on him? She could overlook his slight churlishness now, for boys were made like that. But was there any guarantee that as he grew older he would not create a world of his own around him and leave her outside? She was aware of something hard and resistant in him, something she could not touch.

Her eyes, shadowed and self-absorbed, returned to the two figures at the other end of the ridge. They were coming back, walking less stiffly now, and occasionally letting their eyes rest on one another's faces. Hamilton had his hat in his hand, and the slanting sunlight shone on his dark hair and bronzed forehead. The girl was balancing herself on a fallen sapling, moving along cautiously and watching her own feet. She slipped slightly, and Hamilton's hand shot out toward her. Something in that abrupt movement, that reflex action of the mind, carried conviction home to Mrs. Burgoyne's heart more surely than ever words would have done. Her sensations for the moment were almost entirely physical. She felt a little poignant ache in her breast, a burning of blood behind her eyes.

But when the pair came up to her, sauntering slowly over the grass, she had recovered control of herself, and was sloop and slightly sardonic. For a while they stood talking together, jestily, their eyes bared, and their inmost thoughts written plainly on their separate faces. It was

Mrs. Burgoyne's moment of triumph. She felt that the girl was witting in front of her steady gaze, and the knowledge of this fortified her pride. Her grip on the hard, external world came back to her and a flickering smile played about her lips. In the presence of this passion, secret and insecure, she had a stimulating sense of power.

"Where's Denis?" she said serenely. "I wonder if he's ready to go home. It's been a most delightful day."

CHAPTER 12.

BURGOYNE returned at the beginning of November, his mission successfully accomplished and his eyes sparkling as brightly at the sight of familiar things around him again as they had a couple of months before at the prospect of getting away. He had bought his cattle when feed was scarce and prices low; now that relieving rains had fallen he could pride himself on having made a doubly good bargain. There was a cockiness in his walk as he moved about the place, prying into the saddle-room and the store and tapping his riding-whip against his long, sinewy legs. The cattle-dogs raised themselves from the dust and came whining round him, sniffing affectionately at his leggings and making demonstrations with their tails. The very horses in the yard seemed to circle round more briskly because of his presence.

Through the whole homestead his thin vigor penetrated. Stopping for a moment in the kitchen he quizzed Mrs. Jerrold about her rheumatism and told her of a certain cure he had picked up from an old drover at a wayside hotel. He playfully bullied the girls who hung around the door about their habit of cadging flour and beef while he was away. His little jokes did much to lighten the atmosphere of the meal-table. The gossip of a wide countryside flowed from him with a cheerful effervescence, and he repeated racy incidents and conversations as if he had shaped them in his mind as he rode.

Garrulous, good-humored, direct, he gathered the life of the place around him, and informed it with his own spirit. He was eager to know everything that had happened while he had been away. What depth they had reached now at the Euroa bore? Had old Dave put in an appearance at the place again?

Not until he reached the seclusion of their common room did he really come into contact with his wife. She had been serene and gracious, but there had been a preoccupied look in her eyes at table as if the ripple of his talk had hardly reached her, and after Denis had gone to bed she had hovered about in the garden. All that she wanted to say to him could wait till the froth had blown off his bubbling humor! That seemed to be the thought at the back of her mind. As soon as they were alone she began with a controlled directness:

"Alas, I've something to talk over with you. There was no chance of discussing it in letters. Can you be serious for five minutes?"

He raised his eyebrows.

"Five? Half a lifetime, if you like. What's the trouble, Vee? Anything been going wrong while I've been away?"

"Not as far as I'm concerned," she told him. "It's about that girl. Things have reached the very limit."

He had dimly suspected something of the sort from the first moment he had seen them together. There had been a strained politeness in the way they spoke to one another at table, and once when Nina Byrne had risen to shut the door into the hall he had seen Vee watching her turned back with a peculiar hostility. That girl! Queer how hard Vee always found it to mention her name!

"Why?" he said. "She's not thinking of leaving, is she?"

"Hardly," was the dry response. "That would be no great disaster. . . . She's in love with Hamilton. It's been going on for months."

He stared at her stupidly for a moment with his hair ruffled and his brows dangling.

"We'll talk it over some other time," he said, pretending to yawn. "I can't say I'm convinced. You're better able to judge than I am, though."

IN the bottom of his mind he really was convinced of the truth of Vee's suggestion. There was nothing very improbable in them, he told himself, as he lay awake. It was easy enough to believe that the slumbering passion in Hamilton had been aroused, and that he had fallen head over ears in love with the girl. He had only seen them together once, but there had been something in the way their flying glances rested on one another's eyes and fluttered away that had set a swarm of lively speculations stirring in his mind. The fellow had had a lovely life of it. And he was not as indifferent to women as he seemed! What was more likely than that when he met one whose interests were in line to his own, and who had a natural charm and seductiveness, a tide would be set moving that would carry him off his feet.

And the girl! She was half in love with Hamilton before she knew his position. He realised that now when he recollected the questions she had asked, as well as the ones she had refrained from asking. There was no one to blame in the affair. He had done his best to open her eyes as soon as he had seen the way things were likely to go, but probably he might as well have held his tongue. There was an audacity about the girl, a queer independence. He had seen it lurking at the back of her eyes, even when she was tamely listening to what was being said at table. If she had made up her mind to jump, she wouldn't trouble what was on the other side of the fence!

But what really concerned Burgoyne was the use his wife would make of the situation. Vee would never rest now till she had got rid of Nina Byrne. Once her emotions were stirred there was something rabid about her that set the whole air a-quiver and destroyed all chance of a quiet life till she was satisfied. He knew what she wanted. The opportunity of taking Denis with her to town and making a home for him while he was at school. As if the boy hadn't already had all the education that was necessary for him!

"That's women all over!" he thought. "Trading on one another's slips and making a song about being injured to cover up what they're doing. Why can't they live and let live?"

But when his wife returned to the subject he found her mind hard and set, disinclined to receive anything he might say about the uncertainty of Nina Byrne's relations with Hamilton. His little facetious jokes about circumstantial evidence washed up against a wall of stony impassivity, and she merely seemed to be waiting till he had "dished." He was nonplussed. All evening he had been trying to exorcise the feeling of strain that pervaded the house, but Nina had gone off to her room. Condon was bent over his books in the office, and Vee had sat stiff and rigid, at the little table in the sitting-room, with a pile of letters in front of her. Even at dinner the effort to lift the others to his own plane of cheerful levity had exhausted him.

He looked at his wife's profile now as she stood with her hair down before the glass, and it came to him that the girl was lying on her bed in the next room but one, probably catching an echo of what they were saying through the thin partition.

"Well!" he said, with a touch of exasperation. "You seem to have made up your mind, Vee, and shut it tight. What do you suggest doing?"

She did not turn her head, but went on brushing her long hair.

"What choice have we? Denis always begins his holidays in the second week of December. It's hardly possible for her to go before that."

"No, I should think not," he said with sudden vehemence.

"Well?"

The dry monosyllable nettled him.

"You've got it all cut-and-dried," he protested. "How long have you had this in your head, Vee? I come home and you spring it on me, as if anything I've got to say didn't matter one way or the other. This isn't entirely your affair; surely you'll admit that. And if you're going to accuse the girl to her face . . . What reason were you going to give her for getting rid of her?"

His wife responded coolly that she didn't think it was necessary to give a reason.

"She knew she was only coming here temporarily," she said.

"I see," he responded. "So you'll give some excuse and dodge the issue."

His wife turned her head for a moment and gave him a scornful look.

"Do you think she's so dense that she won't realise why she's going? Don't be stupid, Alec. If you want me to tell her the whole truth, though, I'm quite willing to do that. I merely thought you'd prefer to avoid any unpleasantness. You generally do."

"Exactly," he rapped out, "and the best way to avoid it now is to do nothing at all. Until we've something more to go on than mere suspicion, anyhow. I don't often assert my authority in things about the house, but this is my affair as much as anyone's. And I tell you this flat, Vee. Either Miss Byrne stays or Denis throws over his books and begins to think about cattle."

CHAPTER 19

WHAT Nina had been thinking all those early November days was that the end of the year was coming, and that she would have to make plans for the future. For weeks she had been living in an illusory world, where time was only marked by her meetings with Hamilton. What went on between those meetings left hardly any impression. For all her apparent sensitiveness to the little incidents around her she was really submerged in a deep stream of life that flowed underground. When she was alone in her room or lying by the lagoon she had a sense of Hamilton's presence. It was easy to continue talks that had been broken off, or begin new ones, and all the while a feeling of timelessness had possessed her. But now, for some reason or other, it had vanished. She was reminded by everything she looked at that her tenure of her position was precarious, and that this happy and secure dream could not last. The summer holidays that were coming stretched like a hazy gulf across her field of vision. What if the Burgoynes made other arrangements for the boy in the next year?

It was Denis who, more than anyone else, made her uneasy and helped to destroy the sense of poise and security she had achieved since Hamilton had come into her life. She was aware of something behind the dark consciousness of his eyes, a shadowy half-knowledge he must have gathered in through his senses. It affected his attitude towards her. He was at once more familiar and more aloof, as if his feelings were swayed by incalculable moods. Occasionally when she looked up from something she was doing she caught his heavy-lidded eyes upon her face and could not help flushing; and it seemed to her he smiled in awkward reassurance, as though to say:

"It's all right. Don't you worry. I'm not going to get you away."

It was an illusion, she told herself. What could the boy know or guess? But it made her feel, for the first time, exposed and unsure of herself, conscious of a furtiveness in those meetings from which she drew such deep streams of life. They couldn't

go on indefinitely. Until then she had never been able to look ahead, and had been content to live freely in the present moment, but now something within her clamored for certainty about the future. Often when she awoke she found herself repeating half-fearfully:

"I'm not going to give him up. I can't. I've never been so sure of anything on earth before."

But on those rare occasions when she had tried to talk to Hamilton about the future, it seemed to her that a shadow had fallen across his eyes and that a silence had arisen from the very ground. Had he nothing to say? He could tell her quite simply all he had thought or experienced in the past, but it was as if a dark curtain kept him from looking forward. And so afraid was she of checking the flow of life in him, so filled with deep content was every moment she passed with him, that she let her speculations about the future slide. It was for him to face that problem in his own time and she could wait till then. At their first meeting after Burgoyne's return, though, he became conscious of some change in her face, and made an impulsive movement of his hand toward her as they lay on the grass by the creek.

"You've been worrying, Nina. Something's happened. Tell me."

She assured him that nothing had happened.

"Really nothing?" she repeated. "I've just been wondering what we're going to do."

"Do?"

"This can't go on for ever," she said, with a sudden impulsiveness. "The Burgoynes suspect something. I've been sure of it underneath ever since that day at the bore."

He sat up, as if he were trying to shake off some spell that had gripped him.

"They've been probing you?" he asked.

"No. Only with their eyes. Mrs. Burgoyne found that book of Kropotkin's you lent me on a chair yesterday morning. I'd left it there, just outside my door. She was very punctilious about handing it back. Of course she'd seen the name in it."

He was inclined to take this lightly, as if it were a fact of no particular importance. She saw how far he was from realising the atmosphere she lived in. In spite of his deep interest in everything about her, there were regions his imagination refused to explore.

"Oh, I know it's nothing," she said quickly. "I've said so. And deep down I don't care a straw what she thinks of me. It's only . . . Lately I seem to have come up to the surface. I feel . . . It's a horrid, furtive sort of feeling. I was never troubled by it before."

He winced.

"Anything's better than that," he said.

"I'm not a coward," she went on uncertainly. "You'll believe that, won't you. If there was ever a chance of being open, I could look that woman, or even Burgoyne himself, in the face without dropping my eyes. I know I could."

Hamilton made no answer except by a mute pressure of her wrist. He was sitting, still as stone, with his eyes fixed on the stretch of stagnant water beneath him, and again that wall of silence seemed to rise from the ground and separate them. The place was one in which they had often met, where the ragged creek-gums cast a thin shade over a long waterhole, screened from the road by a clump of sandalwood, and it seemed as if no one would come there except stockmen searching for cattle at mustering-time. Yet Nina had a sudden feeling that it had lost its old atmosphere of seclusion. Hadn't she lain half asleep under that twisted gum at the end of the waterhole on the day she had first met Hamilton? She remembered the sharpness of the winter morning and her struggle with Denis because he wanted to go in for a swim. The penetrating sullenness of the boy's eyes came back. Yet why did it seem such years ago?

Hamilton looked at her as if she had spoken, the life slowly welling up in him again.

"I've been rooted here like a tree," he said with slow deliberation. "Things have grown up around me. I've encouraged them to grow up. I suppose that's made me bury any thought of the future. Our future, that is. My life seemed settled—fixed. If I'd been the stoic I thought I was, I wouldn't have made love to you. I'm not, though—not the shadow of one. But there it is. I'm not sorry for it except so far as it hurts you. It must hurt you, one way or another. Even if I pull free . . ."

"You can't," she said, hardly above her breath.

"Oh, yes," he said steadily. "I could even do it without bringing anyone to disaster. My wife . . . I can't think it would affect her very much if she was left well provided for. I'm not as real to her as her father. And the place—Arthur could take it over again."

He was speaking in a quiet, unemotional voice, as though he were detailing something he had not quite grasped with his imagination. He had not really thought it out before. When away from her he was surrounded by the definite facts of his daily work, yards to be mended and cattle to be shifted from one paddock to another. She could not help feeling that, and it stiffened her spirit.

"No, you can't," she repeated. "I know all it would mean. Your life's here."

Hamilton's eyes rested on her face, gathering concentration and purpose, yet there was the same stony stillness about his body.

"Tell me, Nina," he said suddenly, "if I did, and built up some sort of life away from here, would you be ready to throw in your lot with me? Would you feel I'd a right to ask you to do it?"

She was amazed by the simplicity of the question. As if they hadn't taken all that for granted long ago! Yet strangely enough, she was moved as deeply now as when she had first felt the touch of his hand on her shoulder.

"You know that," she told him. "Have I ever shown a sign of drawing back? My life's yours, no matter what comes."

HE began talking about his student days with a jerky energy, as though digging up things that had long been covered over in the effort to prepare a solid basis for the future. There was an assurance in his voice, and it arose from the conviction that had newly come to him, but he wondered why no vivid images came before his mind. He loved this girl with his whole being; he could not imagine life without her now, but then neither could he create a picture of the future that was quite real. He had not brooded on it long enough, he told himself, to give it body and substance. Yet that was not all. While he talked, feeling his eyes fixed steadily in front of him, a small figure hovered about in the shadowy recesses at the back of his mind, emerging now and then into the light as though to attract his attention. Steve! Where did he come in? He brushed the query away with an effort, knowing that Nina had never realised what the boy meant to him. There would be time to think about Steve later on.

"If you have to leave here," he said, "we go together. You've accepted that, haven't you?"

"If," she repeated with a faint inflection. "It might be soon."

"Well, I'm ready," he assured. "Half my roots are pulled up as it is. It only remains to fix things so that no one will be hurt more than's necessary. From now on I'll think of nothing but that."

He stood up and drew her to him, kissing her with sudden passion on the eyes and forehead. She melted in his embrace, but one small part of her remained chill and unsatisfied, as though a faint wind of

doubt had blown over her heart. It was not a doubt of him; she believed in him utterly; but of the life that had grown about him. Wasn't it stronger than he knew? Didn't that keep his voice from carrying conviction to her inner being, even when he was most earnest in sketching out the future? She had a vision of strong, dark vines, binding his neck and shoulders, pressing into the flesh and keeping him securely held down.

"Tell me," he persisted, seeing a shadow hover over her face. "Are you perfectly content, Nina?"

"Perfectly," she responded, shutting her eyes against the last vision.

"Can you regret nothing?"

"How can I regret having lived? Even if . . ."

"I can't give him up," she thought passionately. "It's his life as well as mine." But again the little cold wind blew across her heart.

CHAPTER 20

AS Hamilton rode back over the ridges, he had a strange feeling of exaltation as if something had been liberated within him, and the tide of his being was in full flood. The sense of having to keep his gaze fixed on the numberless little details of his daily work had vanished. He was conscious that a dark wing had lifted from before his eyes, letting him look ahead. His youth had come back to him; his blood was charged with its fiery power of creation. It seemed to him that life was not rigid as he had thought it, but plastic, ready to be moulded by his will.

And Nina! It was she who had given him, by her very challenge, this sense of his power to remake the world for himself and her. There was something in the bright, free movement of her spirit that swept his feet off the ground. Life flowed out of her. She must have known, in taking the first step towards him, that she was venturing into deep, troubled water, but she had never once wavered or looked back. Often enough he had lain awake, tortured by thoughts of his own weakness in letting her fall in love with him, but now such doubts seemed themselves a betrayal. What was there to regret? There was no shadow in her eyes, and she was ready to share any future he might make for her!

"I'm free!" he told himself. "This place has no claims on me—none. . . . A man's life's not over till he's beyond thinking and feeling."

At that moment it seemed easy to sever himself from his past without bringing injury to anyone. The image of his wife's face flashed before his eyes, placid but lifeless. What had the years they had spent together meant to her? He had not been able to rouse her imagination and give her an interest in a fuller, richer world than the one she had known. Quite the reverse! Without intending it, he had acted as a check on her spontaneity, damping the naive flow of high spirits in her, and making her withdraw into herself. He could feel this intensely now. What a dry stick he must have seemed to her, with his seriousness, his scientific books, and his insistence on a certain formality in the conduct of the house! As if he had been afraid of that vague tide of dark blood lapping in on them from the muga and blotting them out! Well, that was about the truth of it! He really had been afraid. But wasn't the defence he had flung up an intolerable oppression to Lotlie? Her continual chatter about the camp had affected his nerves like the drip of a leaky tap, but since she had stopped that, what had she left to talk about? Nothing. He felt that his presence, by the very nature of things, was bound to be a weight upon her. She was only really alive when she was sitting on the verandah listening to the gramophone, or talking with the half-caste girl in the kitchen.

Hamilton could not believe that his desertion would give her one pang of jealousy or any other emotion. If he left her well provided for, she would probably go back to old Dave and make a decent home for him down at Connebar. Of late she had become gradually drawn towards her father, and had encouraged him to come to the place. There was no reason why she should not live happily with the old hawker now that old age had softened him and he had no power over her. As for the place, an arrangement could be made with Arthur to take it over again. Arthur would probably jump at the chance of coming back to Euroa!

The process of thought in Hamilton's mind was a succession of swiftly-changing images, and he did not brood on any that were likely to stem the current of his emotion. There was the figure of Steve, for instance. It did not fit easily into any picture of the future, but it was dim and indistinct. Sometimes the boy's vivid face floated before his inner vision for a moment, and then faded quickly as his thoughts returned to Nina. He felt her weight in the palm of his hand as he lifted her into the saddle and the touch of her hair on his cheek as she bent over, light as the brush of a bird's wing. She had never come so close to him as now, when all his doubts were set at rest.

It was late when he rode up to the bore, and most of the men had gone to bed. In the galley the head-driller was turning over an old newspaper and talking to the cook, who was boiling some beet at the fire, the flames dancing on his cropped head and thick, red neck. A dog roused itself from the hearth and came to the door, uttering an uneasy growl. Hamilton turned his horse sidrft and went to his tent, where a light was burning. His first thought was that Steve was still awake, but when he lifted the flap he saw the boy lying prone across his bunk, fully dressed, but asleep. On the table was a storm-lantern, and beside it an exercise-book filled with figures.

"He's been trying to keep his eyes open till I came," Hamilton reflected, a tenderness gathering round his heart as he watched the small figure on the bunk. "Probably he thought something had happened to me. . . . Poor old Steve!"

His gaze wandered again to the exercise-book and the stamp of pencil lying beside it. Steve had been doing the problems he had set him the day before, then, painfully threading his way through the figures he hated! What had led him to apply himself to this task, Hamilton wondered, instead of playing euchre with the men in the hut? He had hesitated about letting him come out to the bore this week-end, he remembered, reminding him how little time he had spent on his lessons since winter. A merely mechanical movement of his own mind, along the usual ruts, he told himself. What did it matter?

"Bull!" said the boy sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "I didn't hear you come in, Dad. What time is it?"

"Somewhere near midnight," said Hamilton. "The moon's beginning to show through the timber. I thought you'd be in your bunk hours ago."

"I was working," the boy told him.

"So I see," Hamilton said with a twinkle. "There wasn't any need of that."

THE boy raised his eyebrows in bewildered protest.

"No need. I like that. After you've been worrying for months about the time I was losing, I flogged myself to get those sums done when I'd have given my skin to go over and listen to the men talking in the galley. . . . Where have you been, Dad?"

Hamilton gave him an evasive answer and sat down to take off his leggings. The boy was fully awake now, and there was a liveliness in his dark eyes as he moved about the tent, bringing a quartpot of cold coffee from a cupboard, and putting a couple of pannikins on the little table. Since the bore

had started he had lived for these week-ends, camping out with his father. Hamilton knew that. The boy liked his mother well enough, but the bonds of their affection had worn thin, and a dullness settled on the house when they were left alone. They never knew how to talk to one another, not even about horses and dogs. The boy had nothing in common with her except the faint olive coloring of his skin.

"You heard about the water, didn't you?" he said, sitting down at the corner of the table.

"No, what about it?"
"Didn't hear they'd struck it? Corbett was so excited about it he must be sitting up to tell you now. It came over the casing just as the men were knocking off from the midday shift. Spurring over!"

"Really?"
"Not one of us expected it. It knocked the lot of us flat. You didn't allow for striking it under two thousand feet, did you?"

Hamilton admitted that he had counted on having to sink for another month. He was trying to gather himself together and respond to the boy's excitement. Water? A deep stream of life?

"Does Corbett think this is the main flow?" he asked.

"I don't know. He was so worked-up he was riding round everywhere, looking for you. Young Burgoyne was over."

"He was?"
"Didn't we have a time, too?" said the boy, with a happy chuckle of remembrance. "Some of the men made a bit of a dam and we pulled off our clothes and had a swim. Hot? It was near boiling. We were as red as prawns when we came out and could hardly pull on our shirts. You should have seen old Andy, the cook. He looked as if he'd been skinned, and went nearly off his head when the dog tried to jump up on him. The men said you promised them a case of whisky when the water topped the casing."

"So I did," said Hamilton absently. "We must see about that. Better get to bed now."

The boy stood bemused, a spark of dancing light flickering in the depths of his eyes and a little laugh playing about his lips.

"I've had no end of a good day," he said. He went on chattering as he undressed, remembering one thing after another that had tickled his sense of humor. Hamilton watched him across the tent, the slim, eager body, the quick, small-featured face that reflected every flying thought in his mind. He was alive from top to toe, even now when there was a drowsiness on his limbs. Yet it was a life that seemed to take all its color and intensity from the familiar things about him. How was it possible to think of him moving through any other world than this one he had always known? It wasn't possible, Hamilton reflected. All his interests were here. The very suggestion of having to leave them would rouse one of those storms of passion in his soul that Hamilton had always tried to avoid. Life to Steve was waking at dawn to hear a lowing at the yards, riding through the long grass with the men after cattle, following the black duck up the creek with his gun. Anything else would be a sort of annihilation.

"These things are part of him," thought Hamilton. "His very breath! He's not split in two, like I am."

CHAPTER 21.

BUT since the night of his conflict with his wife, the question of her relations with Hamilton had become an obsession with Burgoyne, and he followed any clue as assiduously as a dog with his nose on a scent. His natural inquisitiveness had been sharpened by his discussion with his wife. Yet, strangely enough, he did not want to find that there was anything scandalous afoot.

It was odd! Vee's determination to get rid of the girl had spoilt his enjoyment of a good comedy. It would have been amusing at one time to watch, from a distance, the spectacle of Hamilton in love; it would have satisfied some deep sense of human fallibility in him. But he did not want Nina to leave, and so he would have preferred to find that whatever had given rise to Vee's suspicions had blown over.

There was no intention of spying in his mind. That morning he had been out to the yard that Conlon was finishing, helping him to put the gates in position. It was a relief to be away from the house for a while, so bleak had his atmosphere grown since his quarrel with Vee. Nothing had been settled by the decisiveness of his words that night. It was the first time he had tried to assert his will, in an emphatic way, and it had not worked. Vee had power to create the sort of emotional tension he found unendurable. She was outwardly urbane, but there was something even in the way she could brush tobacco-ash from the mantelpiece or lift his muddy leggings from where they lay on the verandah that made him feel the grossness of his flesh.

All the while as he worked at the yard he was wondering if the overseer could throw any light on the problem that was occupying his mind. Conlon was a silent man, who never said anything unless he was prodded, but nevertheless there was not much going on around him that his slow, grey eyes did not see. A deep thinker! While they were having lunch under a box-tree he was overcome by an impulse to sound him.

"What's all this talk about Hamilton and Nina Byrne?" he said casually.

Conlon stopped with his pannikin half-way up to his lips, and looked at him keenly. His glance, usually so slow and lethargic, had a penetration that surprised Burgoyne. A sort of challenge in it, too!

"Talk? I haven't heard any of it."

Burgoyne could only say vaguely that it seemed to be in the air.

"Not that that proves there's anything in it," he added. "But where there's smoke, you know. . . . There's always a screen of smoke round Hamilton. And something burning pretty fiercely behind it most likely. You haven't seen anything that would lead you to suspect . . . ?"

"No," said Conlon, more emphatically than was necessary. "Have you?"

"Not altogether," admitted Burgoyne. "I caught an echo of gossip at a couple of places coming home. The women seem to have got hold of something."

A queer redness came to Conlon's face.

"Some of these women would skin one another alive, just for the sake of a little diversion. And then there's the old women in trousers—they're worse. Gossip! Why can't they keep their mouths shut? If I were Hamilton, I'd get to them with a whip."

It was half an hour later, as he was cutting across country to strike the road, that his quick eyes fell upon the couple by the creek, and so unexpected was the sight that a sharp shock ran down his spine. For a moment he did not know the nature of the emotion that passed through him. He spurred up his horse and rode on, turning off at a rather abrupt angle to avoid the patch of sandalwood. There was no doubt about the affair, then! They had thrown discretion to the wind, and gone the limit! The profound absorption of them both as they stood there, locked in each other's embrace with the sun behind them, pressed home the conviction that this was no ordinary bit of philandering such as he had engaged in himself, often enough. They were in deep water; they didn't even seem to care.

"And this has been going on for weeks," he thought. "Even Conlon knew, though he wanted to keep quiet. Everybody knew."

An obscure annoyance began to work in him, destroying his usual good-humor and satisfaction with the world. The girl had bluffed him, with her poise and her air of impregnability! He prided himself on his quickness and intuition, yet others had surprised her secret before he did. But the source of his annoyance was deeper, hidden in the dim recesses of his unconscious self. The sight of the girl submitting to the caresses of another man had roused feelings that he could not have analysed, even if he had been willing to admit them into the open. It was all very well to accept the affair while it was a dim outline on the horizon, but this! He had a sense of personal rebuff, of having a glove tossed in his face.

And Hamilton! The fellow was no more free to make love to a girl like that than he was himself! Not so free, really! He had put himself beyond the pale by marrying a woman from the camp, no matter what the pressure on him had been. There was a touch of the hypocrite about Hamilton, with his high principles and his finickiness about straight-dealing. It would bring him down from his perch if this affair ended in an open scandal.

THAT evening Burgoyne, sitting at the head of the table, searched Nina's face closely, but he could see no sign of self-consciousness in it, as she talked to the auctioneer from the township, who was staying the night. It was bewildering to him. Before his inner eye he had that image of her, passive, absorbed, lost in the profundities of her secret passion. How could she slip so easily into talk about coach-travelling and the suitability of the blacksoil plains for wheat? Denis had come back from Euroa, and was chattering about the supply of water that had been tapped. There was an argument concerning the number of extra cattle the place would carry, and Burgoyne, whose eyes had been hovering about Nina's face, could not help saying with a quick, direct look:

"Anyhow, I think Hamilton's an extremely lucky beggar. Don't you?"

Her gaze wavered for a moment and then met his own steadily.

"In what way? I don't know how much this means to him."

"It means an extra five hundred a year," said Burgoyne. "Easily that. And a guarantee against disaster in the future, of course."

There was an innuendo in his words that was designed to ruffle her serenity. For a moment the mask was lifted from her face and she flashed him a glance that was at once searching and defiant, a glance that seemed to recognise that their easy relations had changed, and that there was an antagonism between them. Then she turned her head, and in an unmoved voice asked some question of the auctioneer beside her. Burgoyne had an impish desire to say to her privately:

"It's all right. Don't try to bluff me. I know everything that's going on."

His natural good-humor and amiability had dried up for the time being. He had a confused sense of being left in the lurch, of having to keep his end up by pretending not to know anything. Yet this acute tension that had arisen between him and Vee—it couldn't go on!

"If you've made up your mind about Miss Byrne," he said to his wife, one night, "you'd better tell her as soon as possible. It's getting near the end of the year, and she'll probably have her own arrangements to make. Besides, it's no good keeping things in the air."

She glanced at him with a quick, surprised look.

"I thought it was you who'd made up your mind," she said.

He began to demonstrate that he had hardly gone as far as that.

"I wasn't exactly eager to throw the fat in the fire," he said. "After all, we'd been a fairly happy family. If you feel you can't be comfortable under the same roof, though... It's your affair."

His smooth complaisance did not deceive her. She looked at him steadily, a shrewd penetration in her eyes.

"What have you been discovering now, Alec?"

"Nothing," he asserted. "As far as the Hamilton affair goes, I don't care one way or the other. I've never laid myself out to act as a judge of morals, and they're old enough to look after themselves. When it's a matter of temperament, though, that's different. If you can't get on together, there's no more to say. . . . What'll you tell her?"

His wife answered dryly, that she didn't know. That depended on Miss Byrnie partly.

"Do you suspect me of wanting a scene?" she asked him.

CHAPTER 22.

UNDER the shade of the fig tree at the bottom of the garden, Nina lay on her back among the long grass, her hands behind her head, and her eyes fixed on the stiff, spreading leaves. It was Sunday afternoon; she felt more than usual the ache of its emptiness. The low, rambling homestead, drowned in the heat, and the sun hung still in a colourless sky, as if it had halted in its course, while the only sound was the scraping chirr of the bronze-winged beetle in the leaves of a young gum outside the fence. But the emptiness Nina felt in her heart did not come from the heat and the silence. Ever since the day before, when she had waited in vain for Hamilton to turn up at the appointed place, she had been conscious of a subtle uneasiness spreading through her, an uneasiness that revealed how frail was her hold on the future they had planned together. Why hadn't he come? She kept asking herself. And if anything unforeseen had stood in his way, why hadn't he managed to send her some word?

She knew, of course, how hard that would have been, but the very difficulty exasperated her. It seemed so easy to lose contact with him. While they were meeting regularly she felt the continual stimulus of his presence, but as soon as anything intervened he slipped back into the shadows of an obscure life beyond the horizon. Even now after he had told her that all his thoughts would be devoted to setting himself free! That morning she had risen with the intention of riding over to the bore to see if he was there, but she found that Burgoyne and Denis had gone off early on the only horses in the night paddock. No one seemed to know where they were bound for, but quite likely they, too, had the Euroa bore in their minds. Should that prove to be so, they would bring back word if anything had happened to Hamilton.

"It's absurd!" Nina told herself. "I've no more balance than a child. A little disappointment and I'm on the edge of tears. Or else ready to imagine all sorts of calamities."

Yet such accusations had only power to still the surface of her mind. It was not an accident she dreaded, but a wavering of Hamilton's will, an ebbing of the flood of vitality that had so suddenly poured into him. Those shadows that darkened his eyes when he was most deeply moved; what did they come from? And would he find it so easy to uproot himself from the life that had grown up about him? A vision of the dark vines that were holding him down returned to her vividly. He was not like other men who moved about the world easily, buying a new home and selling out again with as little compunction as if they were dealing in hardware. He was Hamilton of Euroa. The things his eyes rested on daily seemed to merge in him

and become part of his personality. Even his very saddle!

Nina had a baffling sense of her own unfamiliarity with the way his days were spent. What did she know about his life, after all? She had never questioned him about it very much, for his casual references to it brought up images that hurt. The mere thought of that other woman serving his meals and mending his shirts brought an uneasy tumult to her blood. And the way he spoke of Steve—as if they had a wonderful intimate world in common! They had shared things together before she had ever heard of Conondale. The forces that had moulded Hamilton's destiny had gathered and done their chief work while she was a little girl playing with dolls and rag picture-books on the stairs of her father's flat.

She sat up and looked about her, feeling as if the life had flowed out of her into the thin air. She wanted desperately to see Hamilton again and draw fresh assurance from him. Down the path from the verandah came Mrs. Burgoyne, carrying a book and a canvas chair, a shady hat shutting the glare from her eyes. She had been lying down most of the morning with a headache and had not appeared at lunch.

"Oh, that's where you are?" she said, seeing Nina.

There was a faint satisfaction in her voice, as if she had been searching for her. She spread out the chair, and sat down with a sigh of relief, linking her hands behind her head, and crossing her long, slim legs. Although there was a languidness in her pose, her face had a delicately flushed look, as if something was coming to life in her. In a vague way she began talking of Denis's health, and then of his drawing, fluttering off to some other topic and then coming back, like the large white butterfly that was hovering round the scented oleanders.

"Did I tell you we were thinking of sending him to school next year?" she said, looking suddenly at her companion.

Nina awoke from her trance. Although she had been showing an apparent response to Mrs. Burgoyne's talk, she had almost forgotten the woman was there.

"No," she said abruptly.

"I can't believe it's any good, his staying on here," her companion went on. "So little of what a boy has to learn can come from mere books. He's advanced for his age, in some ways. What do you think?"

"I think he is—in some ways," said Nina. "Then you'd advise sending him to school?"

"Advice? I thought you'd decided." "Oh, well," was the serene reply. "I always value your opinion about Denis. If you feel he'd be better here in your hands."

Nina gave her companion a direct, searching look, but the eyes that met her own were masked. She suddenly realised that this was the end of her life at Conondale, and she was annoyed that she had not left of her own free will. Why hadn't she made the decision a week before, after her talk with Hamilton? Was it because she was afraid to put her full trust in his power to break away? Deep down in her heart she knew that rather than test the strength of his will and the singleness of his love for her, she had wanted to prolong her stay, clinging to her position at Conondale, as long as she decently could. But there was a limit to that, anyhow.

As she looked at her companion, who was tearing a fig leaf to pieces between her fingers, it flashed upon her that the woman was playing with her.

"She knows everything," she thought, "and she's definitely made up her mind. Now she's trying to find out how anxious I am to stay on."

Aloud she said with an easy impersonality:

"I always thought Denis should be at school, among other boys. There's a sort of atmosphere . . . Boys want to breathe

a more robust air than girls. I wish you could have seen your way to tell me your plans before."

"It wasn't till quite lately that we began discussing it," said her companion. "If I'd thought it made so much difference to you . . . Does it?"

"Oh, no," said Nina.

"Those bronze-winged beetles have stripped that tree to shreds," said Mrs. Burgoyne, looking idly over the fence. "Doesn't their shirring go right through one's head? . . . Of course, you could stay here for a while longer. There's no need to hurry away."

"The end of the term's on Friday," said Nina. "I can easily catch Saturday's coach."

There was something in her voice that brought a hardness to Mrs. Burgoyne's eyes.

"Oh, well," she said, "as long as you've somewhere to go! You have, I suppose?"

Nina assured her indifferently that there would be no trouble about that.

"I've always found it quite easy to look after myself," she said.

"And you feel you'd rather go immediately? You wouldn't like time to arrange things?"

"No, there's nothing to be arranged, thanks. Travel light and travel lucky. I've got so little luggage that I'd be quite ready to go to-morrow."

A strained smile flittered across Mrs. Burgoyne's face.

"You're desperately independent. I wish I could pass through the world as lightly as you do. You're not hampered by your affections or any of the other little weaknesses that tie the rest of us down."

She was thinking bitterly, that she had frittered away her opportunity and failed to penetrate sharply to the core of the girl's self-confidence. Some instinct of delicacy or cowardice had held her back. Why hadn't she made a bold thrust in the beginning and forced the girl to lay bare the depth of her attachment to Hamilton? It had all ended flatly, leaving her disappointed and in an obscure way, ashamed. She felt thwarted of some emotional thrill that was her right; life was flowing by her as it had always done. She had hardly a sense of feminine triumph, even, and as she looked at the girl's abstracted face she wanted to say abruptly:

"Are you in love with this man, or not? And if you are, how can you be so calm about leaving him?"

But she could only sit, numb and baffled, watching the milky butterfly play around the oleanders. It came near her, hovered for a while over her hair, and vanished into the colorless air above.

Nina rose and went to her room on the verandah. The consciousness of having something to do had stimulated her will, and she set about putting her things together with a sober energy, though she knew such haste was absurd; the coach did not go till Saturday, and there was plenty of time. Suddenly she realised that she was acting merely mechanically, and sat down on the bed, thinking of Hamilton. Why had she said she would go on Saturday? Since she had endured so much humiliation, one way and another, she could have put her pride in her pocket and decided to stay another week. That would have left her an opportunity for another meeting with her lover, perhaps more, and the earth would have become solid again beneath her feet. Now she wouldn't have time to see him again, or even send him word she was leaving, and to go away without some further contact with him would be like dropping into a dark abyss.

The sense of her isolation came over her with shattering force. She felt suddenly like a ball of thistledown, dislodged by a puff of wind and blown upwards into the thin air. All those weeks she had been depending absolutely on her regular meetings with Hamilton, and on the feeling of continuity she drew from him. Yet she

had lost contact already! What would happen when she was hundreds of miles away, separated from him by a gulf of silent, empty bush? Would she be able to count on his coming to her when he was ready? Or would her image grow fainter in his mind, and the many casual tasks of his daily round lay a paralysis on his will?

She was filled with an overpowering dread of the dark, hidden life that held him.

"I must see him again," she told herself. "I must. Even if it means riding over there—and meeting that other woman."

That other woman! Why did she shrink so from the idea of seeing her in the flesh? Was she unsure, after all, of her own claim upon Hamilton, afraid that that listless face would haunt her if once its features became clear?

CHAPTER 23

A COUPLE of afternoons later she let Denis out early and rode off towards the bore in the hope that Hamilton would be there. The desire to see him again had grown till it shut everything else from her mind. She had sense of the brittle surface of life breaking up around her. Burgoyne, with his tact and his birthless little jokes, and his wife, with her strained politeness, seemed to have faded away till they had become like ghosts. They were talking of making a trip to town at the beginning of the new year. Nina listened to their discussions at table as if she were hearing voices talking disconnectedly in the next room. Nothing had any reality except the rise and fall of the tide of life within her; at one moment she felt that Hamilton could never give her up, and at another that by some word spoken in his own soul he had already made the surrender.

The one person at Conondale who remained alive to her was Denis. He had never given her such proofs of his affection as now, when he knew she was going away, yet she was uneasy with him. She felt that in his queer, clairvoyant way he understood the situation, and wanted to show his sympathy.

"You don't want to go away," he protested. "Don't tell me you're all this bluff about sending me to school! . . . Why didn't they think of it months ago?"

From his searching questions she retreated with an affectation of stiffness. She liked the boy, yet what an absurdity it had been for her to believe she could teach anyone! She had no capacity for being external and for striking an attitude of authority, and she felt that the boy always saw through her as soon as she ceased being herself. There was a bond of light comradeship between them, but she had no real control over him. All that summer he had learnt what he liked and let the rest slide.

She rode on, leaving the road and cutting across the ridges, where the dry sticks snapped under her horse's feet and the grass was coarse and spiky. There was a deadness in the air, and the leaves of the silver mulga hung heavily as though they were made of metal. Not a breath of wind touched her face, yet all round her, under the heaviness of the still leaves and the gnarled trunks she was conscious of a faint stir, as if something was being awaited. What was it? The sky was cloudless, yet without color, and five far away seemed to spread a thin film of smoke. In all the stretch of sickly green bush there was no movement of beast or bird. A soundless sleeping world, and yet she had a feeling of fluid electricity around her and a storm about to break!

"If he's not there . . ." she thought, hardly daring to voice the doubt in her heart.

Hamilton was not there. She knew it as soon as she came in sight of the ridge, and saw the handful of men moving round desultorily, shifting large beams of timber and loading the bullock-wagon that was already piled high with lumber. The derrick

had been dismantled and girders and pieces of machinery were lying around on the grass. There were cleared spaces where the tents had been, and near the deserted galley the cook's dog was nosing about among some empty jam-tins. Nina felt a chill spread through her as she looked at the meaningless mass of junk strewn about. She had heard they had struck water, but the fact had not penetrated her mind. Now, when she saw the camp being abandoned, and the piles of rubbish burning behind the galley, she had a subtle sense of disintegration. The surface of life was breaking up around her, melting like ice before her eyes.

She sat transfixed on her horse, the men giving her curious glances from a distance as they went about their work. Yet she felt that they hardly saw her; that they were thinking of the three weeks' spell ahead of them and the glitter of bright lights in the township's bar. Corbett, the head driller, wandered over to her horse and greeted her with an interrogative smile, as if anxious to find out why she had come, yet too diffident to ask.

"You're going?" she said to him absently. "Yes, in a day or two. It's a dirty business cleaning up—the worst part of the job. We got the water all right, though—come over and see it."

She slipped from her horse and went over with him. Among the rubble where the derrick had been, rose a thick stem of casing and from the nozzle a dense jet of water gushed out, the hot spray rising from it as it reached the ground. She watched it in a fascinated stupor. It flowed down the side of the ridge in a stream, losing itself in the gully below and showing up again further down where the slanting rays of the sun struck it. Nina felt the sickly warmth of it blowing through her, dissolving something in her blood.

"Hamilton's a lucky man," the driller was saying. "This means a small fortune to him. Cattle! He'll be able to put another thousand head out here now."

She turned to him quickly. In the grey eyes set deep in his sun-darkened face she saw he suspected why she had come. There was nothing she wanted to screen, though. She had reached a place where life was bare.

"Where is he?" she said. "Not here?"

"No, I haven't seen him since Friday—four days ago."

"I thought he was nearly always here," said Nina.

"So he has been. Got his hands full just now, though, I expect. It's a big place to run and he's no one he can depend on but himself. I wanted to see him about a lot of things, but I've been too busy to ride in."

His eyes were searching her face, but there was sympathy in his slow, stolid glance. It penetrated her and gave her confidence. Until that afternoon they had hardly been aware of each other, yet now she felt he understood her connection with Hamilton and was ready to help her in any way he could, without asking questions.

"You don't think there's anything wrong?" she said.

"No, I'd have heard, if there had been. Bad news travels as quick as a burr in a horse's tail. Something's kept him he didn't allow for, though. When he came out with the beef he talked of camping here on Saturday night. Did you want to see him immediately?"

"I'm going away," she said.

"Soon?"

"On Saturday."

"I see."

There was a faint mutter of thunder in the air. The driller looked anxiously at the sky, his eyes screwed up in a curious way as if he were beating about in a void.

"It's going to rain," he said vaguely. "You'll have all you can do to get home. . . . Hamilton'll most likely be out to-morrow. Is there any message I can give him?"

"Only that I'll be leaving on Saturday," she said, without interest. "It's of no importance, though."

She was angry at the light insincerity of her own voice. Everything suddenly seemed to have become trivial and inconsequential. She could see that the driller, for all his friendliness, was anxious to hurry her off before the rain came, and at that moment she knew she could not go back without seeing Hamilton. No, she simply couldn't! It was impossible to leave things as they were.

"Perhaps you'd better stay till the storm blows over," said the driller, looking at the sky. "There's plenty of room to shelter in the galley."

He was tentative and uneasy, moved by the set look on her face, and dimly divining trouble.

"It won't amount to anything," said Nina, swinging into the saddle. "Besides, I like riding in the rain."

There was no clear purpose in her mind as she set off, only a fixed resolution to regain contact with Hamilton. She rode a little way down the track and then turned off towards Euroa. It would be a long while till dark yet, though all the light had left the sky and heavy thunder-clouds were brooding on the horizon. She was possessed by an extravagant hope that any moment she might see Hamilton riding through the timber toward the bore, his figure lolling loosely in the saddle and his dark eyes skirting the surrounding bush. At the worst, she could hardly fail to find him working at the yards or around the place. But what if he were away? Her queer, instinctive dread of having to go to the house and meet that other woman came back. Any humiliation but that! Once she had seen her, she knew, and became alive to her existence, she would never be able to forget her. The image of the woman's face, so distant and formless now, would come between her and Hamilton, no matter where they went, and destroy the integrity of their love.

She suddenly realised that, although she had ridden some distance, she had not yet struck the track to Euroa, which should have been plain and well-marked. Spurring up her horse she rode forward at a canter, her heart drawing in an awed stillness from the bush around. A dark veil had gathered over the sky, and color, vivid but unearthly, seemed to steal out with the eclipse of the sun. The blackened grass turned yellow as ochre; the boles of the brigalow stood out like columns of jet, while the foliage massed together in a blur of emerald. And from all around came a faint, preparatory stir, a mingling of multitudinous noises just beyond the range of hearing, the movements of ants in the grass and of cicadas in the strips of hanging bark. Far away sounded the crackle of thunder, a dull vibration in the ears and in the brain.

"What am I doing?" thought Nina, reinsling up. "This is madness. I can't go on there."

She had allowed that aching desire for Hamilton to run away with her, her reason surrendering to a mere storm of emotion. But what could she gain by seeking him out like this? Did she want to appeal to him by her presence and influence his will? A flicker of rebellious pride stirred in her. She would be losing grip of everything if she appeared, even in this last crisis, to be making demands on him. Clinging to him as that other woman had done, and appealing to his sympathy! Not for a moment could she tolerate the idea of that. If their life together was to have any sure basis he must be free to make his own choice, as he had not been free before. And if he had already decided . . .

Before she knew it she had turned her horse's head and was riding back, but the darkness was closing in and her sense of direction was confused. The low, featureless ridges covered with thin mulga were appalling in their sameness, and she could hardly see more than a couple of hundred

yards ahead of her. She searched the ground for her horse's tracks, realising nevertheless that it would take more skilled eyes than her own to detect any hoofmarks on that flinty soil. What had happened? Was she lost? For a few moments panic seized her and her mind dissolved in chaos; then whipping up her horse she rode on at a gallop, dodging the low branches that tore at her hair and her thin frock. The bore could not be more than a couple of miles away. Someone might hear her if she called out with the full strength of her lungs!

The sound of her voice came back with an uncanny, mocking echo that sent a chill right through her. She had the sense of a world that was eerily alive and hostile. Suddenly the blackness above her seemed to split and let out a flood of blinding light that poured over the still trees like fluid before it was swallowed up in the ground.

At the same moment there was an explosion that almost burst the drums of her ears. She felt the horse plunge beneath her, and then stand shivering and cowed, its eyes fixed on the gleaming white of a splintered tree ahead. In a moment she had slipped from the saddle and was standing beside it, rubbing her hand up and down his neck caressingly.

"It's all right. Don't!" she crooned. "Nothing terrible's happening. Silly old horse, making a fuss over a little bit of lightning! You've been out in worse storms before."

THE sight of its purely animal terror stiffened her spirit and gave her command of herself again. There was even a sense of relief in those peals of thunder that shook the earth beneath her. It was as if something that had been pent-up and nearly suffocated was bursting its bonds, bringing life to a dead earth. The lightning danced between the openings of the trees, revealing every separate leaf and blade of grass, and making the polished stirrups and bit-rings shine like silver. Nina tried to quieten the horse that was sidling about uneasily, snorting through its distended nostrils and showing the whites of its eyes. The coolness that had come to her seemed to flow into its veins also as it nuzzled its head against her shoulder, half in petulance, half in trust.

In a few minutes came the rain, first in large, splashing drops and then in a torrent that drummed on the hard ground like hail. Clearly it was no use waiting now! Nina mounted and rode on, bending her head beneath the force of the down-pour. She had no idea where she was going. That decision had been taken out of her hands, and there was nothing to do but trust to the instinct of the horse beneath her. What did it matter where she went, anyhow? She was already wet to the skin, and all her personal emotions seemed to have been battered out of her by the bewildering onrush of the storm. She was steeped in an exaltation that was purely physical. Part of the elemental force that had been let loose flooded through her. She rode on with the wet branches brushing her face, drinking in the scents that came from the drenched earth, and surrendering herself to the drugged joy of being blown along like a leaf before the wind.

Yet it was only her body that drifted without direction. Something had clarified and hardened in her mind, and deep beneath the surface her thoughts flowed in a single current. She would make no effort to see Hamilton again and would leave it to him to seek her out. Deliberately she would tear out of her heart this desperate longing to be near him and away his will. To live solely for his touch and the sound of his voice, in the way she had been doing lately, had meant the sheer annihilation of herself. Subtly, half-unwillingly, she had brought an unfair pressure to bear on him the last time they had met, and perhaps he had realised that when he left her. A

pang of humiliation shot through her at the thought. To be the sort of woman who was exacting in love, feverishly fighting for what was due to her; how she had always hated the idea of that! Anyhow, she wouldn't try to rouse Hamilton into action again. It was for him to decide, in the quiet of his own heart, how much she meant to him. Her life was her own, distinct and separate, and she had power to live it alone, even if he let her go.

A feeling that she was fighting for her own integrity buoyed her up, as she rode on through the dark. The rain was still pouring down relentlessly, and the very trees seemed to have turned to pulp, while the horse plodded along mechanically through the slushy mud, stumbling now and again as if he were asleep. The dense blackness of oblivion gradually gathered over everything. Nina lost her sense of time and place, and her mind became empty except for a few images—Hamilton's figure as she had seen it first, riding out of the timber, his awakened face as he had stood at the door of the hut, the covert sympathy in the driller's eyes. A sudden cold was stealing through her, chilling her blood. She heard faintly the gurgle of flowing water.

"It's the bore," she thought. "There'll be a fire there, anyway."

But her horse had stopped at a gate, and almost in a dream she opened it and passed through. Was it the stock-route gate just above the yards at Conondale? There was still utter darkness around, but a couple of dogs had begun to bark and soon were nosing round her horse's heels. Then she saw a candle gleaming through the dripping boughs of a peppercorn tree, and a woman's head in a flickering aura of light.

She slipped from her horse at the little gate, feeling her knees give way beneath her as she touched the ground.

CHAPTER 24.

THE woman holding the candle was tall, and robust, with strong, but delicately modelled features, greying hair and eyes that held a chill serenity in their blue depths. There was a silvery radiance about her as she stood there in the flickering light, a white coat of knitted silk drawn tightly around her, and her figure poised in expectation. Nina, staggering in dazed from the wet and darkness, felt her mind collapse suddenly, and her sense of reality vanish. She was at Euroa, and this was Hamilton's wife! The impression was so vivid that it created a rush of peculiar emotion in her, even while she was telling herself that it was an illusion. A sense of Hamilton's strangeness, his unfamiliarity, was borne in upon her then till it seemed as if she had never known him. It was incredible how far away he had drifted now that accident had brought her to his door.

But was it his door? She was confused and shattered, as if the rain had beaten the breath out of her and dulled her senses. Even the dim light of the candle dazzled her eyes, and her body felt as shapeless as the clothes that caressed round it. A quick startled look, followed by one of concern shot through the eyes of the woman with the candle, and a slight exclamation escaped her.

"Oh, it's . . . You poor, drowned thing! I thought you were my brother."

Nina explained who she was with a jerky laugh. In the presence of this tall, dignified woman, who looked as if wind and weather had never touched her, she felt somehow like a child. A child who had strayed beyond the proper bounds and been caught out! Her heavy, water-logged clothes seemed to offend her utterly, and even the instinct to maintain her dignity wavered feebly under the gaze of those cool blue eyes.

"I thought my horse would take me home," she said jerkily, "but it didn't. All these stories about instinct . . . Catch me ever trusting a horse again."

"Oh, instinct!" responded her companion with a gesture. "You might as well trust some theory of magnetic attraction. It only leads you down the easiest slope. But you're not put out at having wandered here, are you? We can at least give you shelter for the night and something to eat. Come on in, now, and get a change of clothes. You must be nearly dead with cold."

She led Nina into a long, bare dining-room that had a fire burning brightly in the corner, and a few pictures on the whitewashed wall. Nina had a sense of someone disappearing at her entrance, and a confused whisper of voices in the passage. From the end of the table where he had been reading, Steven Hamilton rose shyly, and greeted her, a look of wonder in his dark, wide-open eyes. In his shirt-sleeves he looked small and insignificant, and when the woman with the candle told him to let the horse go he vanished like a shadow. It flashed through Nina's mind that she was Hamilton's sister. What made her had she been wandering in that she had failed to grasp that fact before!

Miss Hamilton had left her and gone down the passage.

"Lottie!" she heard her calling, "is the kitchen fire in?"

"I'm just making it up again now," came the soft response.

"Bring some coffee in as soon as you can, will you?"

There was a pleasant courtesy in the voice, yet it had the unmistakable accent of authority. Obviously she was mistress of the house while she was in it. Nina reflected. A sense of being more hopelessly lost than when she was out there in the darkness and rain pervaded her, as she stood by the fire, letting the warmth soak into her. Where was Hamilton? It was hardly possible that he would be out on the run during a night like this.

"My brother went away some days ago," Miss Hamilton explained when she returned. "When I heard the dogs bark I thought he was coming back. It would be like him to arrive home in a storm. You know him, do you?"

"Yes," Nina admitted.

And then on a sudden impulse she added:

"Why would it be like him? To come home in a storm, I mean?"

Miss Hamilton had led her into a bedroom across the hall and was foraging in a wardrobe.

"This wrapper should suit you," she said, looking at a flimsy garment of Prussian blue. "You're so dark . . . Oh, my brother? He always does the right thing at the wrong moment. It was the very day I arrived here he was called away to attend to some men who'd been smashed up. One doesn't plan such things, of course, but all the same. The little incidents that happen to people have a way of fitting in with their character. Or perhaps I should put it the other way round."

She was talking as if her mind was more on the clothes she was laying out on the bed than on what she was saying, yet her voice had an empty precision in it. It was as if she shaped her words and her acts almost entirely from some sense of external form. Nina watched her as she dabbled about the dressing-table, bringing out brushes and toilet accessories from secret drawers. There was an odd likeness to Hamilton in her face, even in her gestures, yet she could not find exactly where it lay. Her features had no particular resemblance to her brother's. There was a rigidity about their clear, sensitive lines, and her skin had a delicate pallor that contrasted strongly with his swarthiness, while her blue eyes were set very closely together, instead of being wide and outward looking. No, the likeness must lie in some mysterious play of expression, and in the way she held herself! Nina was aware of a subtle power in the woman that

would never assert itself violently, but would leave its impress on all about her. That hint of asceticism penetrating a view of life that was reasonable and robust. As if the place was a public institution of some kind and she the matron! Nina herself felt subdued and a little insignificant in her presence.

"Why, you're shivering!" said Miss Hamilton, turning to her. "Slip off your wet things at once, or you may turn into a case for the doctor. And I warn you there are none within a hundred miles. Except my brother, of course! He's quixotic enough still to answer every call that's made on him, but I don't want to provide a patient for him when he comes home. You knew he'd studied medicine once, didn't you?"

Nina admitted that she did. "He has plenty of chances to use his knowledge here," she added.

"Oh, yes," said his sister, with a note of banter, "but I'm not going to let you make any demands on it. . . . Come out to the dining-room when you're ready."

She went off down the passage, leaving Nina bewildered and unsure of herself, haunted by a feeling that she was playing a part, and yet deceiving no one. The eyes of the people in the photographs on the dressing-table seemed to stare at her ironically as if they held a secret knowledge; she had an uncanny sense of having wandered into a place where all her thoughts were exposed. When she had dressed she sat on the bed, unwilling to make any further movement, and conscious that the life had flowed out of her. The clothes she had put on had something oppressive about them, something that effaced her essential self. Campfire! The faint odor had floated in on her when she slipped on the wrapper, and now the air seemed to be heavy with it. She sat watching the flickering shadow on the stained pine walls, and listening to the faint murmur of voices outside, wondering how she would act if Hamilton were to come home and find her here.

"This is his home," she kept telling herself. "He's lived here for years."

Yet there was so little suggestion of him anywhere that she found it hard to picture him in it. Its whole atmosphere seemed to be created by the tall, silver-haired woman whose voice, so flexible and yet so firm, penetrated the very chinks in the walls like light. Why had Hamilton so rarely spoken of her? she wondered. Were the relations between them strained? Only once or twice had she heard him refer to Margaret, and what little she knew of her had been gathered from Burgoyne, who had talked of her facetiously as if she were a disembodied spirit. Yet she had influenced Hamilton, there could be no doubt, in that other crisis. Had she appeared now, through some power of divination, to direct his will again?

Nina was suddenly aware of a presence near her, and turning her head she saw a pair of eyes watching her from the door. There was something in that gentle, absorbed gaze that sent a shock right through her. Except for the liquid eyes the woman's face was stolid and expressionless, with a smoothness of skin that was unmarked by any lines of thought or character, yet the very lack of animation in it threw a mysterious spell over Nina. The soft shapeless features, with their hints of vanished beauty, seemed on the point of coming alive; behind the dark eyes she had a sense of dim thoughts trembling into speech. For a moment she waited, the blood gathering painfully around her heart, and then she heard the woman say, diffidently:

"There's some supper waiting. If you're ready for it."

The very flatness of her voice was a relief to Nina, and as she followed her down the passage some of her confidence came back. The woman hardly counted. In spite of the touch of animal magnetism in her eyes, and the rounded lines of her

figure, there was only a very faint life flickering in her. Not enough to leave its mark on anything! Yet she could not help watching her with a drugged absorption as she moved about the table, bringing sugar from the sideboard and stooping to put wood on the fire. This was Hamilton's wife, the woman who had altered the course of his days, and who still held him enchained! How did she feel toward him in her heart? She tried to recall the emotion that had sometimes swept over her when she had thought of the woman, but it seemed thin and unreal. There was nothing sinister and triumphant about Hamilton's wife, nothing one could hate! She was merely a pathetic figure that life had tempted into unfamiliar country and then abandoned. She had an odd, poignant aspect of being at once lost and at ease in her own home.

Miss Hamilton was following the direction of Nina's eyes, and seemed conscious that there was a situation to be explained, but made no attempt to explain it.

"You've probably heard all about my brother's misfortune," her guarded glance seemed to say. "If not. . . . Well, the less said the better. It's not our affair."

WHEN she spoke to her sister-in-law her attitude was one of kindly condescension, but even the kindness was mechanical, a mere gesture of the mind. For the most part she ignored her existence. As she poured out the coffee she asked Nina questions about Conondale and talked of the people around.

Who was managing Alton Downs now? And was it true that young Graham had left his father's place and gone droving?

"It's the first time I've been back here for ten years," she explained with a smile. "though I knew every tree in the night paddock once. Euroa was the family home once, you know. There have been Hamiltons here ever since the country was taken up."

There was a strong sense of family pride in the way she talked about Euroa, though she admitted that she had no deep attachment to the place herself. Indeed, she wouldn't have come back now except that some odd notion of selling the place had entered her brother's head. It was the most amazing thing. After fifteen years of steady work on the place he seemed to have grown tired of it, and was anxious to take up medicine again.

"As if he could abandon everything now and start again like a boy," she said, with a laugh. "It would be sheer madness. But then that's my brother all over—dropping the bone and snatching at the shadow. Don't you think men are very irresponsible—even the steadiest of them?"

She spoke as if it satisfied some sense of proportion in her to drag her brother's plans out into the hard, bright light of everyday discussion. There could be nothing personal in such things as buying and selling.

Nina suddenly felt she had been caught in a web that was strangling her. Hardly knowing what she was saying, she asked jerkily:

"How did you know he wanted to leave here?"

A slight look of surprise shot through Miss Hamilton's blue eyes.

"How? Oh, I was staying with Arthur, my other brother, when he got a letter suggesting he should take the place over as soon as he possibly could! It seemed so extraordinary that he asked me to see what it meant. Wouldn't you think it extraordinary?"

"Yes, I suppose I would," said Nina.

"Euroa's gone ahead so wonderfully," said Miss Hamilton, "and now they've got permanent water. I haven't the vaguest notion of what's in my brother's mind. And yet I can't believe he's acting on mere impulse. There must be something. . . . But you're not eating anything at all!"

In the blue eyes that looked at Nina frankly over the coffee cups there was a flicker of perplexity, and two faint lines showed between her brows. She talked of Hamilton with affection and yet with a touch of impatience, as though he were a mystery she had never quite been able to solve. Nina's glance suddenly met that of the boy, who had been listening to the conversation from a low seat near the fire. There was an appalling intensity about that small, alert face with its smooth features and black, passionate eyes. It looked baffled, incredulous, troubled by some inward pain. So silent had he been, crouching there by the fire, that she had not noticed him before, yet now she could not get away from that piercing gaze. The boy had obviously received a shock that had disturbed the very centres of his being. Once or twice his lips moved, but no sound came from them. He sat quite still with his hands clasped round his knees and the twilight throwing shadows on his pallid face.

Nina had a sense of her companion's voice flowing around her and not penetrating her ears. She was conscious that over near the door just beyond the range of lamp-light Hamilton's wife was sitting watching her, and listening for something in the night outside. Listening with half her senses as an animal might! Once the woman made a movement and crossed noiselessly to the door, but there was no expectation in her eyes as she stood gazing out into the rain. Her face was purely passive, and it was purely the stillness of her body that made her seem to be hearing sounds just beyond the range of other people's ears.

"You're simply dropping with fatigue," said Miss Hamilton, suddenly fixing her keen eyes on Nina's white face. "Why did you let me keep you up? You ought to have been between warm blankets an hour ago."

Nina rose unsteadily. "I didn't know how tired I was. That rain—it's hammering down on my body yet. I seem to have been awake for days."

SHE followed Miss Hamilton along the verandah to a long, narrow room that had been added to the corner of the house, a room with a low ceiling and windows that reached almost to the roof. The floors were stained and covered with skins and there was a camp-bed in the corner, while the whole of one wall was covered with bookshelves. It was less a bedroom than a study. It had the look of having deliberately cut itself off from the rest of the house. Miss Hamilton put her candle down on the mahogany desk that was covered with papers.

"We're rather crowded," she said, "so I've made up a bed for you here. It's my brother's room, of course, and I'm not sure whether he uses it as a cell or a pharmacy. Books and drugs! You won't have any complications about it, though?"

Nina was standing in the middle of the room, looking stupidly at the array of heavily stocked shelves. One book caught her eye, because of the familiarity of its torn cover, and made her catch her breath with a peculiar shock of recognition. It was a copy of "Candide," that she had lent Hamilton over a month before. The sense of his presence, that she had missed all the evening, was so strong here that she felt overcome. Yet why had she, who belonged to him so intimately, this shattering consciousness of being an intruder?

"You expect him home soon?" she asked mechanically.

"Oh, any time," said his sister, "unless he'd had another call. Someone dying in a hut a hundred miles away, or perhaps only a child with a cut finger. He thinks so little of his own interests that anyone can make use of him. It's a pity—no, people have to act according to the way they're made. . . . You see what life is."

She gave a faint inclination of her head towards the room they had just left, and for a moment her firm mouth seemed un-

steady. There was an intimacy in the dropped voice, and Nina made a motion of assent. Yet something in her face or the nature of her response caused Miss Hamilton to pull herself together abruptly.

"He's quite content—quite," she said, picking up the candle. "At least he's always given me that impression. That boy's had a wonderful training. There's something about my brother. . . . He's got character. Tell me if there's anything you want, will you?"

She vanished, leaving Nina standing in the middle of the room, numbed and spiritless. Going over to the camp-bed she sank down on it, too inert to make any attempt to take off her clothes. There was that curious impression in her body that rain had been beating down on her all evening; her head was bowed under the force of it, and its steady drumming was in her ears. In the beginning she had been stimulated by the touch of it, but it had battered her down at last.

"I'm dead-tired," she thought. "If he were to come now no, I couldn't raise my eyes to him."

She suddenly realised that her fatigue was not physical but of the mind, that she had been trying to fortify herself all evening against the emotional currents that were flowing in upon her, and that the effort had left her exhausted. What was it she had set herself to guard? Was it the deeply implanted conviction that Hamilton's life belonged to her and to herself, not to those people who had gathered about him? Something fierce and possessive struggled in her still, but the vitality had gone out of it. She felt betrayed by the Fate that had led her to this house and shadowed her love for Hamilton with a complexity that robbed her of its singleness and power.

He had become incredibly remote to her the dark, troubled eyes stood between them.

"If I'd never seen him . . ." she thought. But would that have effaced them from Hamilton's mind? Would it have diminished by a jot their hold over his affections or his conscience? Any decision about the future had always lain with him! She knew in her heart that she would respond to any movement he made, even now; that if he broke from this life she would banish from her memory all these faces that haunted her and follow him to the end.

Yet she did not want him to make a movement. She was certain of that now. She went to the long window and stood looking out into the night, her forehead pressed against the sill and her body motionless. The rain had ceased, but it was still dark, and there was no sound except the steady dripping of the pepperbush by the tank. As she listened to the fall of those slow, heavy drops Nina felt, as in a dim way she had been feeling all the evening, that the life in her was being driven in upon itself, deep underground.

CHAPTER 25

HAMILTON had left home early on the previous Saturday morning in response to a message brought by a passing drover from the owner of a shanty over a hundred miles further South. An old man had been badly injured by a kick from a horse, and required urgent attention. It was the sort of summons Hamilton was used to receiving. He could get very little information from the drover, for the message had been merely passed on to him by another man with the comment that the old fellow was too seriously hurt to be shifted, and that he had no one to look after him but the shanty-keeper.

But Hamilton, as he rode off in the raw dawn, had no disinclination for the journey. It was a relief, in fact, to have a sudden demand on him that called for simple action. He was anxious to get away from familiar surroundings to some remote place where he could look at his own life clearly and discover what was in his heart. Of late he had been groping in a night-

mare of doubt and indecision, and had known the torture of a divided will. The call of a new life had come to him, echoing in the very cells of his blood, and setting fire to imagination, yet, wherever he turned, he was met with the same sort of question. How could he cut himself free without striking at this loyalty or that? And if he followed the main flood of his feelings now, wouldn't he be denying something in his central self, something fixed and sure?

He was impatient to hear from Arthur, so that he might see how the affair looked through his eyes. It was extraordinary, when he came to think of it, how little he knew of his brother. Their letters in the last few years had been mainly concerned with business dealings, and they had only met once, when he was passing Arthur's place on the Dawson with a mob of bought cattle. There was a sort of breezy cynicism about Arthur that always put him on the defensive, and prevented them from ever coming into close contact, but he was conscious underneath of his brother's devotion to the family bond. A sense that they must all back one another up if it came to a pinch! He could not doubt that Arthur would say in his brusque way:

"Do as you like. It's your funeral. A man has to live his own life. I can put a manager into Euroa and carry on."

He rode on over country he knew, the box-tree flats just outside his run, the lumpy mulga ridges that cut across them, and the wide sweep of barley-grass plain lower down, where little mobs of cattle seemed like islands in an amber sea, and the far sky met the earth in a shimmer of silver. In the white light of noon mirages appeared on the horizon, cool, deep lakes that reflected the shadows of the dark trees that grew on their banks. Hamilton felt the dry wind blow through him, smelling of dust and burnt grass. Now that he was far away from the borders of his own fences the abstractions that had haunted his mind lost their reality. A man couldn't live by his devotion to ideas of honor or fidelity, he assured himself: to do so would be to die at the core like a tree that had stopped growing. There were impulses that arose from the very heart of life, and carried their own justification in their spontaneity and power. They alone were to be trusted. And since he had met Nina all the flow of his being had been towards her.

But when he tried to conjure up her face it was quite blurred by a vision of Steve's, the dark eyes perplexed and troubled. Of late the boy had hovered about him continually, as if he had divined that some crisis was approaching. The very quietness of his son had affected Hamilton poignantly, for some reason the impish humor had suddenly dried up in him. Never in all their rides together had Hamilton dropped him a hint about any future changes, yet he was convinced that the boy sensed the conflict that was going on in him. Why else should he hover about in that diffident way, anticipating his every movement, like a dog that was afraid of being left behind? Until the last few weeks Hamilton had never realised how deep a hold the boy had on him. It was not merely paternal affection: it was a sheer delight in the working of his mind and the play of his imagination. And yet he could not imagine the boy uprooted, and taken to another place. So much of his eager, intense life was in his horses, his dogs, and the familiar things he knew.

"He'd die away from here," thought Hamilton. "Wither from the root up." But what would happen to him, on the other hand, if he were left to his mother? She had never had much influence over him, and it had steadily diminished as he grew. Hamilton remembered that streak of perverse passion in him with a faint shudder. Remembered his pathetic attempts to discipline himself and gain self-control! He had been able to help him in that, at least. When he went to sleep that night in his blanket it was to dream of the boy's face subtly distorted by an

evil sophistication like that of the half-caste tracker in the township.

It was nearly noon of the next day when he arrived at the shanty, a ragged, unpainted building built high on tall posts, with a walled-in bar below and a herd of goats nibbling at the tussocks by the open door. The place was in an angle where two main roads crossed, but it had an air of shrinking back into the mulga that surrounded it on three sides. The shanty-keeper, a little dark man with furtive eyes, welcomed Hamilton effusively.

"I knew you'd come, Mr. Hamilton. Never known you let a man down yet. I could have sent to the township for the quack, but d'you think he'd trouble about coming for an old buffer who might peg before he got here? Not him! He wants to make dead certain of getting a note a mile before he sets out on a journey. . . . What'll you have, Mr. Hamilton? This one's on me, of course."

"What's the trouble, Jimmy?" said Hamilton abruptly.

"Oh, just an accident," said the shanty-keeper. "Nothing crook. The old chap got kicked by a horse down at his camp in the gully there, and when one of the men found him he'd been helpless for half a day. I've done what I could for him, but he looks out to it. Something broken inside, most likely."

Hamilton tossed off the whisky and went up the rickety steps at the side of the house to see the injured man. In a way he suspected foul play, for strange things had occurred at this shanty before. It had a shady reputation and there had been an eagerness on the part of the shanty-keeper to assure him that it was just an accident that produced anything but the desired effect. When Jimmy was moved at all it was generally by some instinct of self-preservation.

BUT when he entered the little dark bedroom off the verandah all his suspicions melted in sheer astonishment. The lean figure lying on a bunk in the corner was at once familiar and strange, for the mop of white hair that was usually covered with a battered hat seemed to have spread out like an exotic flower gathering all the light in the room, and the banded man that was stretched tightly over the meagre face had become pallid and bleached. The old man lay quite still, propped up among the frowzy pillows, an uncanny concentration in the bloodshot eyes that were fixed on the roof. They did not turn towards Hamilton when he entered the room, though they seemed quite aware of his presence. Hamilton tried to suppress the feeling of revulsion that the sight of the old man always roused in him.

"Hallo!" he said, bending over him. "It's you, Dave. How the devil did this happen?"

For awhile the old hawker did not speak or make any sign of recognition. His eyes—pale and featureless—were riveted on the ceiling, as if his hold on life depended on maintaining that fixed stare. Then with an effort his lips moved.

"Optum? You've brought some?"

"No," said Hamilton, "but I've got something else that will fix you up. Let me see where the trouble is."

The old man allowed himself to be examined in silence. Except for the strained absorption of his eyes, there seemed very little life left in him, and his limbs looked shrunken when they were exposed. He did not reply to Hamilton's questions or even show that he heard them, yet that his mind was working in a channel of its own was revealed when he said with a sour distinctness:

"Well, this is the finish. Laid out by the side of road, as I always said I would be. . . . Satisfied, aren't you?"

"Nonsense," said Hamilton mechanically. "You're worth a dozen dead men yet."

An ironical flicker passed through the strained eyes.

"And that's just nothing, eh?"

Hamilton did not reply. He was conscious of the tenacity of his attempt to reassure the old man that he was not dying, and he could only wonder at the mysterious tenacity that had allowed him to hold on to life for so long. He was badly smashed up and must still be suffering intensely. What had he left that would make him summon all the powers of his will in this determined effort to keep alive? Hamilton remembered how the sight of the old man's figure across the creek had always roused inexplicable emotions in him, as if the hawkers were less a man than an evil shadow; and a trace of the same feeling lingered with him still. Was he really a being of human flesh and blood? Or did he draw his life from some dark source...?

"I can give you an injection," he said. "That ought to relieve you for awhile. Haven't been able to sleep much, have you?"

For answer the old hawker turned his piercing eyes on him:

"It was you gave me that brute."

"Did I?" said Hamilton perfunctorily. "I gave you a lot of things at one time or another. What does it matter, anyway?"

"No," the hawker agreed with a strange quietness. "It doesn't matter. It was a cranky devil. So are the lot of us. Born with our different kinks."

When Hamilton left him he was sleeping quietly, an absurd look of benevolence about his pale mahogany face, with its aura of white hair. Yet the touch of mockery in the high, curved eyebrows affected Hamilton unpleasantly as he went downstairs. There was a crowd of newly-arrived drovers in the bar, and from the fragments of talk that floated out to him he knew they were discussing old Dave.

"Lamming the poor brute," said one. "That's what he must have been doing. I've seen him at that game before. Working off some of his own cantankerousness on it."

"I'd shoot a horse before I'd sell it to him," said another. "There's a mad streak in him. Carried a carpet-snake around with him for months in his cart."

They all looked up when Hamilton entered. Some of them remembered that he was related to the man in the room above, and the knowledge brought a slight self-consciousness to their manner. Yet there was a respect in their eyes, a subdued enthusiasm in their greeting that flattered Hamilton's pride, as it had always done. It was not merely that he had ridden a hundred miles to attend to the old man; they knew he had travelled further before in response to less urgent demands on him, and would do so again. In spite of their recklessness in matters of life or death, they had a sense of depending on him. Who knew when it would be his turn to be crippled by a horse or a falling tree? In such a case there was only one man worth sending for. Hamilton had never put a value on his time when his help was needed.

"How's the patient?" asked the shanty-keeper, pouring out drinks.

"Bad," was the quiet response. "Internal hemorrhage. Even if I'd been here a day earlier, there's nothing much I could have done for him. It's not possible for him to last more than a day or two."

"I've had his things brought up from the camp," said the shanty-keeper. "A covered cart and a couple of horses. Perhaps you'd take charge of them, Mr. Hamilton, if he passes out. He don't seem to have any friends except an old Mohammedan down at Connebar."

Hamilton nodded assent. He felt that the old hawker had continued to edge responsibilities on to him, even in death. His imagination was working in queer ways, as the usual talk of the men in the bar flowed around him, trying to gather him in on a current of goodwill. He saw the fantastic figure on the bed above stretching out skinny hands with fingers like tentacles, making a last effort to hold him. The waving tentacles touched his flesh,

twined round him with a slow, insidious movement, and drew him down to subterranean depths of darkness. He shivered with repulsion and shook himself free.

Late that night he stood on the upper verandah of the shanty, looking out into the mists that seemed to have crept closer to the place in the dark, making a wall no eye could penetrate. On his bunk inside, the old man was breathing heavily in a drugged sleep, the flickering lights of the candle beside him throwing his shadow, grotesquely enlarged, on the pine wall. The drovers were still drinking in the bar below, becoming more boisterous as the night wore on. The sound of their confused voices floated up to Hamilton. They had assured him many times that he was a white man and that they had waited years for the chance of saying it to his face; they had sworn they would trust him with their last penny. He had been glad to get away from them, yet beneath all this maudlin fervor that came from too much whisky he was conscious of a real devotion, and it moved him. They were good fellows! In spite of the alcoholism that was part of his nature he was at home with them, more fully at ease than he would be among any other crowd of men. He had a sense of his life being linked with theirs by bonds he himself had forged.

THE hot, oppressive darkness bore down on him like a weight. He could not shut from his ears that heavy, stertorous breathing that seemed liable to stop at any moment and leave an utter silence. Once he had thought that the passing of the old man would lift a shadow from his mind and give him a sense of freedom, but it seemed more likely to close a door in his face. He could not leave Lattie now, feeling that she would be quite contented to make a home with her father. That chance of saving his conscience had gone, and he could not visualise any other future for her alone. None! The old man had played his last trick on him. How he would chuckle to himself, if he knew!

The sense of fatality hovering over him, shaping all his acts, haunted Hamilton like a bad dream, but he fought it off. He would not surrender to the paralyzing belief that there were blind forces outside himself, stronger than his own will.

"If I stay," he told himself, "it will be because my life's here. The life I've made for myself."

And at that moment he knew the decision had already been made. All evening he had been deliberately shutting the image of Nina from his mind, fearing the currents of emotion it set moving. Now he could brood on it calmly and keep his head clear. She still held the same magic for him, and he wanted her passionately, but he wanted still more to keep his own integrity. The sense of completeness without which he would be lost! A man had to live according to his own conception of himself. That was a passion as deep as any other and it would not die down when the heat had left the blood. Yet when he tried to see himself through Nina's eyes he was plunged into an abyss of self-contempt. She was in love with him, he knew, and it was no mere girlish infatuation; she had given herself freely and was ready to face anything that might come. Now would it look to her if he drew back now? Would she show the same generosity of spirit and understanding that had marked her all along? Or would it seem to her that he was humiliating her in a way no woman could forget?

He did not know. In spite of the way they had shared one another's thoughts the deeper movements of her mind were a mystery to him. He could never quite anticipate what she would do or say, and that had been one of the sources of his delight in her. When he called up her young, vivid face, so quick in response and so sensitive to every breath of harshness,

a mood of tenderness stole over him, as profound and all-embracing as the darkness that hemmed him in.

CHAPTER 26.

IT was a fresh and inspiring morning when Hamilton came back to Euroa. The earth, sweetened by rain, had lost its lumpy, midsummer look, and a fire of living green ran along the banks of the creek where the cattle, coming in to drink, had stayed to crop the grass short. A couple of teamsters, bogged in a muddy depression on the box-tree flats, straightened their backs to give Hamilton greeting as he passed. The wheels of their waggon had left marks in the road, which wound through the yellow grass like a pair of gleaming snakes. There was a tang, crisp and pungent, of moistened earth in the air.

Hamilton had camped, chilled and wet, in a boundary-rider's hut overnight and had set off again as soon as the sun rose. His long wait at the shanty, while the life slowly flickered out of the old hawker's body, had fatigued him and laid a gloom upon his spirit. It was with relief that he saw the shining white of the homestead showing up against its background of green, and then with a shock of surprise he noticed the figure of a girl at the yards, standing beside a saddled horse. A small, slim figure dressed in a loose-fitting costume with a blue gossamer fluttering from the crushed felt hat.

The thrill of recognition that shot through Hamilton brought a rush of blood to his brain. He was bewildered. What desperate errand had brought Nina there, at this of all times? Had his failure to send a message to her before he left aroused disquieting forces in her and made her desperate? She turned her head sharply at his approach, and he saw a startled look flash through her eyes. It was only for a moment, the shadowy movement of some secret doubt, but it gave the impression of a bird poised for flight. He slipped from the saddle beside her just as Steve came out of the gates of the yard, leading his pony.

There was still a confusion in Hamilton's mind, and he did not speak. He saw the blood creep up from Nina's throat till it reached her forehead.

"I've been lost," she explained, summoning her self-control. "Steve's going to put me on the track for home again."

"Lost?" said Hamilton blankly.

"It was nothing," she said. "I got caught in the storm. Held up till night came on and hushed me completely. Now that it's daylight, I wouldn't have the least trouble in finding my way back, only Steve insists on coming with me. Isn't that so, Steve?"

The boy was standing between them, gazing up at his father with a strange, embarrassed look and twisting his fingers half-nervously in his pony's mane. Not till Nina turned her head towards him did Hamilton notice his presence, and then his swift, preoccupied glance seemed to brush the boy aside.

"It's all right, Steve. I'll go with Miss Byrne a little way. Lend me your horse, will you, and turn mine out in the big paddock. It's leg-weary and a bit lame into the bargain."

Without waiting for his help, Nina had swung herself into the saddle. The blood had ebbed from her face, leaving it pale and withdrawn, and her head was bent low as she straightened her stirrups. Hamilton could not tell from her averted eyes whether she wanted him to go with her or not.

The boy was standing his ground, seemingly reluctant to take the other horse away.

"Aunt Margaret's come," he said tentatively.

"Oh?" said Hamilton.

"Came last Saturday morning just after you left," went on the boy. "She's down there on the verandah now."

Hamilton did not raise his eyes from the buckles. The news only penetrated some outer region of his mind, and made no impression. He did not even think to tell the boy that the man who had taken him on his long journey was old Dave, and that he was now dead. His whole attention was absorbed by the girl who sat on her horse waiting for him, still and curiously unresponsive to his presence.

A CHANGE had come over her. He had been aware of it when he had first ridden up, a sudden drawing in upon herself as if in self-defence. But not! It couldn't be that! She had no reason to defend herself against him. Could it be that she had received a shock when faced with the realities among which he moved? He thought of his wife. He had willed that they should never meet, and now when he realised that the encounter must have happened, there was a sinking in his heart as if they had both suffered a secret humiliation.

Neither of them spoke as they rode off. Hamilton stopped at the outer gate to fasten a broken catch, and Nina ambled on ahead, splashing across the creek that was swollen with the rain, and climbing up the opposite bank. When he saw her again she was entering the patch of mulga that shut out the homestead. There was something in the steady way she rode, not turning her head, that made him feel she was moving in a dream. For a while he followed quietly, not trying to overtake her, and letting his eyes rest on her crushed felt hat with its blue gossamer, her straight back, the supple lines of her figure. His desire for her was a load on his heart. In spite of the crispness of the morning air, he was fatigued. Some virtue had gone out of him during the long journey.

When she heard the click of hoofs behind her, she turned her head, giving him a slow, tremulous smile. Their horses walked on neck to neck, and it was some time before she broke the silence.

"You think I'm strange, don't you, riding off like this?" she said. "Sometimes I wanted to be alone for a while. You took me unawares. I'd given up all hopes of seeing you again."

"Again?" he repeated. "Did you think I was never coming back, Nina?"

"Not that," she said, "but I'm going away."

It was the finality of her tone rather than the announcement that made him draw a quick breath.

"Going away? When?"

"On Saturday," she told him. "They don't want me there any longer. And I thought I'd better leave at the earliest possible moment. You can guess what it feels like. There's nothing more hateful than staying on in a house where the air's heavy with things unsaid."

She was talking in a calm, even careless way, but there was a jerky little movement in her voice, and her eyes were fixed on her horse's ears. Hamilton felt as if something had clogged in his mind. A deadness had settled on him and was spreading slowly. He heard himself saying mechanically:

"Ride on till we get to the dam."

It was nearly a mile ahead, a wide stretch of shallow water hemmed in with sandalwood. When they had reached it Nina slipped out of the saddle before him, but her knees were unsteady and she would have fallen if he had not gathered her in his arms. For a while she remained passive in his embrace, her head pressed back and her eyes closed; then she released herself gently and sat down on the embankment, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. Hamilton fastened the horses to some saplings near by and came back to her. There was a heaviness in his body as his eyes rested on her drooping back and her still face that was so nearly hidden by the brim of her hat. She looked as if she had come

upon something she did not understand, and had been shattered by it. Yet there was a poise about her, too, as if she were gathering herself together.

He sat down on the embankment beside her, but before he could speak she made a little impulsive movement and squeezed his wrist.

"I know what you're going to say. You don't want to, but you feel you must. Let me say it, since it has to be said. I've faced things out, too."

He was touched by the swift rush of emotion, and by the little wavering smile with which she checked it. She seemed anxious to make things easy for him, to save what remained of his pride. Part of her had already withdrawn from him and was setting up an independent life of its own; he could feel that core of separate light burning in her. All he could say was:

"Was it because of me they wanted you to leave Conondale?"

"I don't know," she said. "What does it matter?"

"No," he agreed. "It doesn't matter. . . . When we talked of this before, though, it seemed a long way ahead."

She gave him a swift, searching look.

"But you made up your mind," she said. "As soon as I saw you ride up I could tell—but that doesn't matter, either. There was nothing else to do. I realise that."

Hamilton was tortured by the very lifelessness of his emotions.

"Because of something you see in me now?" he asked.

"No," she told him. "It was last night when I lay in your room. All evening I'd been stunned and bewildered. I didn't know what your life was before—facts are just facts until you see them with your own eyes. It was easy to think of you as separate, detached from all those people. That was how you appeared to me first—quite alone and independent. Perhaps I was humbugging myself. I was in love with you before I knew anything about you, and I wanted to keep my mind shut."

"That was my fault," said Hamilton quietly.

"You?" she said uncomprehendingly.

"You've just been yourself."

"Have I?" he speculated. "The first time I met you . . . I could have let you know all about me, if I'd liked. It wasn't just my habit of keeping quiet. Something had been roused in me and I wanted to stand well in your eyes . . . the free unfettered male!"

There was a queer harshness in his voice. She was silent for a while, and then said with a touch of bitterness:

"You talk as if you were sorry."

HIS face became swarthy with the quick flow of his passion.

"Sorry?" he repeated. "You know what these last few months have meant to me, Nina. And when I thought I could break . . . There was a feeling of new life flooding all through me. Now it's gone. And if I have to give you up, it's because of an old weakness that's on me still. Last time we met I swore that nothing would make me do that."

She persisted stubbornly that things had happened since.

"The choice doesn't altogether lie with you now," she said proudly. "Even if you were willing to break with your life, I wouldn't let you. I'd go away and lose myself somewhere. That was what I was planning to do last night."

His eyes were dark and troubled.

"You believe I've failed you already?"

"No," she assured him with a slow smile. "I believe you'd still be ready to pull down your world about your ears if you thought my life depended on it. But it doesn't. I can admit that, even now. There's a streak of toughness in me—enough to go on with. . . . You tried to sell Euron. Isn't that so?"

He admitted that he had written to Arthur.

"That was over a week ago," he said, "but I haven't had any answer. I don't know how the matter looks to him."

"I know how it looks to your sister," she said quickly. "To me, too, for the matter of that. But why talk of it? Your life's here, and I was a little fool not to recognise it before. . . . I thought I'd be able to give you something—that there were powers sleeping in me. . . . Perhaps I was humbugging myself in that, too."

He was moved by the very irony of her voice. Something seemed to loosen in his mind and a wave of emotion swept over him, finding expression in a swift rush of words. At that moment it seemed that he could not give her up. Nothing mattered except this deep conviction that while he was with her he was living in the whole of his being. But the wave receded and left him dry and spent. After all, the word had already been spoken in the hearts of both of them. They had made the surrender. And if she could be tough and stoical!

She seemed to know what was passing through his mind, and her hand stole out towards him.

"That boy," she said, "he's like you—quite wonderfully so."

"Who?" he asked lifelessly. "Steve?"

"Yes, I was watching him last night. He's got that queer curve of the eyelids, as if he were always finding something to astonish him. . . . Don't regret anything that's past. I won't."

THEY sat together quietly, looking at the little finches that were bathing in the dam beside them, flitting bright drops of water from their ruffled necks. A few cattle had drawn in to drink, and were standing in the shade of the sandalwood, gazing at them with wild, defensive eyes, as though ready to make for the thick timber again at the snap of a stick. The two horses, downing head to rump, were switching the flies from each other's eyes with their tails, their necks sagging lower and lower. In spite of the bright yellow light that was spread over the sandalwood, Hamilton felt that a haze had hidden the sun. He could not believe that this was his last meeting with the girl beside him. There were things he wanted to say to her, things that would not rise from the dark depths of his mind, which was like a sluggish river flowing over a muddy bed. It came to him that there was a little shanty, twenty miles or more past Conondale, where the coach changed horses and the passengers stayed for the night. Nina could wait for him there, and he would meet her with a spare horse, so that their last memory would be a long ride together over the golden Mitchell grass plain. Space and sunlight, with no break on the horizon!

"There'll be people out looking for me," she said suddenly. "I'd forgotten that."

He was brought to earth with a jerk. Mechanically he rose and went over for the horses.

"It's about three miles from here to the Conondale fence," he said. "You will know your way from there. Or will I come with you?"

"No," she said, with a smile. "Better not. There must come a point where you'll have to turn back."

And then, looking at him, she added with odd irrelevance:

"I'm not going to let my life run into the sand."

"Nor I," he replied with assurance.

She listened quietly while he explained his project of meeting her at the shanty and riding on in the wake of the coach, but though she agreed to all the details, she hardly seemed to take them in, so absorbed was her still face. He felt that her thoughts were away from him, in spite of the way her body rested against his and her heart beat under his hand. For

a moment something seemed to tremble on her lips, but she did not say it. He could see her eyes, dewy and dark, fastened on the sun-tipped sandalwood beyond his shoulder. For a long while they stood there silent, entranced, in a timeless world, and then she released herself and went over to her horse.

When she rode away her eyes were fixed straight ahead of her, and she did not once look back to where he was standing, inert and lifeless as a figure of stone.

CHAPTER 27.

NINA had a curious sense of the meaninglessness of time as she sat in the body of the coach three days later and watched the straggling buildings of Conondale fade till they became a white blur in a sea of tawny brown. Over the flat, crupped horse-paddocks she could still see the little slab school-house standing apart, the pepperinas by the horse-yard, and the disc of the windmill appearing over the slope to the creek. It seemed as if she had been living there for years, till every detail of the place was caught in the folds of her brain and had power to evoke its own separate emotion. She could hardly believe that less than nine months had passed since she had driven up to Conondale in this same rickety coach, with a mind that was avid for any new experience and a heart that had never been awakened.

There were two other passengers, but they were men who sat on the box with the driver and kept up a running fire of talk. One of them, Corbett, had offered to surrender her place, but she had declined a little abruptly, for she wanted to be alone. Not to think! She was tired of that. During the last few days even her capacities for feeling had become numbed, for at every turn she had been forced to defend herself against the eyes of Burgoyne and his wife. They were deeply curious about her last adventure, yet loath to refer to it. Had she really been lost, or was it another bit of deception on her part, this story she had tossed to them as carelessly as if no explanation were needed? She could feel this question revolving in the brains of both of them, and with the memory of a night's sleep forgone they were not inclined to be charitable. Those last few days were rather a nightmare to look back upon, and Nina had felt the very silence at table pressing like a weight upon her forehead.

Yet what did it matter now? The sense of contact, so close and galling while the walls of mulga hemmed them in together, had already faded, and the figures of Burgoyne and his wife grown fainter. She knew that, later on, she would think of them without harshness, if she thought of them at all. Particularly Burgoyne! There was a charm, after all, about his wrinkled face and lively eyes. A clear, shallow creek running over pebbles! She still felt the pressure of his hand on her wrist, as he helped her into the coach and heard his uncertain, high-pitched voice assuring her that the place would be as lonely as a sun-downer's grave when she had gone. Well, there could be sincerity on all sorts of different planes! She was not inclined to doubt Burgoyne's. They had reached the top of a high ridge, and the wide vista of mulga stretched below, an iridescent sea of silver in the diffused afternoon light, so still and rapt in its purely spiritual beauty that it laid a hush upon the senses. No boundaries anywhere! No hint that intense, human lives were hidden beneath that unbroken surface! Only a sweep of unearthly silver, over which a couple of hawks hovered like motes in the sun.

"Euroa's over there," Nina thought, gazing steadily at a dark spot like a stain.

She suddenly became aware that they had dipped down and were crossing the creek where she had seen Hamilton first.

It had been a wet morning, she remembered, the boles of the trees black with rain, and he had been standing beside his camp-fire in dripping oilskins. The very image of loneliness and isolation! There was a chequered sunlight spread over the gully now, but she could see blue smoke curling upwards through the damp air, and Hamilton's dark eyes looking out from under the brim of his hat, glowing dully as if he were not fully awake. She knew that she would always see him like that, and that she would carry about with her continually a sense of something thwarted and unfulfilled. A spring that had dried up in her heart!

But could she bear to meet him again now that it was all over? Before her mind a vision arose of them riding together over the yellow plains, both dumb. She had an impulse to avoid him, in spite of her promise. In those nights of lying awake and looking ahead she had got beyond that urgent clamor of the senses, the desire to hear his voice, at whatever cost, and respond to his touch. An uneasy calm had settled upon her; perhaps it had settled on him, too. What was the good of troubling it for the sake of a few hours of feverish communion that would leave a feeling of something teased and frittered out? She did not want to see his eyes tormented with doubt and indecision, or to raise in his mind again the thought that it was by his will she was going. Better to set off with the coach in the morning before he arrived.

"It'll be on the road again long before daylight," she told herself. "We'll be ten miles on before the sun rises."

And then, visualising the start in the unit down, the smoking horses, the swinging lanterns, and the footprints in the dark dew, she thought vaguely:

"Further on towards what? I can't look ahead, even now."

The coach climbed one ridge and dipped down another into a brigalow flat steeped in shadow. In a crimson glow the sun sank down behind the walls of trees, like a bubble that had softly burst and spread. Dark came stealing over the flat, fusing all outlines in a dim blur, and Nina, to escape her thoughts, curled up in the corner with her legs along the seat and closed her eyes.

THE next afternoon Burgoyne, ambling along his outer fences in search of a promising site for a bore, saw a rider approaching from the direction of the township, leading a saddled horse. There was something about the tall figure, hazy in its moving cloud of fine dust, that set his curiosity working.

"Hamilton!" he muttered to himself. "What's the beggar been up to now?"

Spurring up his horse, he moved over towards the line of the road. In a dim, disconcerted way he had been thinking about Hamilton and the girl all morning, speculating on the depth of their attachment and on what had happened the night Nina had been lost. A queer business! She had been dead quiet after she had come back, moving about the place as if she were walking in her sleep, though inclined to wake up and show her claws if anyone asked questions. There was a touch of devil in her he could not help feeling, for all her mildness. He wondered if she had really come into contact with Hamilton's wife. Not much opening for comedy there, though, in spite of the situation! The woman was too stupid, she wouldn't even guess there was anything in the wind.

He was barely a hundred yards away from Hamilton now, but the fellow did not seem to notice him, or anything else, for the matter of that. Sitting stiffly in the saddle he was jogging along with a face like an Indian mask. The mare he was leading caught Burgoyne's eyes, a beautiful bay with a skin like satin and a tail that almost touched the dust.

"He must have ridden over to the shanty to meet her," thought Burgoyne. "Too late this time! A laggard in love. . . ."

Had she been unaware he was coming and gone on with the coach? he wondered. Or had they quarrelled at their last meeting? Burgoyne had a consuming itch to know, to be in at the finish as he had been in the beginning. Intending to open-up conversation with some innocent question about the bore he hailed Hamilton cheerfully:

"Hallo! Taking the mare out for a little exercise?"

Hamilton looked around, and his eyes, dark and sombre, gathered his neighbor up in a sweeping glance that was like the movement of some great bird's wings. The power of that glance seemed to lift Burgoyne off his horse and hold him suspended in mid-air for a moment before it let him fall. There was a glimmer of recognition in it, but no more. It was profoundly unconcerned with what it touched, yet Burgoyne felt that it reduced him to the size of a hornet fluttering among the dead leaves. In the first rush of his sensations he was too astonished to be angry.

"He's taken the knock," he thought. "Hardly even saw me. . . . Pull of his own fate as a crippled snake on an anthill!"

Before he had recovered from his shock Hamilton had turned off the road by a bridle-track and vanished in the undergrowth, the thick foliage of the young sandalwood swallowing him up like a sea. Burgoyne was conscious of a last flash of sunlight on his broad back, and on the glossy rump of the mare he was leading. For awhile he sat still on his horse, his jaw slack and his eyebrows arched in mute interrogation; then with a grunt he resumed his journey home.

HE was deeply disconcerted. Those dark eyes, so intensely alive for all their absorption, had upset his poise and filled him with the strangest emotions. He had a sense of currents flowing beneath the familiar surface of the life about him, of which he had been unaware. Passions that were liable to leap out and strike like lightning from a thunder-cloud! There had been an uncanny look about Hamilton. He was taking this thing hard, and his dark eyes, with their hidden fire, had something dangerous in them. Black opal, he kept repeating to himself as though he had found an image for all the sinister possibilities that were lurking in that fleeting glimpse of his neighbor. There were some men who were doomed from the beginning and carried the marks in their faces.

But, as he jogged on, Burgoyne's natural poise asserted itself again. He felt the necessity of adjusting things to his own vision and getting them in their proper proportions. What had happened, after all? A slip of a girl had come there, thrown her spell over Hamilton, and then gone. That was all there was in it! Of course, he had lost his head for the time being; what man wouldn't in his place? The girl was lively and seductive, and he was lonely. But out of sight, out of mind! These little affairs had no significance once they were past. People didn't take them tragically unless they were a bit cracked in the brain, and in that case it was all up with them, anyhow.

"A nice colt he had with him," was his last thought on the matter. "I wonder what he'd take for it."

He ambled on at an easy pace through the mellow afternoon sunlight, flicking the flies off his horse's ears with his whip and drinking in an air that was as thin, buoyant, and lacking in mystery as the life it renewed in him.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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